OCTOBER, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

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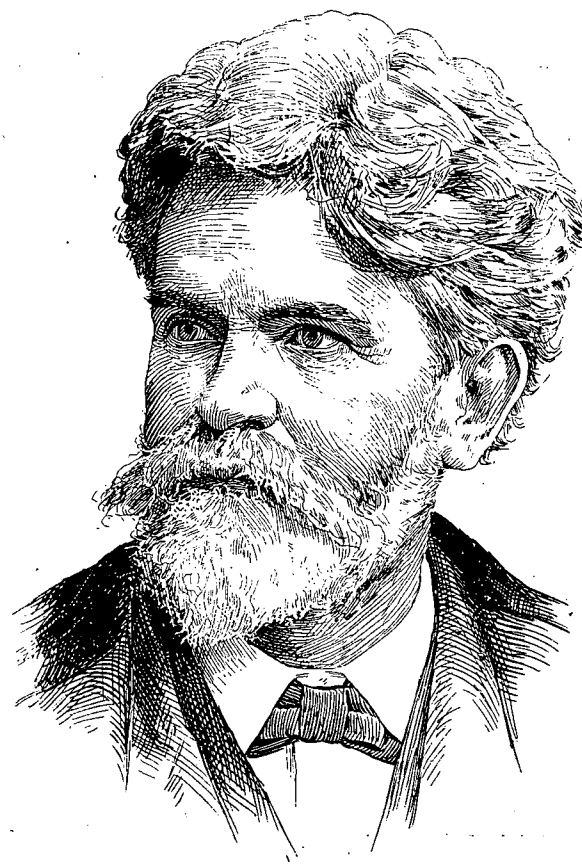
The Late Edward Eggleston

The late Dr. Edward Eggleston would probably have desired to be known simply as an historian, for the later years of his life were entirely devoted to historical research and composition. Nevertheless, the best thing that he ever did was his story of primitive, semi-barbarous life in the Indiana of the early thirties. We don't know whether many persons to-day read *The Hoosier Schoolmaster,* which Dr. Eggleston published about 1875, but if not they ought to. It is one of the first successful attempts to portray in fiction the rude and rough environment of men and women in the days when the Middle West was still in the making, and it is wonderfully interesting, amusing and exciting. It was Dr. Eggleston's first effort at fiction, and he wrote it very hastily and in the most off-hand fashion. It is obviously the work of an unpracticed hand, for its simple plot is inconsistent and full of gaps; yet the characters in it are remarkably vivid, and their talk is racy and pungent to a degree. When the book appeared, the whole country caught it up with delight, and Dr. Eggleston suddenly found himself accepted as a popular novelist. He wrote several other books in much the same vein, but he never quite repeated his first success, for the reason that he became self-conscious and tried to be "literary," thereby killing the freshness and simplicity which gave *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* so much charm. His story called *The End of the World* is, however, very well worth reading, and it gives a striking picture of the Millerite



THE LATE EDWARD EGGLESTON.

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delusion and of the terrific scenes enacted on the day when half the people of the West believed that the world was coming to an end. It is rather interesting to note that Dr. Eggleston soon recognised that he was falling below the standard of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster,* and that he then very promptly abandoned the writing of fiction. His last novel, we believe, was *Roxy.* His one serious historical publication was *The Beginners of a Nation,* which was reviewed in this magazine two years ago. Personally, Dr. Eggleston was genial and full of anecdote and reminiscence, though perhaps just a little bit too fond of imparting elementary information in a stentorian voice.

The Late George Douglas Browne.

The late George Douglas Browne, had he lived to his literary maturity, might have gone far. The publication of *The House with the Green Shutters* drew to him immediate and wide attention throughout Great Britain and this country. Perhaps some of the interest which the book aroused was due to the pessimistic and almost savage arraignment of the Scotch character and the Scotch community by one who was himself born north of the Tweed; but fundamentally, the book was written with undoubted power. Some critics went even so far as to write of him as "the Scotch Balzac." He had not done enough to enable one to say that his death has left a gap, yet he showed signs of such talent that it is probably an appreciable loss to literature.

THE LATE GEORGE DOUGLAS. AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS."

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

John Foster Fraser.

Mr. John Foster Fraser, an English journalist now in this country for the purpose of studying the great centres of American trade, has probably done more out of the way travelling than any other living newspaper man. He originally intended to be a novelist, but his vagrant tendencies interfered, and instead of settling down to a quiet life he roamed from one place to another, sending home vivid word-paintings of the places and scenes he visited. He has wandered in thirty-four different countries. Last year he traversed the whole of Siberia, and he created a little sensation by getting across the forbidden land of Manchuria without the permission of the Russian officials. Mr. Fraser's luck carried him through difficulties that overcame others. His book *The Real Siberia* was the outcome of this journey. Mr. Fraser comes over to America as the representative of an

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important syndicate of British daily newspapers, and we understand that early next year he will publish his experiences in book form under the title *America at Work*.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, has published at his own expense, and in a limited edition of three thousand copies, a most gorgeously printed and lavishly illustrated *History of the America's Cup*. His real object in doing so appears at the end of the book, where he expresses his opinion of the New York

DR. HUGH T. HENRY. THE TRANSLATOR OF THE POPE'S POEMS.

Photograph by Miss Katherine E. McClellan.

Dr. Hugh T. Henry was born in Philadelphia in 1862. He received from the University of Pennsylvania the degree Litt.D.. After seven years' study at Overbrook Seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood in 1889, from which time he has held the Chair of Latin and English Literature in his Alma Mater. He is President of the Philadelphia Catholic High School, and lecturer at the Champlain Summer School, where he recently completed a course on Dryden, Pope and Johnson.

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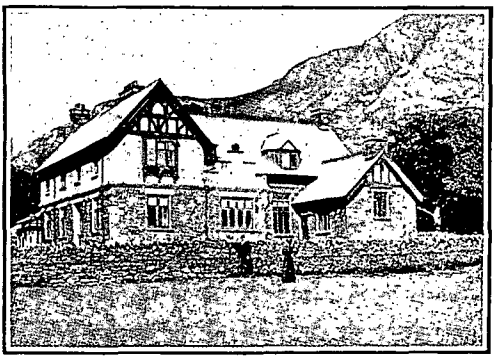


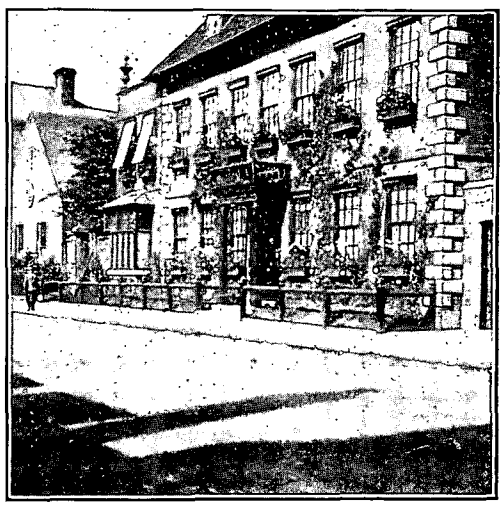
THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

The Ruskin Museum has recently been opened at Coniston. In the main room there is a fine portrait of the great master of word-pictures. The building is situated in a picturesque spot on the hillside, and is very much in harmony with the rugged aspect of the lake district background.

Yacht Club, which would not permit his boat, the *Independence,* to appear as a defender of the America's Cup under any other flag than that of the club itself. Mr. Lawson dedicates his book "To Sportsmen—Manly Men, Men of Gentle Mind and Simple Heart, Brave Men, Fair Men." After reading his diatribe against the members of the New York Yacht Club, we are tempted to ask some questions. Do manly men and men of gentle mind publicly characterise their rivals and those with whom they happen to have a personal disagreement as "natural cowards, queer in body and perverted in mind because of a vicious or low order of ancestry and habit"? Do brave men publish accusations against women, accusing them of open drunkenness and dissipation? Do fair men refuse to play the game according to the rules? Would any true sportsman, in a word, accept a disappointment with whining and shrill vituperation rather than in silence and with the dignity of self-control? Most persons will probably concern themselves much less with the technical questions which arose between Mr. Lawson and the New York Yacht Club than with the fact that Mr. Lawson's boat could not under any circumstances have been chosen to defend the cup because in the preliminary trial it was hopelessly and ludicrously outclassed.

Long Island in Fiction.

Mr. Howells has been credited with saying that Long Island contains material for fiction richer and far more varied than all the New England States put together. Miss Louise Forsslund made a start in this field about two years ago with *The Story of Sarah,* in which she introduced us to the old Dutch settlers on the Great South Bay. Her second novel, *The Ship of Dreams,* has just been published, and the scenes are also laid on the South Bay, but in a different neighbourhood and with a different set of characters—the descendants of the old English settlers who still claim to be the aristocrats of the island. Pepperidge Manor, for instance, as it stands to-day is the dwindled remnant of the vast estate, bounded by "Maine Seas" and the Judgment Day, given to one Enoch Fanning by King William and Queen Mary under the old English Charter. A quaint reminiscence of this ancient fact comes out in the story when the village "characters" are discussing Cynthia Fanning's setting out "to sue everybody an' everything in sight." Cynthia has drawn a map of the Manor showing what her ancestors had lost through "shollerness." "Betsy," says Old Gol to his garrulous spouse, who has been enlarging on Cynthia's plans, "Betsy, she forgot the ocean!" Miss Forsslund is still under thirty, and was born in Sayville, L. I., not far from



MARIE CORELLI'S HOME AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

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MISS LOUISE FORSSLUND.

the spot where for generations her antecedents on the maternal side have lived and died. Her father came to this country from Sweden nearly sixty years ago, and after wandering all over the West, where he met "a young newspaper man named Clemens," he finally pulled up in Sayville, where he has remained for over fifty years. Miss Forsslund has been rarely off the island. She went through the usual public school routine, and finished at the Packer Institute, Brooklyn. Like most writers who have succeeded in fiction, she had the habit of telling stories and composing tales at an early age. *The Story of Sarah* had a remarkable success for a first book.

Archibald Clavering Gunter.

Ten or fifteen years ago there were appearing at intervals of from six months to a year a certain set of paper-covered novels, unmistakable in design, which very few people with a taste for the lighter literature of the day were willing to ignore. Those years were long before the time of popular successes, as we understand them now; the art of literary exploitation was really not even in its infancy. The books to which we refer had to make their own way; if you bought one to read, it was because some one had told you that it was good, or because you liked the author's previous works. The books were not made to be kept in the library, but to be read and thrown away, and you were sure to see a great many of them as you walked along the deck of an ocean steamer or passed through the aisle of a moving railway train. Books of similar appearance and by the same author are still being brought out with considerable regularity, but they are not the books of ten or fifteen years ago. The method is there, but much of the fire and sparkle and dash are missing. It is as the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr. Potter of Texas, That Frenchman, Miss Nobody of Nowhere* and the plays *Prince Karl* and *Polly Middles* that we like best to think of and to discuss Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter.

In a practical way Mr. Gunter has reaped the rewards of his work. He has been very widely read by people who read

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER.

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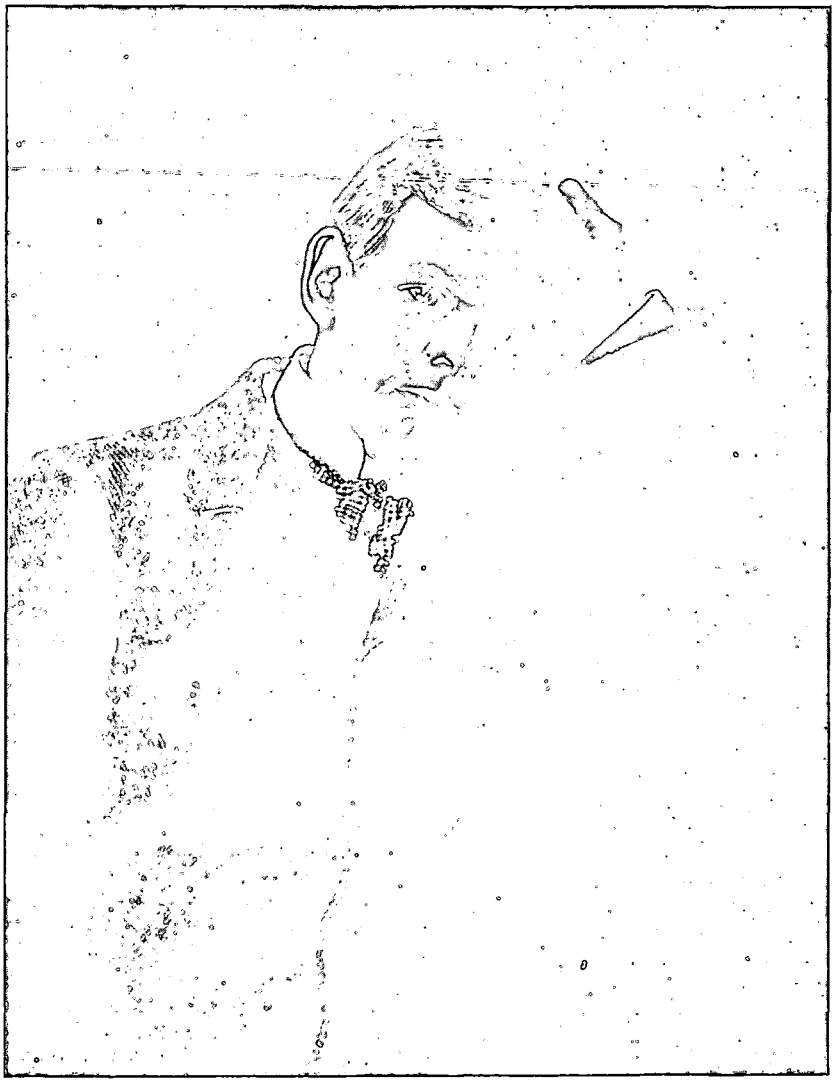
because they were sincerely interested, and his books have brought him large money returns. On the other hand, comparatively speaking, he has been rather unfairly treated by the so-called professional reviewers, who have discussed him with much timidity because he was obviously so far beyond the pale of literature. Of course, he is beyond the pale of literature, but no more so than many others over whose books these reviewers have been making use of their finest phrases and highest sounding epithets. He did the work which won him a deserved popularity a few years too soon. Alleged literary publications have not been giving space to retailing incidents of his infancy supposed to have bearing upon his subsequent literary career; nobody has ever discussed his "temperamental influences," his "environment" and his "creative work." He has been simply the man who wrote *Barnes of New York* and *Potter of Texas*. He has written very badly: his novels abound in anachronisms, blunders, absurdities of every



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS," "HER SERENE HIGHNESS" AND "A WOMAN'S VENTURE."

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kind; but he used to know what a good story was and the way to write one.

Mr. Barnes of New York and Mr. Potter of Texas belonged to a race of Americans abroad that we like to think has become extinct. Their dominant trait was irrepressible "cheek." Mr. Barnes, for instance, was a crack pistol shot and had lots of cash, and on five minutes' acquaintance he was sure amiably to inform you of both these facts; and yet he was just the hero to fit Mr. Gunter's book. His crude vigour carried along a story that was equally vulgar and vigorous. *Mr. Potter of Texas* begins with a chapter which deserved much more recognition than it has ever received. The book begins, it will be remembered, with the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and for clear-cut, dramatic, swashbuckling sensationalism, the episode to which we refer immeasurably outclasses any of the so-called "fine scenes" of recent historical novels. This chapter and many others in Mr. Gunter's earlier work are very much worth while re-reading.

Perhaps Mr. Gunter never conceived a better plot than that of *That Frenchman,* which ought properly to have been named "Monsieur de Vernay of Paris." Monsieur de Vernay is a Gallicised Mr. Burton Barnes. Like Mr. Barnes, he has lots of cash, and if he does not possess the eminence of the American in the matter of handling firearms, that is amply compensated for by the fact that he is the king of wrestlers—the unknown who, with his face masked, had been setting Paris wild by the ease with which he has toppled over all the champions of Europe. It is in the last days of the Second Empire, and de Vernay's services to the imperial cause have won him high recognition and favour. He scents a plot against the life of the Prince Imperial, a plot before the cunning of which the official police seem baffled and powerless, and it is about this plot that the story revolves. The conspirators are Alsatian socialists of the most extreme type, who believe that the death of the Prince Imperial will remove the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and above all, the Empress, to establish more securely the dynasty, and that this death will consequently avert the impending war between France and Germany. They design to entice the Prince Imperial into a cave in the Bois de Boulogne, in which he has been in the habit of playing, and when the plot is ripe, to fill this cave with poisonous gases. One of the arch-conspirators is the champion wrestler of Germany, and in one of the best scenes of the book he meets the Masked Man on a mat in a hall crowded by all the celebrities of Paris. About the person of the challenger are concealed the papers containing the details of the plot, and in the course of the fearful struggle he finds the hands of the masked wrestler feeling him over, searching and not trying for a throw. Then he guesses; the thought comes to him that this Masked Man knows their secret, and must be so badly disabled as to make him powerless to betray or to interfere.

To any one who has ever seen Richard Mansfield in *Prince Karl* it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Gunter, who wrote that play, has humour. This humour has not always been of a very high quality; it has often been dependent upon absurd complications and misunderstandings of the customs of the country. Mr. Potter of Texas goes to a Paris café chantant and orders a drink from the modest seat which he takes far back from the performers. Becoming more and more interested in the houris on the stage, he draws nearer and nearer to the footlights, and finally precipitates a row as he finds that he is being charged more and more for each successive drink. Mr. Barnes of New York, wishing to force the acquaintance of the young English girl with whom he has fallen suddenly in love, and who happens to be travelling in the same railway compartment, hits upon the plan of starving her into tractability, and accomplishes his end by sundry tricks worked with the connivance of the guards and station-masters. Although all this is more or less horse-play, it unquestionably amuses you immensely. Considerable humour of much the same kind is built up about the predicaments of the little detective whose services de Vernay enlisted in *That Frenchman.* But a touch of a much higher order in the same book was when

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one of the conspirators was waylaid in the open street at night by members of the secret police disguised as thugs, who wished to search his person for incriminating papers which he was known to carry. In vain the attacked man shouted: "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!" His waylayers went on with their work without interruption. Finally, gaining wit from his danger, the victim bawled out lustily, "Vive la République!" and in a twinkling the street is filled with zealous gendarmes.

Literary Centenaries.

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that the next few years will bring around a number of important literary centenaries. Thus, we have lately had the hundredth anniversaries of the birth of Balzac, Hugo and Dumas; but the following are not far distant: Bulwer-Lytton (1903), Beaconsfield (1904), Hawthorne (1904), Whittier (1907), Longfellow (1907), Tennyson (1909), Holmes (1909), Poe (1909), Gautier (1911), Thackeray (1911), Dickens (1912), Harriet Beecher Stowe (1912), and Henry Ward Beecher (1913).

L. E. L.

A minor centenary which might have been observed this year, but which was not, is that of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the once famous "L. E. L.," who from about 1825 until the time of her death in 1838 was adored by all young people, and admired by many persons (among them Robert Browning) who in after years would have found it difficult to justify their opinion of her. L. E. L. was a high-priestess of sentiment, or rather of sentimentality—which is a very different thing—soft, languishing, pap-like. Her poems, essays and novels were read all over England and the United States, and they are worth looking back upon at the present time simply as reflecting the taste of a period whose ideas and likings are now extinct forever. It was the epoch of "annuals," "keepsakes," "books of beauty"; a time when women were called "females," and when the adjective "genteel" was possible. Women pinched their waists in those days, and languished, and thought it the reverse of "genteel" to have an appetite for dinner. L. E. L., in her writings, was the accurate exponent of contemporary taste, but personally and in private life she was a very fetching girl, exceedingly pretty, lithe and graceful, with a good deal of fun, and by no means fond of starving herself into an interesting anæmia. The robust Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who had often bellowed and snorted his disgust over her die-away poetry, was completely captivated when he met her, and took back everything that he had said, adding naïvely, "I hadna thocht ye were sae bonny!"

It is likely, however, that the memory of L. E. L. would have passed away as utterly as that of any of her contemporary gushers had it not been for a mystery associated with her marriage and her death. Like a good many literary ladies who flutter around the borders of a subjective eroticism, Miss Landon allowed herself the rather perilous pleasure of experimenting with the thing objectively. There is no reason to suppose that she was guilty of anything worse than carelessness and unconventionality; but she succeeded in getting herself talked about, and in those days the "genteel young female" who was talked about, found few sympathisers. The conventions were cast-iron in the thirties, and Bohemia had not yet become the resort of fashion. So Miss Landon found the finger of scorn pointed at her in many places where once she had breathed incense only. Her life became a most most unhappy one, and she caught at the first means of escape which was offered her, forgetting the good old maxim about the frying-pan and the fire. In 1838 she had an offer of marriage from Mr. George MacLean, who had an appointment as Governor of Cape Coast Castle, a pestilential place in Africa. MacLean was a decidedly "dour" sort of person, something of a valetudinarian, and moreover, of somewhat shady character. He was said to have already a first wife living (which he denied), and also to be involved in an irregular connection with a native woman at the Cape (which he confessed). Nevertheless, and though Miss Landon did not love him in the least, she married him in a fit of *Weltschmerz*, as

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so many women marry, and in order to escape from her detractors of the London drawing-rooms. She and her husband went out to Cape Coast Castle, and there she found that she had exchanged mental vexation for physical suffering and spiritual misery. Her husband treated her as he might have treated a Senegambian slave. He forced her to do the work of a domestic servant, he deprived her of all society, including his own, and he told her in so many words that he meant to break her spirit. She was married in June. In October she died, being found lying on the floor of her room clasping in her hand a vial of prussic acid. Her death caused an immense uproar in England. All sorts of wild rumours flew about. Some said that her husband had poisoned her; others that she had committed suicide; still others that the native woman, her husband's mistress, had contrived her death. The official verdict was that she had died of an overdose of the poison, administered by herself as a remedy. The probability is that she purposely took her own life. Those who are curious about her and her writings will find her life narrative and her works collected by Lamon Blanchard as late as 1855.

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Some Historic Inaccuracies in Fiction.

Every now and then a casual reader takes up one of the novels which have stood the test of a generation or two, and by sheer chance stumbles upon some inaccuracy which has hitherto remained unnoticed. For instance, it was only a few years ago, we think, that attention was first called to a curious blunder in Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*. In Chapter VIII., which treats of "The Internal Economy of Dotheboys Hall," Nicholas is invited by Squeers to go out and break the ice from the well if he wishes to include washing in his morning toilet. A few hours later one of the boys is sent out for the purpose of weeding the garden. For a great many years no one saw any discrepancy in these two incidents. Thackeray's novels, of course, are filled with errors more or less glaring. There is a curious one in "The Notch on the Axe." Right in the middle of *The Adventures of Philip*, Philip Firmin was called Clive Newcome. In *The Newcomes*, Lord Farintosh's mother was killed, and a few chapters later brought back to life. Bret Harte did the same with John Oakhurst. But perhaps fiction offers no more puzzling question than "How could Robinson Crusoe have filled his pockets with biscuits from the ship's stores when he was naked?"

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A recent edition of *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* has led the London *Academy* to print an entertaining paper about the book and its author: "The mystery of Robinson Crusoe," says the *Academy*, "is itself mysterious. It does not lie in the authorship: Mrs. Gallup has not disputed that, and the old story about Lord Oxford writing the book in the Tower has perished of its own absurdity. It does not lie in its allegorical relation to Defoe's life: that question has its tomb in the amazing theory of Mr. Thomas Wright. It does not lie in its factual basis; that is as good as settled, and was never important. No, it is the book and its success that are mysterious. How came Defoe, the grimy political journalist and servant-girls' novelist, to write a story that has become part of the world into which we are born? It is possible to think of most great books in the making, to relate each to some sort of literary process. *Robinson Crusoe* defies you to go behind it. You may produce Defoe's career, his secondary novels, his journalistic instinct and the whole Alexander Selkirk business, but these account only for a clever book; they do not explain the unique autocracy of *this* book. These, you will say, are explained by Defoe's genius. But is *Robinson Crusoe* a work of genius? To affirm it is to perceive that the genius which produced it was so narrow that it resembles the genius of a boy who can bend back his thumb until it touches his wrist. In no other of his writings did Defoe show genius; and in *Robinson Crusoe* there are no qualities which may not be collected from the *Essay on Projects*, the *Story of Mrs. Veal*, the *Family Instructor*, *A New Voyage Round the World* and *Moll Flanders*. Looking at Defoe's powers as a whole, it almost seems that the success of *Robinson Crusoe* was due to a unique affinity between

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his mind and this chance subject which refers us rather to literary chemistry than to literary dynamics. Even then there remains the wonder that such a subject and such a writer should have been brought together in the blind way which marked this conjunction. Defoe seems to have written the tale without any emotion corresponding to its impact on mankind."

"Nor is the mystery of *Robinson Crusoe* lightened when we consider its author's aim at the public. The finest boys' story ever written was certainly written for adults, and was read by them. In his well-known satire on the story, published only five months after its appearance, Charles Gildon was obliged to admit that *Robinson Crusoe* was already "fam'd from Tuttle Street (Tothill Street, Westminster) to Limehouse Hole," and that there was "not an old woman who can go to the price of it but buys thy 'Life and Adventures,' and leaves it as a legacy with *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Practice of Poetry* and *God's Revenge Against Murther* to her posterity." We visualise the first readers of *Robinson Crusoe* in this description. And to take up the story to-day is to be surprised by the strength of its appeal to poor, world-wracked people to whom one or two simple religious ideas were necessary. Crusoe's Bible reading, now diligent, now neglected; his unfaithfulness, and repentant returns to grace; his recognition of secret hints given him from above; his weighings of his hardships against his blessings; all these communings are worked into the fibre of his everyday experience in a way to impress and nourish simple groping minds. The very humdrum of the story, its narrow scale of interest in which a parrot's speech communicates a thrill, is part of its strength. Crusoe, with his great goatskin cap, his umbrella and his parrot, is a figure which time cannot assail. His baskets, his earthenware pots, his calendar of notches, his field of barley, his little flock of goats and his instruction of Friday are imperishable memories. And the plain human friendliness of it all! Even that is so wrought into the texture of incident, is so little a warm outflow from author to reader, that it adds to the mystery of this wonderful tale which has gone into every nation, even to the children of the East cloyed with the glories of Haroun-al-Raschid." Dickens once made an admirable criticism of *Robinson Crusoe* when he pointed out that, despite its

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wonderful interest, it contains not a single passage to make a man laugh or cry.

Mme. Talleyrand and "Robinson Crusoe."

A copy of the first edition of *Robinson Crusoe* and a second edition of *The Farther Adventures* dated 1719, were sold recently in London for £245. The *Biographie Universelle* quotes a delightful story of Madame Talleyrand's appreciation of *Robinson Crusoe*. Talleyrand used to excuse his marriage with a woman so lacking in tact and sense on the ground that clever women might compromise their husbands, whereas stupid women only compromised themselves. One day Denon, the famous Egyptologist, dined with the Talleyrands. M. Talleyrand instructed his wife to read Denon's books. She dutifully went to the library, but on the way forgot the name. She could only remember she wanted the book of a famous traveller whose name ended in "on." The librarian gave her *Robinson Crusoe*. Madame Talleyrand read the book, marvelling that a great traveller could write such an interesting work. At dinner she astonished her guest by suddenly exclaiming: "Mon dieu, monsieur, what joy you must have felt on your island when you found Friday!"

London After Dark.

The first thought that comes to one in reading *The Night Side of London*, written by Robert Mackray, and for which Tom Browne has made some very admirable illustrations, is, "Why has not some one done the same thing for our American cities, especially for New York?" One big, bad city after dark is, in certain phases, very much like another; and a few changes and substitutions in minor places would make some of the chapters of the London book quite ready for incorporation in a volume to be called *The Night Side of New York*. It would be necessary only for Picadilly Circus and Regent Street and Monetti's to read Longacre Square and Broadway and Rector's, or something of the kind. It is only the difference of neighbourhoods; the types and the life are much the same. But Mr. Mackray, in his book has by no means confined himself to the Picadilly phase of life. He takes you to the East End Music Hall, to the shilling hop, to the masked ball, to the grill and smoking rooms of various clubs typical of various sides of London life, to the early morning coffee stalls, to the ringside of the National Sporting Club, and to other ringsides less select and even into "society," where

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he is least entertaining with his talk about the Duchess of Blankshire. Corresponding phases of night life we have here, and it needs only the right kind of a partnership to present them quite as interestingly in book form. The danger is that most of the men qualified for the task would go to it in too sophisticated a frame of mind. The subject to them would have none of the glamour of novelty. They would studiously ignore the superficial, and in a volume of this kind it is a frank and naïve presentation of the superficial that is needed. When Mr. Richard Harding Davis wrote his *About Paris* he knew very little of Paris. A Parisian journalist would probably have told you that he knew nothing. But nevertheless, Mr. Davis wrote a very entertaining book.

English Amenities.

It was, of course, an Englishman who suggested that "The Star Spangled Banner" was so beautifully an American national anthem because it began "Oh! Say!" And in this case we must concede that the point is rather against us. But is it not about time that English novelists introducing American characters should cease from making use of those trite and hackneyed turns of speech that are supposed infallibly to betray the speaker's nationality? To round out a complete American all that seems necessary, according to the English novelists, is to give him a high nasal accent and to quote him every few minutes in "Do tells," "I want to knows" and "I admire to" do something or something else. A recent offender in this way is Sidney C. Grier, although he is a vast improvement in this respect over almost all who have gone that way before. In fact, there are not very many "breaks" of this sort in *The Prince of the Captivity.*

The very worst of all Englishmen in this matter is Mr. Rudyard Kipling, because he is Rudyard Kipling and because he certainly knows better; and the worst example is to be found in the tale of Wilton Sargent, the American who flags the express in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." Sargent is not a newly elected Congressman from some district in the remote West, but a man who presumably has been surrounded since birth by all that American culture and education have to offer. There could have been about him little of the atmosphere of the stock yard; on the other hand, he undoubtedly had rubbed elbows with much of the art, and wit not only of the New World but of the Old. Yet after he has flagged the "Induna" and become embroiled in legal complications with the Great Buchonian Company, Kipling pictures him as breaking forth in a vernacular which for crude vigour and imagery challenges one of George Ade's Fables in Slang. He begins by referring to the judge who has sentenced him to "forty shillings or a month" as "the old duck on the bench." Then he talks of the matter as being "a ground-hog case." "There was no chance now of mistaking the man's nationality. Speech, gesture and step, so carefully drilled into him, had gone away with the borrowed mask of indifference. It was a lawful son of the youngest people, whose predecessors were the red Indian. His voice had risen to the high throaty crow of his breed when they labour under excitement. His close-set eyes showed by turns unnecessary fear, annoyance beyond reason, rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge, and the child's pathetic bewilderment who knocks his head against the bad, wicked table." "It's as plain as mud," he finally said, "these ducks are laying their pipes to skin me." Of course, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" was written before the war in South Africa, before London had celebrated Mafeking Night and the relief of Ladysmith, when the tradition of British stolidity, British placidity, still held; when Englishmen used to refer to us as "Really, such an excitable people." But until English novelists refrain from the use of this utterly preposterous vernacular in their descriptions of Americans, English readers will continue implicitly to believe that no American statesman can hope for political success until his constituents have been convinced that he has discarded the use of socks.

Mr. Kipling, by the way, seems now to be in the full swing of a somewhat tardy recognition in France. During the last year or so, several of his stories have

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CHRISTIAN PASSES THE LIONS.

CHRISTIAN IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

IN THE CAGE AT VANITY FAIR.

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL DELIVERED FROM THE NET.

Apropos of the article on "The Land of the Pilgrim's Progress" in this number we reprint the accompanying cuts from a Chinese version of Bunyan's allegory. They appeared in THE BOOKMAN two or three years ago.

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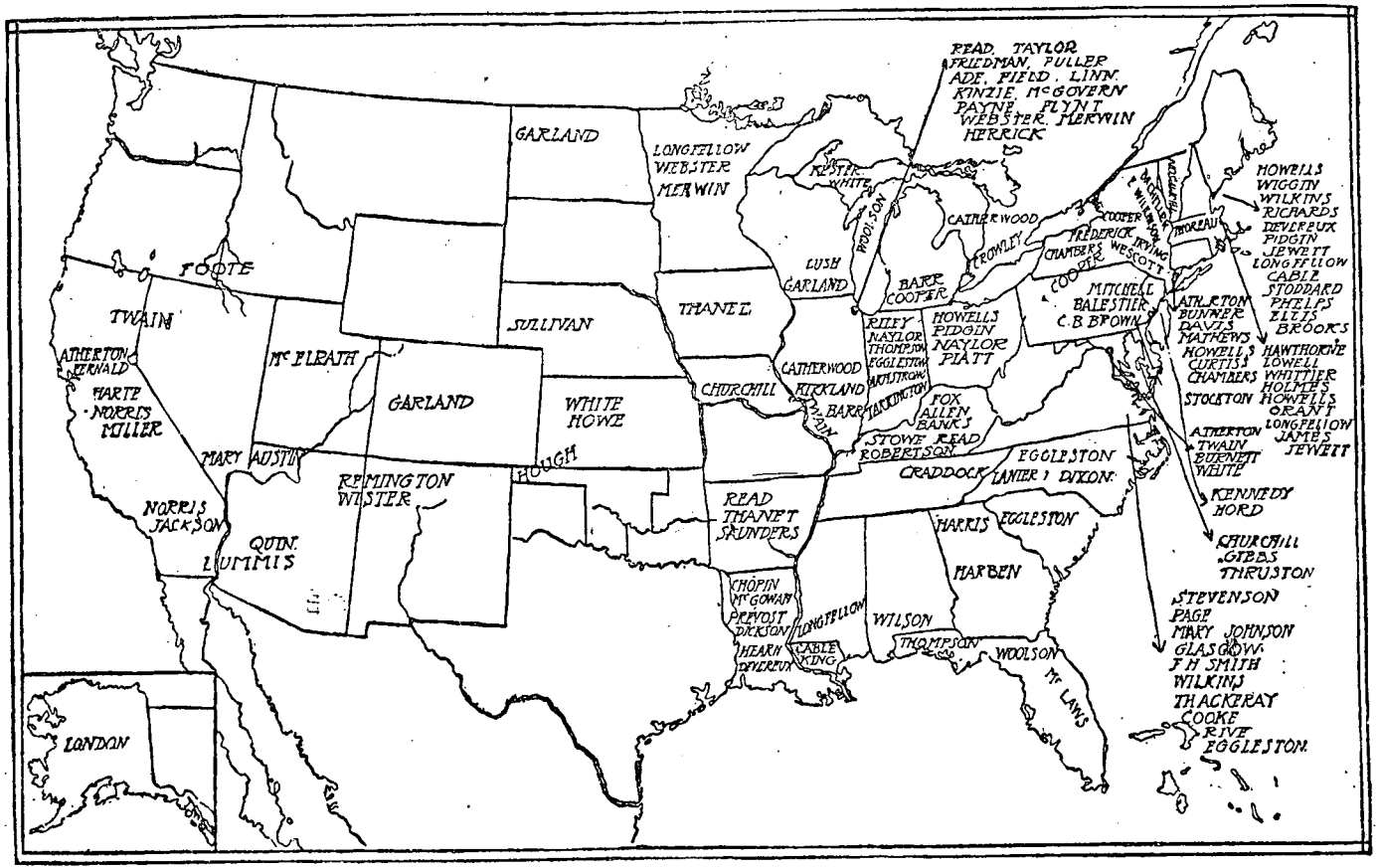

THE LITERARY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. REVISED TO THE PRESENT DATE.

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been running in French magazines and newspapers, and a good deal of space has been given by the French press to critical estimates of his work. In most cases the translators seem to have held as closely as possible to the original titles. For instance, the *Jungle Book* in French is the *Livre de la Jungle;* the story "How Fear Came" becomes *Comment vint la Crainte;* the tale entitled "A Disturber of Traffic" is rendered as *Le Perturbateur du Trafic;* "The Finest Story in the World" is *La Plus Belle Histoire du Monde;* while "The Light That Failed" became known to Paris as *La Lumière qui s'est Éteinte.*

An interesting study of Kipling by MM. Marius and Ary Leblond recently appeared in the *Mercure de France.* It is Kipling of the *Jungle Book* who is the object of the boundless admiration of the French people. MM. Leblond say: "A poem of triumphant energy, the work of Rudyard Kipling, is truly that which a European people ought to read who feel the need of coming out of themselves, of shaking their lives free from little enervating pleasures, from 'little shocks' by fine dreams, and the tumultuous rhythm of action, of awaking themselves from their digestive torpors of people with assured incomes, of 'running risks,' according to the most familiar expression of the Anglo-Saxons." Nothing, it is declared, can be more useful for the Frenchman than to let his enthusiasm be excited by Kipling's apology for instinct, as the national methods of education under Catholic discipline have for too long suppressed instinct, contemned and enslaved it, making it anæmic to the degree in which the body and the understanding remain without force, without elasticity, without reserve of animal vitality. Kipling is regarded as a colonial *par excellence,* reproducing at first hand the exotic life of India. "There is not as yet a great French colonial romancer," conclude MM. Leblond, "but there is no better way of preparing to receive one in the future than to read Rudyard Kipling. The reading of Kipling will communicate to the French people the expansive force which is necessary to distribute themselves in generous activities, the intoxicating, vivifying power of spreading themselves in magnificent cities, as that force is described in Kipling's poem 'The Song of the Cities.'"

The Literary Map of America.

The accompanying illustration represents the result of the Chicago *Tribune's* attempt to bring THE BOOKMAN'S Literary Map of the United States, which was designed about four years ago, down to the present day. The *Tribune,* in its comments points out that during the last few years so many authors have been writing about New York that it is impossible to

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR GILBERT PARKER.

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GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

GEORGE A. HENTY.

TWO VETERAN LEADERS IN THE WRITING OF JUVENILE FICTION.

print one-tenth of their names. Several Americans, like Molly Elliot Seawell, have written sea tales, so that their names do not appear. "Even Alaska is not without its literary settlers," says the *Tribune*, "Jack London being counted among the pioneers. Hawaii, which is not on our map, should offer untold riches to its explorers. The Philippines have already been used in at least two novels, and they are good for many more, on account of the multiplicity of dialects. Then there is Guam! Think, O think, of Guam! 'The Guerillas of Guam!' The name alone should be worth an edition of fifty thousand copies. And Porto Rico—Porto Rico eighty-five per cent. free, as Tom Reed said—there's richness! When the wealth of all this unexplored territory shall have become fully known the historical novel of Europe will have to go. . . . There will be no more fights upon the staircase, and the gentlemen bearing secret missives from the king will no longer be molested upon the highway or in inns at midnight. George Washington will once more resume his function of assisting in the transmission of harmless and necessary mails, and the other historical characters of fiction will fall back into the places to which Clio has assigned them."

About a Portrait.

A Detroit artist has been painting a portrait of President Harper of the University of Chicago. There is a sheet called the *Standard*, published somewhere out in those parts. Its editor has seen the portrait and has been impressed by it and also by its subject, so that he has burst forth as an art critic and as a student of character. Regarding President Harper, he has several things to say, for instance the following:

> President Harper, like Napoleon, began to come to himself early in life.

Most persons do. In fact a man, let us say, of twenty-five, who had not yet begun to take notice and who was still on the bottle, would be unusual. Here is some more:

> There is immediately suggested a likeness to the great Napoleon as he stands in his splendid coronation robes, the incarnation of power. . . . Surely, our educational Napoleon, more illustrious than the brilliant and world-compelling Frenchman. . . . With young men he is warmly sympathetic, and for them he is always hopeful; so optimistic at times that his hopes have been by them interpreted as promises, and have returned later

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with a demand for fulfillment which has proved a little embarrassing.

We doubt whether any one could have put it more tactfully than that.

❧

The editor of the *Standard* now goes in for art criticism:

The artist has studied his subject carefully and endeavoured to read his inmost character, with the purpose of catching and transferring to canvas the very essence of the man as it appears in his supreme task—the official conduct of a great and unique institution, his own creation and glory. Probably the portrait is not in every respect a success. It would be asking too much of the artist to demand this. One's chief criticism is that the artist's conception of his subject is not deep and vital enough. The glaring colours, the air of officialism produced by the prominence of the robes of office, and the typical expression of face seem to convey the impression that the artist regarded his subject, not as primarily a man of ideas, nor even as an executive of high ideals and unselfish aspirations, but essentially as a clever and far-seeing manager of men and things, an ambitious, shrewd and somewhat crudely refined, though tremendously forceful, ruler in the domain of education, who had a wide-open eye to the significance of material things, of sound and strut and show, in pushing forward the car of science.

We rather guess that the artist knew what he was about.

❧

A Hope.

President Roosevelt's speeches delivered during the past month show a decided improvement in quality over those which he used to make. They are a good deal more easy, a good deal better compacted, and very much happier in their phraseology. On the whole, they read extremely well. We haven't heard him speak in public since the time when he was a candidate for the Governorship of New York; but we hope that since then he has given up saying "guv'munt" when he is talking about government.

THE CUP

The golden Jemshid, so the Persians say,
Possessed a magic cup with seven rings
That—filled with wine—reflected wondrous things:
The secrets of the seven worlds that sway
In raptured rhyme, their morrow, yesterday
And now,—ay, and the fond imaginings
Of every soul that sorrows, dreams or sings,
From dim creation's dawn to the last day.

Thy body, my Beloved, is for me
That magic cup; my love is the red wine.
In thee the wonders of the worlds are mine,
The secrets of the stars and of the sea,
The avid prayers of every hidden shrine,—
All are reflected for my soul in thee!

Elsa Barker.

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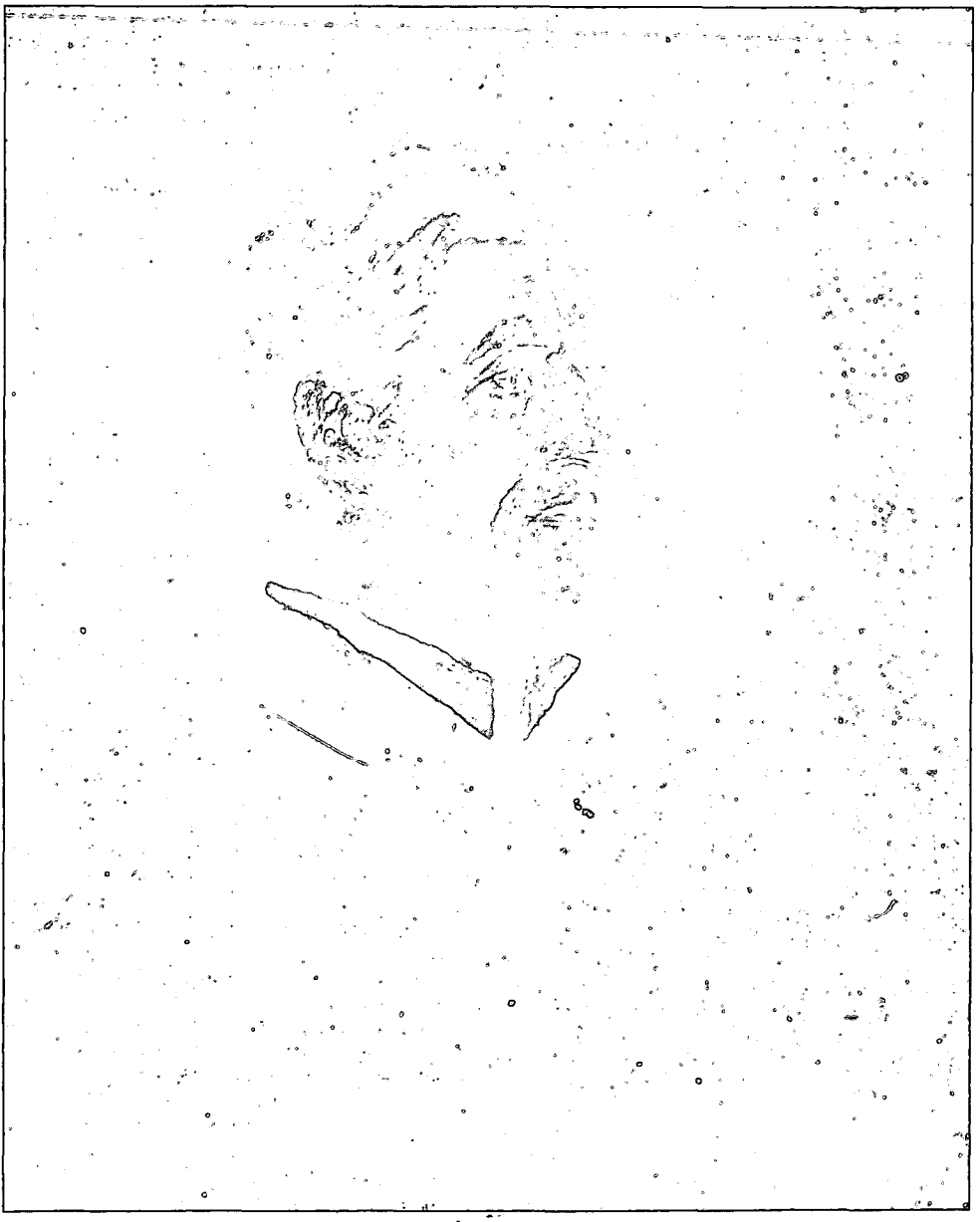
MATTHEW ARNOLD

Cynics and other persons who suffer from a certain ignorance of human life have at the back of their minds one curiously fixed idea, the idea that there is in the world a class consisting of what they call ordinary people. They believe that some thousands of black-hatted city men, all exactly alike, come up on recurrent mornings, all exactly alike, from villas exactly alike to offices exactly alike. They seem to think that the people who assemble in literary salons are the only people who have any individuality. As a matter of fact, of course, there are no ordinary people. To the modern artist, all city men look alike,



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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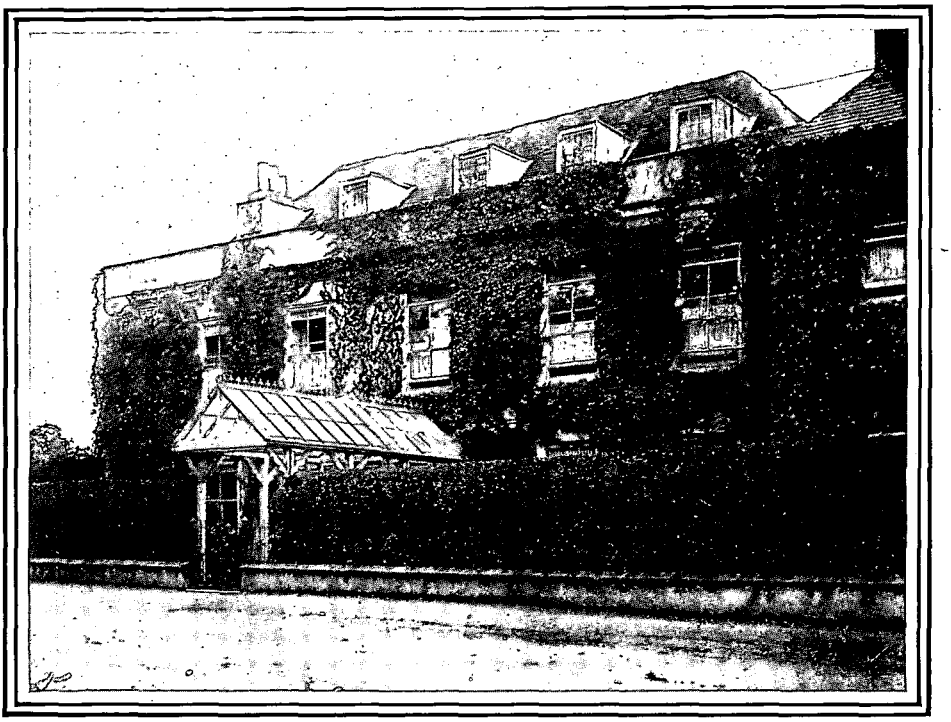
just as to the Englishman all Chinamen look alike and to the Chinaman all Englishmen look alike. In reality every one of them is distinct. If we stopped each of the clerks that pour out of a Mansion House train we should find that the first one collected Roman coins, and the second one had fought with burglars, and the third thought he was going mad, and the fourth thought (erroneously) that he was sane, and the fifth was a Theosophist, and the sixth was in love. There are quite as many varieties of fools in the world as there are clever men, and the fools are very often infinitely more healthy and interesting. There is no plain background in real life; every detail of it springs forward graphically and assertively as it does in a coloured photograph or a picture by Holman Hunt. The only real fault which defaced the splendid work of Matthew Arnold was a failure to realise this fact, that ordinary people do not exist. Mr. Herbert Paul, in his excellent book on Matthew Arnold recently published in the *English Men of Letters* series, points out with singular trenchancy and truth that Matthew Arnold classed people far too much in his estimate of England; that in speaking of barbarians and Philistines and populace he left out a million cliques and twenty million individuals. "Caste," says Mr. Herbert Paul, "is a reality. Class is a fiction. Mr. Herbert Paul does not carry this criticism beyond the one question of Matthew Arnold's division of the English nation into three social grades. But this tendency of the great critic runs very deep in his work; we cannot help feeling that he took an unconscious advantage of the fact that it is so easy to say the last word about a crowd, and so difficult to say even the first word about one of the men in it. He made great sport of the Nonconformists and their tea-drinkings and evening lectures. But he forgot how imperious and illusive



THE EARLY HOME OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The house in which Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, near Staines, on Christmas Eve, 1822, is no longer in existence. The above photograph shows, however, the house of the Rev. John Buckland, where Matthew Arnold went to school, after his father had removed to Rugby.

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is the mysterious spirit of happiness, and that with a healthy humility, a healthy vanity and a good digestion it is possible to have about ten times more of the everlasting *joie de vivre* at a Baptist meeting than at all the pagan festivals of the earth.

But this point of individualism and personal variety, which is the only point which this great philosopher underrated, is a point which, as it happens, it is very necessary to remember in connection with his own work. He was peculiarly a writer who sought to say the true thing on almost all subjects. A man may (though the event is improbable) be truthful on all subjects, but he cannot possibly hope to be original on all subjects. Every man differs from every other man, but he differs only in one or two points. Our imaginary clerk who was a Theosophist would probably think very much like other people on the subject of the Dreyfus case or the sandwiches at a railway station. The man who imagined himself to be sane would on every other question be in agreement with his friends. And the only real and honourable object of criticism is to discover in any great man, or, for the matter of that, in any ordinary man, precisely this unique feature, this one marvel which is without parallel in the world. Unless we have discovered this about a man our most powerful criticism is less than nothing and vanity. We have searched with dazzling searchlights and crushed under Herculean invective every other trait and principle and peculiarity that he had; we are still only making war against his refuse; we are seeing the Mansion House clerk, but not the man. What we have to ask about Matthew Arnold is not whether he was right in every one of the judgments which he laid down with a somewhat exasperating simplicity and clearness. We have to discover what was absolutely his own and without parallel in his work. We have to put on one side all his claims to be of the centre, to be universal, to be final, and discover definitely Matthew Arnold. Almost every clever man wishes to be the world, but the cleverest man ever compounded of dust could only succeed in being one man. Against his will, we have to convict this man of a real and special genius. With a certain dark humour, we have to trace and find the eccentricities of this classic and the partialities of this judge.

Matthew Arnold, like every other great man, especially in that great transition age in which he lived, brought one or two really great and personal contributions. The most obvious, if the most superficial of these, and in a way the most entertaining, lay in the fact that he invented, if ever man did, an entirely new and original mode of controversy. He discovered the vast and militant power of a quite inexhaustible mildness. The Radical and Anglomaniac disputants against whom he was pitted were men of the trenchant school of Macaulay, accustomed to give hard blows and to be on the lookout for them. They were entirely bewildered when they found that they were fronted by a mysteriously meek person, and that the more often and more resoundingly they smote him over the head the meeker and meeker he became. If they had caught out an ordinary Whig or Tory controversialist in some apparent vagueness or inconsistency the man would have justified himself and hit out, showing that it was his enemy who was the fool and not he. Matthew Arnold merely said mournfully, "Now that my triumphant enemy, in his clear way, has shown that I am unfit for speculative pursuits, what remains to me but to fall back on picking up the truth here and there, in which he, with all his superiority," and so on; every arrow they shot at him he wore meekly as a decoration, but he sat in the same spot and continued his humble and respectful monologue. Only toward the end of it did half his opponents realise that he was laughing at them; when they did, the discovery was infinitely more paralysing and disarming than a storm of successful repartees. It was easier to feel superior in face of the ringing dexterity of Macaulay, or the haughty rhetoric of Ruskin, than of that limpid but unfathomable irony. It is true that more than one of the great men of that period owed their intellectual domination to a quality greatly lacking in the clever people of to-day—this great quality of patience. Both Newman and Gladstone were great controversialists precisely because they were not, in the modern sense, debaters. They did not appear solely anxious to answer some

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one else; they did not jump up like the modern parliamentarian, with their mouths full of fiery epigrams; they were positive, not negative; they unfolded themselves slowly and calmly as in a soliloquy. Amid all the talk there has been about the speech and spirit of Gladstone, it has scarcely been noticed sufficiently that those distant and stately openings, those rolling clauses, those ample and leisurely parentheses, were really valuable and had their great public effect because they conveyed a certain air of confidence and self-knowledge, of being untouched; of being clear of thought and certain of victory. Men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt are entirely admirable in the use of the retort; but every retort is the cry of a man hit. It is true, as I have said, that both Newman and Gladstone had this dangerous patience, this menacing air of leisure. But they had it only as a prelude which lent instantaneousness and a dramatic violence to the great moment when they turned on their opponents. But Matthew Arnold never turned on his opponents; he was a philosophic worm who never turned, but bored on to its goal. His controversial books are among the most humorous and entertaining books that can be read in the world, but from one end of them to the other there is scarcely a sentence which can be called in the popular sense "a score," scarcely a sentence that a reporter would mark with "cheers and laughter." He had gone into the depths of criticism and found there a very ultimate and awful kind of power, the power of non-resistance. It reveals a truth of which advantage has seldom been taken, that the most powerful and independent being on earth might be a really consistent Quaker. Passive resistance is far more maddening than active resistance, as anyone knows who has ever tried to open a drawer that was jammed tight. This power, which would lie in an enemy who really refused to put himself in the wrong, is really what I have called it, a very dangerous power. It might be used more wickedly than the sword of a soldier or the halter of an evil law. Nor can it be said that Matthew Arnold always used it well. Sincere as he was, he was sometimes positively unscrupulous in his politeness. He answered his enemies in a spirit which can only be described as a kind of malicious Christianity.

If this meandering and maddening urbanity was the chief example of Matthew Arnold's peculiar power and distinction in its external form, the essence of his internal originality, of his internal message and philosophy is, of course, by no means so easy to summarise. His splendid ideal of a great central school of wisdom and beauty, disdaining provincialisms, however large and noisy, resisting second-rate innovations, however fascinating and fashionable, was a great conception, and one to which he was loyal in a bold and logical degree. There is something sublime in that concentration upon the standards of mind and not of matter which could in one untroubled sentence dismiss America as a suburb. Unquestionably he laid his finger on the typical English defect when he objected to the authority of Deborah Butler and Newman Weeks being spoken of as if it were equivalent to the authority of Plato and St. Paul. Only the other day I saw in a paper called *The Agnostic Journal*, so called because it knows everything about everything, an exclamation expressing the honourable thought of how noble a thing is human nature, which ran on, "To what heights can it rise in a Shakespeare, a Burns and an Ingersoll!" I was so violently amused that I felt inclined to rush away and whisper it into Matthew Arnold's tomb at the Abbey, that we might enjoy it together. But Arnold's insistence on the necessity of discriminating between an established reputation and a private preference had its dangers both for him and for others. He fell sometimes into that mean and diabolical heresy which declares that we should insist on the best of everything. There were times when he came at last to prefer criticism to admiration; to dwell far less on the excellence of Dante than on any defects he could find in Burns or Macaulay. He was sometimes affected by criticism in the same way that charitable people are affected by joining the Charity Organisation Society; through worshipping literary success he came to see nothing but failure, just as an impulse of Christian philanthropy ends so often under the other auspices in utter distrust of human nature. He held in some degree the mistaken idea that the

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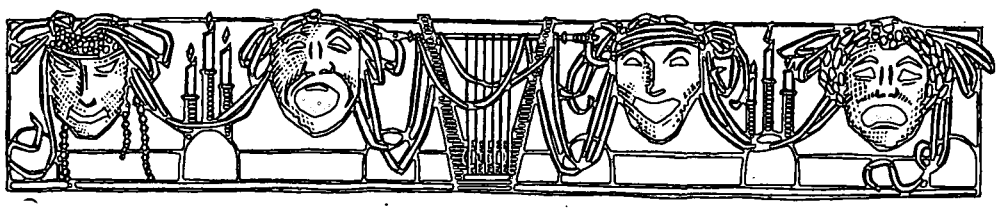
best is the enemy of the good. It is not true that admiring a farthing rushlight leads us to despise the sun; if we once really admired a farthing rushlight we should admire the great conflagration of a million rushlights a million times more. It is not true that enjoying a detective story leads us to think lightly of Milton; if once we really respected another man for his ability to keep a secret from us, we should respect infinitely more another man for his ability to unfold to us an overpowering pageant of heaven and earth. Arnold's real case lay rather in the matter of the grounds and reason of admiration. It is not wrong to admire Newman Weeks: the question is, what do we admire him for? We are quite right to admire Ingersoll for being an honest man, or for being an erect animal on two legs, or for being the image of God in whom he didn't believe, but not for being comparable to Shakespeare, since that he was not. Everything in the world, including *The Daily Telegraph* or a cabbage, has a right to be admired, but not in a literary sense. It was Arnold's misfortune, but hardly his fault, if he sometimes, in insisting on the necessity of a reason and measure in literary enjoyment, lost sight of the vast and uproarious and noble enjoyment which can be obtained from everything that is not literary. He was a great critic and a wise and fearless man, waging an eternal and implacable war against frivolity, the frivolity which is to be found in the fashionable, the equally maddening frivolity which is to be found in the moral and religious. Under all his badinage he was, even in the age of Carlyle and Ruskin, perhaps the most serious man alive.

G. K. Chesterton.

A FALLING STAR

Through Heaven leaving, not dim it grows,
But light across the darkness throws;
In beauty falling, like a soul
That, soaring high, has missed its goal,
But through its loss in its own night
Of sacrifice has given light.

E. Scott O'Connor.



AMERICAN CARICATURE AND COMIC ART

IN TWO PARTS.

By La Touche Hancock.

PART I.

The American caricaturists and comic artists hardly need introduction. Without so much as "by you leave" or "with your leave," they have a habit not only of introducing themselves, but also any one and every one in whom the public has any interest. The methods they employ in doing this are varied and peculiar.

By virtue of his long service Mr. C. G. Bush may be regarded as the dean of our cartoonists. "I look on a cartoon as an editorial," says Mr. Bush. "To be suc-

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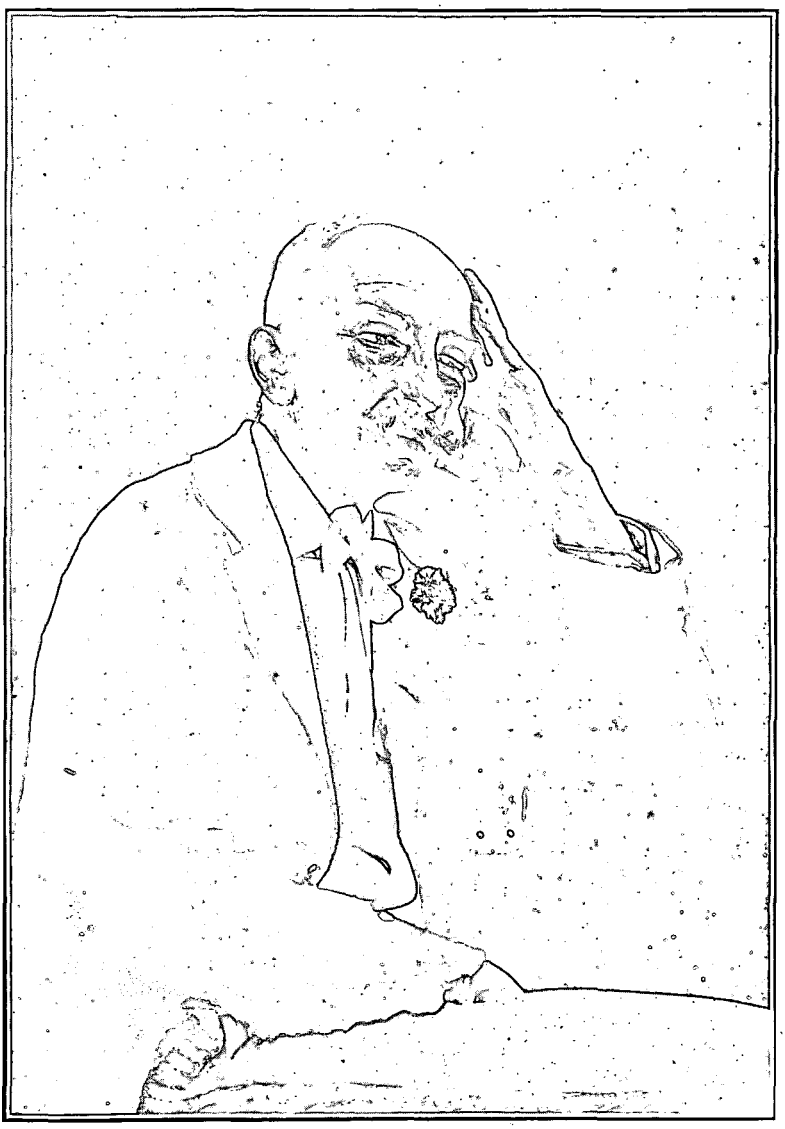
cessful it should point a moral. Exaggeration and a keen sense of humour are only adjuncts of the cartoonist, for he must deal with real people. He must also be must be conversant with the incidents and times from which I draw my inspiration. With three hundred and sixty-five cartoons to draw during the year I must do an immense amount of thinking, for

BUSH.



C. G. BUSH OF "THE WORLD." THE DEAN OF ACTIVE AMERICAN CARTOONISTS.

a student. I am obliged not only to use my pencil, but to study hard and read everything I can lay my hands on. The features of Roosevelt, Bryan, Hanna and Croker may be familiar to me, but I must know what these men are doing. I must also know what the masses behind these popular characters think and believe. I two-thirds of the ideas portrayed in my drawings originate in my own brain. I get my inspiration from newspapers, magazines and people, and I work methodically day after day. Without letting you into the secret of my political feelings, I may tell you that it very often happens that a cartoonist who is a Re-

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publican has to earn his bread and butter by ridiculing his own party, and *vice versa*. You can draw your own conclusions from that statement, while I—excuse me—resume another sort of drawing!"

The views of Homer Davenport contrast somewhat with Mr. Bush's serious comments. "Hailing from Oregon, I lot of pets. I was reared among pheasants and other wild fowl, and naturally have a hobby for birds and beasts. Funnily enough—and it is a funny story, though absolutely untrue—some one got hold of the notion that I evolved my idea of the Trust Giants from a monkey. The tale, as it reached me, was that I had a monkey and also a baby. So far so good,

THE MENU OF AN IMPERIAL LUNCH.

find city life rather too confining for a country-bred man, so I spend all the time

DAVENPORT.

I am not drawing on my farm in the country or my home in New Jersey. I work systematically from ten to four in a dingy little room where no earthly imagination could possibly come, and when I have turned out one or two cartoons I hurry away to my menagerie of pets. I've a only I didn't happen to have them at the same time. Well, the monkey, whom, by the way, I named Swinnerton—but that is another story—grew fatter and fatter, while the baby got alarmingly thin. The child and the monkey were great friends; in fact, the monkey grew to be a little bit too chummy, as the story developed. It appears that this simian used to wait till the child's nurse wasn't

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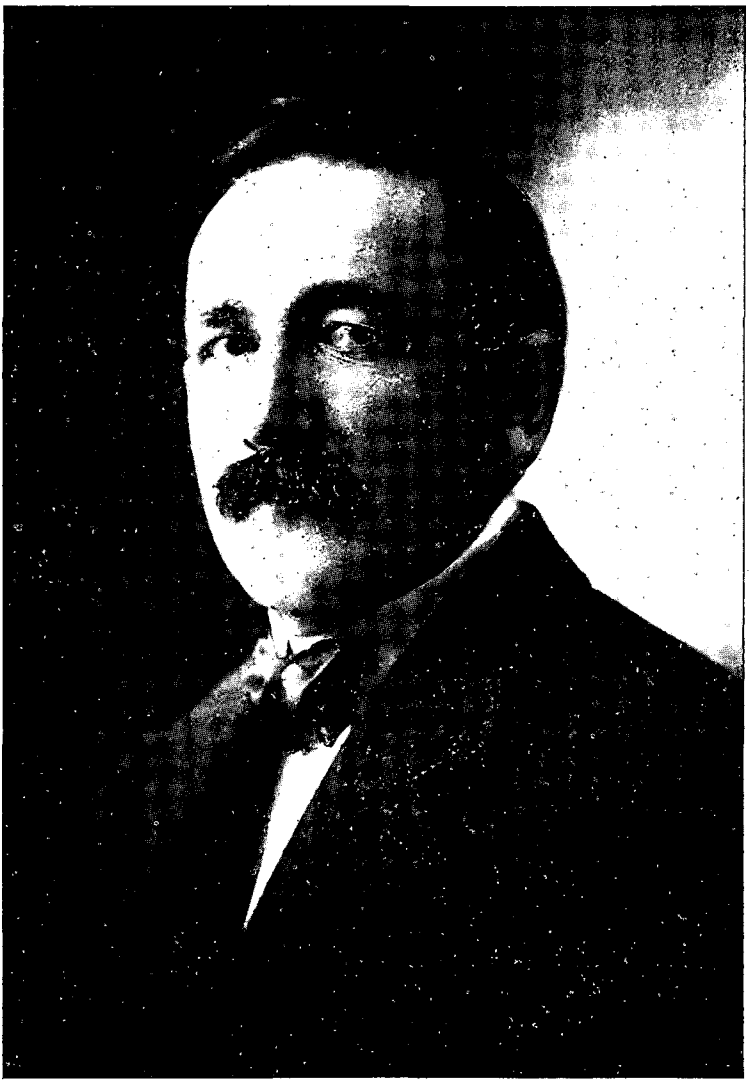
looking, then grab the baby's bottle and drink the milk in a hurry. This accounted for the swelling of the monk and the dwindling of the babe, and by an extraordinary process of reasoning some genius got the notion that it was the abloin a pair. I watched them fly hither and thither, and in following them came across a statue of Samson throwing some man or other—I forget his name—to the ground. The abnormal size of the muscles of the figure struck me at once, and



HOMER DAVENPORT, OF THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL."

surd size of the monkey that gave me the inspiration of representing the Trusts by abnormal giants. As a matter of fact, I got the idea in St. Mark's Square in Venice. Seeing a flock of pigeons flying about in that neighbourhood I immediately, with my love of birds and beasts, determined by fair or foul means to purturning round to my wife, who was with me, I said with a sudden, inspired thought, "The Trusts." That may not be so good or so amusing a story as the monkey and the baby, but you can take it from me that it is correct."

Like most of the literary humourists, some artists take themselves very, very

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seriously. Frederick Burr Opper is no exception to this rule. "I do not suppose," he will tell you, with a deadly serious air, "that my way of doing my work differs very much from the methods of other cartoonists and humorous artists. Probably the only difference, if there is any, is that, as I invent all my own subjects and write all the inscriptions"—even this word seems out of place—"which accompany the drawings, I perhaps give an unusual amount of attention to these two things. The idea of a picture is, I think, the important thing about it, and I have always found that an apt 'caption' under a drawing adds much to its interest and effectiveness."

OPPER.

Charles Nelan, too, who has deserted New York for a time for the more peaceful air of Philadelphia, is inclined to take a strictly practical view of his work. "The idea of a cartoon is often spontaneous, and then again" (with a sigh) "it is developed by much labour; and usually the spontaneous idea is the most successful. My idea is first thought out with pencil, and then I work it up in pen and ink. There are times when a newspaper can express

NELAN.

MR. DAVENPORT'S FAMILIAR CONCEPTION OF THE TRUSTS.

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THE GREAT REPUBLICAN CIRCUS.

This is considered by Mr. Opper as one of his most effective political cartoons.

MR. MCDOUGALL. SKETCHED BY HIMSELF.

"My favourite method of obtaining inspiration and a variation in diet."—*Walt McDougall.*

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what it wishes to say more forcibly with a good cartoon than by any other medium, and the successful daily newspapers of the country recognise this fact by giving prominence to the cartoon."

Should you ask Walt McDougall, who also has sought "fresh fields and pastures new" in the city "fast to the ground," which have tried to suppress this form of art. I have never made any enemies through my work, although President Cleveland once told Senator Smith of New Jersey that I ought to be in the penitentiary. I consider this, however, merely persiflage, and not as a well-considered opinion."

CAPITAL, LABOUR AND THE ARTIST. DRAWN BY NELAN.

about his work, he will cheerfully tell you that "it is an improved adaptation of Michael Angelo and the late lamented Titian." And then, continuing in the same humorous strain: "I have always endeavoured to show that a comic artist can get fat in this broad land of ours in spite of the Trusts and the Kalsominers' Union, both of

McDOUGALL.

In T. E. Powers we have a caricaturist and comic artist combined. Powers is so absolutely funny in himself that his drawings cannot help being humorous. He studies nature in every phase. To him there is always a comic side to everything, and the ludicrous is forever extant. "I will," and he says this with emphasis, "get a

POWERS.

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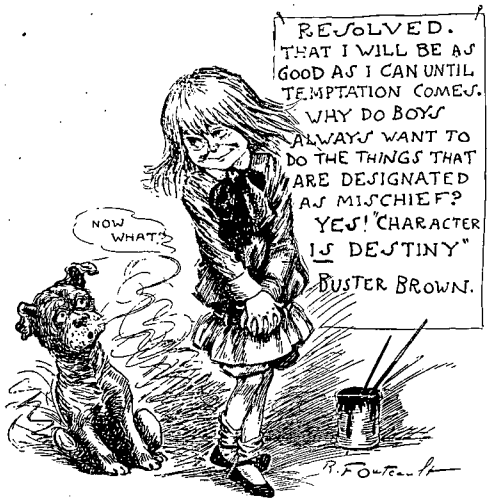
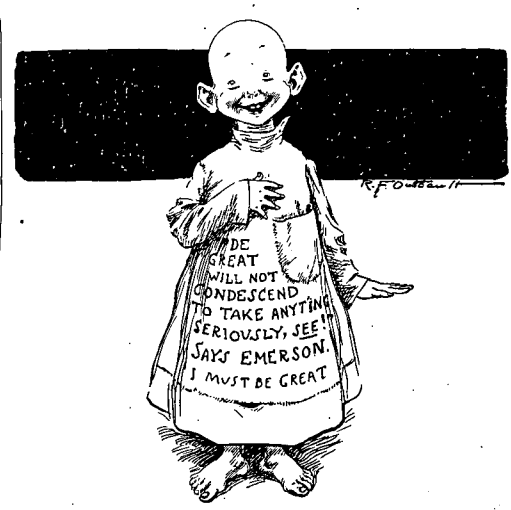


"BUSTER BROWN."



"THE YELLOW KID."

Outcault's two most successful creations.

ENOCH ARDEN CROKER.

One of Powers's happiest hits.

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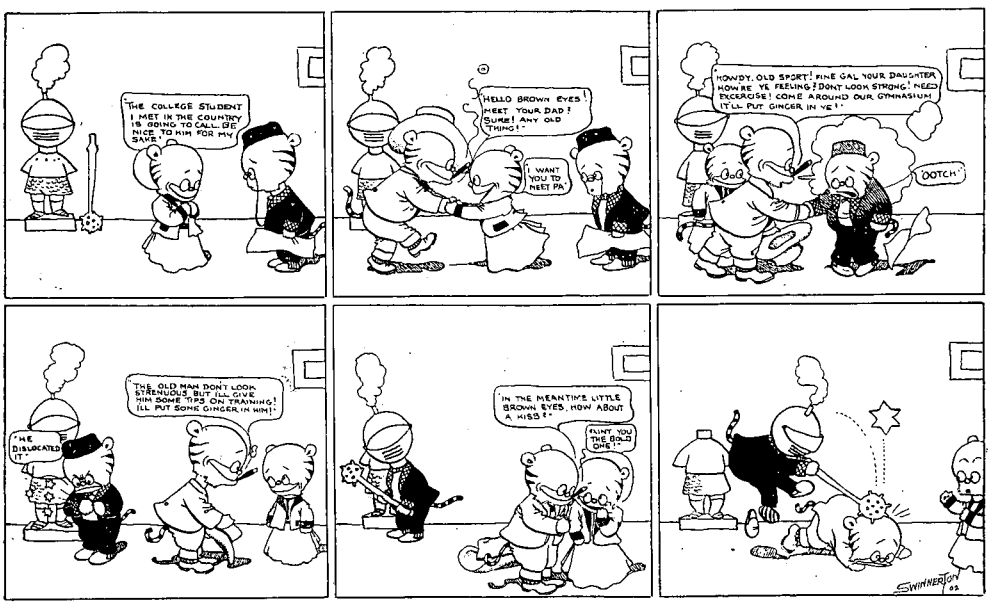
MR. DEVERY IN HIS LATEST RÔLE. DRAWN BY BARRITT.



A TYPICAL BIT FROM SWINNERTON.

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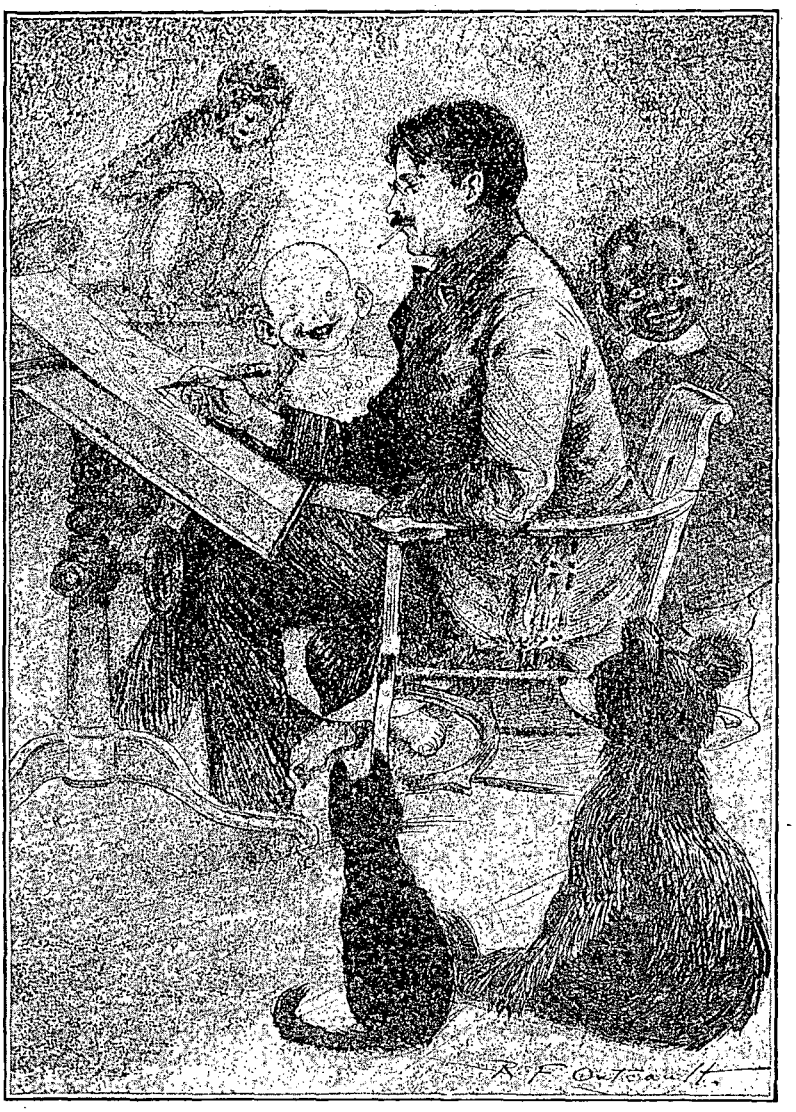
laugh. I will get it, moreover, from the simplest thing, which would, perhaps, never appeal to one person out of twenty as comic, but it's there all the same. This line drawing—for that is all I do—comes perfectly easily and naturally to me. I doubt, when a boy the lines were duly impressed on me in a somewhat vigorous manner. Marriage lines? Well, I never talk about domestic matters in business hours, but you will notice that so faithfully have I stuck to lines, and lines



OUTCAULT AT WORK.

can go into court, study a person for five minutes, and draw his or her features pretty faithfully days afterward. It is really very easy when you know how to do it! I have never been told so, but I firmly believe that when I was a baby I drew lines on my feeding-bottle. No only, that they are beginning to show on my face! Here," concluded the genial T. E. P., with a quiet smile, "are some of my typical drawings." He actually wrapped them up in a page of the *Journal*.

"When I want to work I wait until I

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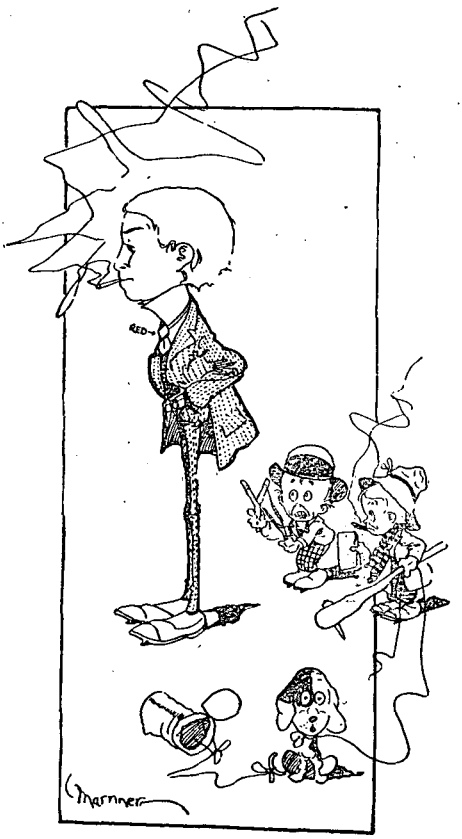
THE WAY TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. DRAWN BY POWERS.

get some leisure time," says R. F. Outcault, looking up from a new picture of his latest creation, "Buster Brown." "You see, I can't work well if I have any-

OUTCAULT. thing else to do. My general method is to sit down and carelessly, but gracefully, in my usual easy style, sketch out a comic drawing. I really cannot hurry, even though I know some editor has three or four hundred dollars in his hand ready for me. I am very conscientious about my work, and before I let a joke go out of my richly furnished studio I always try it on some one to see how it goes. Usually I have my butler call all my servants into my studio—the coachman, the cook, the laundry-maids and the chamber-maids, my valet and the man who cares for my golf sticks. After they are all assembled I explain to them the joke, being careful to avoid putting my own very humorous personality into it and letting the joke stand for itself. They usually roar with laughter, when suddenly it occurs to me that, perhaps, they do so because I pay them their wages. Then comes in the man with the wash bill, and that puts an end to everything homorous. Seriously speaking, 'The Yellow Kid,' my first conception, and 'Buster Brown,' my last, are but mediums for the same kind of epigrammatical humour of a strain that I look on peculiarly as my own. The Yellow Kid was not an individual, but a type. When I used to go about the slums on newspaper assignments I would encounter him often, wandering out of doorways or sitting down on dirty doorsteps. I always loved the Kid. He had a sweet character and a sunny disposition, and was generous to a fault. Malice, envy or selfishness were not traits of his, and he never lost his temper." In these simple words can be seen a reflection of domesticity, which is Outcault's strongest characteristic.

"Once on a time," and here speaks the ideal of a bunch of humour personified in James Swinnerton, "I went into an editor's room when he was busy. I confess I was in a talkative mood that day, but

SWINNERTON. I really didn't mean to worry him. Presently, after I had babbled on for some minutes, he looked up and said: 'Swinnerton, you're a good artist, but I think you can draw a great deal better than you can talk.' He



MARRINER. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

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was wrong, but I thought it best not to argue the question with him just at that moment. Later on I set myself out to make him change his opinion, with the result that he pronounced me a very charming conversationalist. I merely tell you this because I can, if you so please, discourse for hours on my art; but it will be enough to say that I get all my ideas myself from observation. Everything is funny to me, and I work—well, I work when it suits me; that is, when I get an inspiration."

Marriner is even less voluble. "Beyond the fact that I rarely, if ever, get or take a suggestion from an outsider, but evolve my own jokes and situations from my own brain, I don't know that I can tell you anything about my work. I have found, though, that a cold bath has a wonderful effect on the imagination. I don't know whether it is the blood or what goes to my head, but I fancy I've composed more jokes in a cold bath than anywhere else."

MARRINER.

One of the old editors of London *Punch*, Shirley Brooks, used to get his inspiration in a similar fashion. There is, however, no fear that the suggestion will be widely adopted.

Leon Barritt passes over his troubles in a happy state of mind. He will begin by telling you that it is an absolute impossibility for a caricaturist to do six hours' work in two, and so, if his work is not as good as you would wish, *que voulez-vous?* Then, forgetting his troubles, he will rattle on: "Some years ago I found a chicken that laid a fresh 'idea' egg every day. Some days it laid two or three, and when fed an extra dose of 'seven-thirties' it has been known to lay five or six. I'm a union labour cartoonist, and don't believe in working the bird overtime; and then, too, I'm afraid some walking delegate will be coming round one of these dark nights and catch him at it, though I keep him locked up in the best room of the ranch."

BARRITT.

(*To be Concluded.*)

THOMAS HARDY'S WOMEN

Thomas Hardy occupies the same place in modern imaginative literature that Sophocles does in dramatic literature. The English novelist's characters, especially his women, are the mere playthings of an inscrutable Fate; fine instruments on which Destiny, in her infinite sweeps, pipes a major or a minor and then flings to the cosmic rubbish heap. Neither Hardy nor Sophocles has formulated a theory of causation. Life is a series of accidental relations; effects proceed from causes not because this cause must produce that effect, but because the gods have willed that this or that shall come to pass. To understand Hardy's women we must see them in their relations to his conception of the gods that rule our destinies. Each one of his books is a labyrinthine arterial system, and if we should cut a woman from his pages and attempt to consider her as an isolated personage the book would bleed to death.

Hardy stands rooted in his age, as Sophocles did in his. Differences in apprehending the same broad principles that govern life are superficial differences merely. Hardy is Sophocles emancipated. A modern of moderns, the Englishman was caught in the very centre of nineteenth century intellectual activity, and the waters of many streams have flowed into the deep of his thought. The last was a century of brilliant generalisations in science, of daring philosophic conceptions; a brooding, introspective century, beginning with Childe Harold, Rene and Werther, and ending with Tolstoi and Ibsen; a century that produced, on one hand, those prophets of spiritual chaos, Schopenhauer and Amiel, and on the other the Emersonian pæan and the sublime vision of unending progress glimpsed in the "Synthetic Philosophy" of Herbert Spencer. From this tangle Hardy has drawn the most mournful conclusions. A blind, omnipotent, non-moral force sways the affairs of men. Fate, to which the Greeks, truckling to the grosser symbols of the current polytheistic belief, gave a local habitation and

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a name, in the Englishman's pages goes unswathed, unnamed, unnamable; dwells in infinite spaces, nowhere, everywhere. She is subtle, unappeasable, and rules with a knout. She strikes down here and upraises there. The individual is nothing. Law flows, and the human *débris* flows with it.

In the *Mayor of Casterbridge* this conception of Destiny, of the nothingness of man and of the utter indifference to human affairs of the powers on high is worked out with supreme art. In the writer's opinion, it holds the same place in fiction that the Œdipus does in dramatic literature. Nemesis, chance, disillusion are the reigning thoughts in this great book. There are no "bad" characters. From the history of Michael Henchard and those involved with him in the mesh of pain woven by the blind powers we rise in a fury against the forces that dominate our lives. The present presents itself to us as an endless past, where dwells a Gorgon, the Irrevocable. The clanking of the chains that bind is heard. Life smells musty. Actions are mere fungi. Henchard is a good man, as the world goes. For a fault committed in youth while drunk he is hounded through the years by an unappeasable Nemesis, who works a vengeance out of all proportion to his offense. Each action but the more completely insures his ruin. The Furies pluck him from place and power, roll him in the dust, lash him into shreds. The man he befriended overthrows him in business and marries the woman he loves. His imagined fatherhood is denied him at the moment of his greatest paternal felicity. In his old age, despised, neglected, driven from the town a gibe and byword, he dies alone, cursing himself and all his ways. Yet this man was upright and feared God. Fate broods over all. Everything is orderly. Event proceeds from event. Trivial actions are freighted with tragic consequences. But there is never a moment when Henchard could have arrested his doom. To do so would have required free will and omniscience. And in Hardy's view man has neither.

Into this web of chance his women take their logical places. They never dominate. Their lives are ordered for them. They are stray angels in bonds, who stand forever in mortal fear of losing their reputations. Social law is everywhere in conspiracy against their souls. They are fickle and disloyal, but of necessity. To be loved is woman's one aspiration, and she is carried along on the stream of her impulses with slight regard for the object of her desire. Physical propinquity is sufficient to arouse her emotions. Elfrida Swancourt, in *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, loves four men in rapid succession, and her disloyalty troubles her very little. Like almost all of Hardy's womankind, she is in love with love, not with her lover. She is a female Edgar Fitzpiers, the hero in *The Woodlanders*, who loves three women at one time. Yet for all Elfrida's vacillations, she is a beautiful creature, a true woman, sinned against by the gods, but never sinning.

It follows logically that Hardy sees no distinction between "good" and "bad" men and women. These adjectives express relations, not things. Viewed from the standpoint of ultimate consequences, a bad action may be good. There is a germ of evil in all things good. Moral principles are a matter of time, place and circumstance merely. All virtues are exquisite vices; all vices virtues performed at an unpropitious moment. A "good" woman is a legal fiction—a legislative invention. There are good or evil circumstances; no good or evil women. Tess is "a portrait of a pure woman." She was seduced twice; the first time because of her ignorance, the second because her family needed bread. In the second instance the dilemma is clear-cut: Was she to send her family to the devil or go herself? She chose herself. If this was not a "good"—nay, sublime—action, then we must recast the sacrificial code. What judgment, Hardy inferentially asks, shall we pass upon the Power that picks out these women with the brittle souls, these vessels of emotion, and damns them with their very virtues?

Woman is the supreme illusion. She beckons on to a divine world, and in trying to attain it men waste their lives and build the house of pain. This disillusionising spirit is everywhere rampant in the Wessex novels. Humanity never attains. In the morning of life we dress for a feast. But it is a perpetual postponement. In the evening of life we sup on the memory of what might have been. We are stripped of our last few rags and

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prepared for the tomb. In that remarkable, but little-read book, *The Well-Beloved,* the whole mechanism of illusion is laid bare. A man is doomed to pursue for sixty years the Ideal which he believes resides in woman. It leads him from form to form. As he is about to clasp it, it darts away and embodies itself otherwhere and beckons him on again. Release from the anguish of everlasting pursuit comes only with the extinguishing of all passion; when the intellect, released from the slavery of the imagination, emerges in a calm survey of its feverish and futile past.

The trivial and incidental often decide the fate of the heroines of the Hardy novels. I say "trivial" and "incidental." But to the seer these words have no meaning. In real life there are no worked-up climaxes, few dramatic moments. These latter, when they do occur, are often trivial, and of less importance in the evolution of character than ordinary events, unnoticed and disregarded. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes* it is not the episode of the elopement of Elfrida and her lover in itself that wrecks the lives of the three principal characters. It is an incident connected with the episode. In *The Return of the Native* it is Eustacia Vye's momentary indecision in opening the door to let in her husband's mother which causes the death of that personage, the suicide of Eustacia, the death of her lover, and changed the subsequent career of the central male character. A woman's mischievous prank, innocent in itself, in *Far from the Madding Crowd* sets in motion forces which culminate in murder and insanity. Even in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* the climax is incidental—a mere culmination of things gone before, the momentary incarnation of the spirit of the drama.

His men and women thus stand forever in the shadow of an impending doom. The trifles that make up the day's round insinuate, hint of coming things. Appeal is made to the imagination of the reader. Unity of mass there is always, but it is for you to grasp. A few swift touches; you must infer the rest. Yet your inferences will be infallible. This foreboding prevision is incarnated in Eustacia Vye, the heroine in *The Return of the Native,* Hardy's most remarkable feminine creation.

The opening chapter is a description of Egdon Heath, which for sheer power has never been excelled in English literature. This stretch of land, cursed of God, grim, and breathing doom in all its aspects, assails the mind of the reader like a live thing and settles down on him like an incubus of the night. He wonders if the sun will rise on the morrow; whether spring will come again. The dark hollows on this heath rise at twilight to clasp the engulfing night, as though it had a hatred of light. In the daytime things stand out spectre-grey. The thickets are tangled blight, the roads highways of care. Against this Rembrandt-like background rises the figure of Eustacia Vye, who lives an almost solitary life in the very centre of Egdon. The child of faded worth, breathing a Byronic despair, demanding all things, inconstant, imperious in her beauty, she but escapes from one set of hostile circumstances to fall into the jaws of another. In the nature of things, she can never be happy. Her mind is a centre of centrifugal forces; she is ever darting away from a welding centre. She is one with the heath that is her home, and a child of a century that did not find its spiritual aliment. She is self-slain. Yet upon her the feeling reader will set the seal of his pity. She did not will her nature into being. She is a victim—one of the non-adaptables. She came from afar, and the waters of Lethe had not fully submerged her before her entry here. Eustacia Vye is the exception among Hardy's women. They are all born renunciants perforce. But Eustacia was a spiritual Amazon. She preferred quiescence to acquiescence.

It is thus that Hardy's women are woof and warp of his thought. They are nothing in themselves. They are merely corks on a current. Like his great Greek prototype, this seer and bringer of grim tidings surveys mankind and womankind from his imaginative height and delivers judgment. It is better not to be. Impotent days pass into tearful nights and all life is a vexation. Overhead is the vast dome of grisly nature; beneath, insects that crawl to their appointed doom. Ruling both an implacable Fate, that neither chastens nor brutalises, but forever scourges.

Benjamin DeCasseres.

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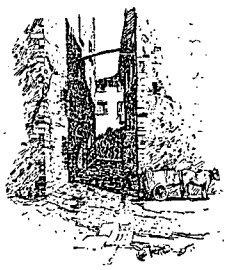
MAURICE HEWLETT'S ITALY

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE.



PERUGIA. VIA DELIZIOSA.

To the man of one talent, and that acquired with some difficulty, the thought of Maurice Hewlett, litterateur and financier, is disquieting to his peaceful lack of ambition and general satisfaction with himself. We who stumble over our accounts and write halting epistles when there is no escape from it gaze reproachfully Creatorward as we conjure up Mr. Hewlett doing sums with one-half of his brain, and evolving delicious chapters of *The Forest Lovers* with the other. As a rule it is some consolation to the green-eyed monster ramping within us that the man who can intoxicate us with his wealth of words cannot take care of the wealth of gold which is the reward for his labours. We do not begrudge him the gold. It is but admitting that the reading public accepts our own appreciation of a fine thing; our egotism, if no better trait, makes us kind. And again our pride asserts itself as we read Mr. Hewlett's stories and essays of Italy, for he has a very human way of thinking, a simple way that we can all think, and we murmur with delight and complacency as we find our own unformed impressions put into quick rushes of words.

For example, there is the cathedral of Siena, striped in black and white without and within, something of a shock to the New Yorker who has dubbed an edifice of similar style "the Church of the Holy Zebra." If he goes three times he will learn to love its *bijouterie;* and if he reads Hewlett he will whisper as he goes, "barred like a tiger, glistening snow and rose and gold," until the rhythm levels the steep ascent and brings him, breathful for once, before the glittering façade.

The ups and downs in Siena are many, both in its geography and history. The inhabitants centuries ago felt the influence of its hills and valleys, and spent their time fighting, love-making, revelling, and praying in fine contradictory style. Pray they still do; revel, perperhaps,—there is a music-hall in the main street which does a good business nightly; love-making? they are Italians, but to a casual observer the warlike spirit has departed. The only evidence of any significance manifests itself in a drum corps of the Forte Santa Bàrbera, which is up and doing at five every morning, and persistently tattoos wan tourists to coffee and rolls hours before their time. Once a year the Palio race is run, and in its brutality all the fierceness of a people, exquisitely courteous, is expended. In the roughly paved Piazza del Campo, in celebration of the Assumption of the Virgin, the contestants beat and slash the shoulders of their opponents and the badly-bred steeds under

PISTOJA. BELL TOWER OF SAN-GIOVANNI.

"At the north angle of the church . . . there is a narrow lane."—*Messer Cino and the Live Coal.*

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them until the blood of man and beast streams over the sanded stones in gruesome imitation of the cruel games and crueler feuds of the Middle Ages.

The story of *The Soul of a City* culminates in a Palio day tragedy. On any other evening one would think it impossible that two Sienese could harbor murder in their hearts at the same time, so singularly amiable are the citizens. They possess a certain explosiveness which might be mistaken for anger. We had an exhibition of this disappointing element one night in the Campo, where Marco sold his figs to the English ladies, where the race is run, where most things are begun and ended, in Siena. That it was a discussion of unusual force we knew by the curious crowd who came out of the thick night and gathered with us around the excited man and woman. We knew not of what he accused her, but she seemed to have the upper hand, for with each retort he became whiter and more vituperative. There was a peacemaker, a mild little fellow, a friend of the masculine end of the fracas, who from time to time uttered a hissing sound evidently designed to allay angry passions. The effect was not instantaneous, though twice he lured his raving comrade as far as the Fonte Gaia when an exasperating "La! La!" from the woman, who was twisting up her hair, brought him running back and the battle of words was renewed with greater violence. As we were asking ourselves the Italian for "police," the woman suddenly drew from her pocket a soldo,

PISTOJA.
THE PODESTA.

FLORENCE.

"At the Roman Gate."—*Eye of Italy.*

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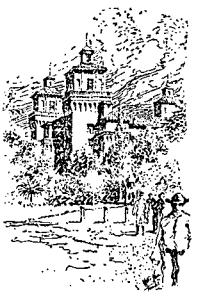

FERRARA.
THE CASTLE.

flung it in the face of her adversary, and the turmoil ceased. Never was oil for troubled waters so cheaply bought; not even the gleam of a knife, nor a gesture toward the hip-pocket. We slunk away with the populace, thanking our stars in a half-hearted manner that we had witnessed no tragedy that night.

Earthwork Out of Tuscany and *Little Novels of Italy* were not designed as substitutes for red guide books, but in both volumes the author has touched upon the distinguishing characters or characteristics of the citadels which served as a setting for his facts and fancies. And we who follow in his footsteps should not cavil over the dramatic license, one might say, in the narrowing of a street, the deepening of a balcony, or the planting of a peach orchard or two.

However, the Porta Eburnea of Perugia through which Mr. Hewlett rode his fanciful steed is there, and in painfully good condition. He does not tell us if there were tax collectors in the fifteenth century who poked about among his saddle-bags for eggs, or fowl, or garden truck. To-day the only use for the great gates of all the walled towns is to waylay the peasant and levy tribute on the produce he carries into the city. The tourist escapes much of the annoyance of petty taxation through the plea of the shopkeepers, who realise the advantage in granting privileges to "the millionaires," as the Americans are called, and a certain woman has a conscience that ought to trouble her for carrying a basket of vegetables past the gate, the property of a lean old peasant with hungry eyes.

There are no Baglioni left to sweep down upon the unwary traveller. They died with their boots on to a man, but they reigned while they lived, and had little Imola, the wife of Perugino's later years, been greatly coveted by young Semonetto, no doubt he would have ridden away with her on that same lathered steed and saved her kisses for the lips direct. She seems to have lived on with her famous spouse, Vanucci, renamed Perugino, bore him three children, and it is to be hoped survived him long

"THE SEA GATE OF FERRARA."—"THE JUDGMENT OF BORSO."

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VERONA.

"In this very street of the stair." "His old clothes shop in the Via Stella."—*Madonna of the Peach-Tree.*

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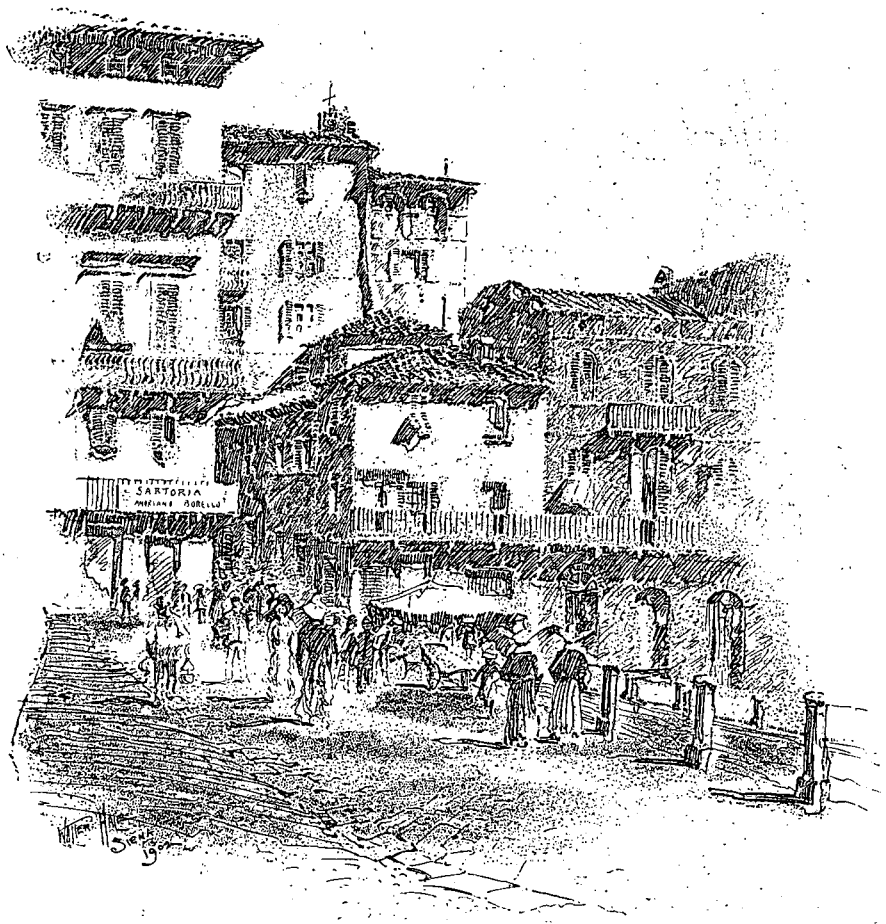
enough to move out of the dingy Via Deliziosa into one of his more commodious houses. Kindly biographers who admit the great artist's parsimony speak of his poverty during his youth, and of his early struggles in Florence when pennies seemed the size of millstones, and the gathering of them as onerous a burden. He was proud of his young wife, and was known to have spent goodly sums of money on head-dresses for the golden hair he loved to play with, and if we are to believe the chronicles of those days, the price of millinery was, as ever, a subject for connubial infelicities.



SIENA.

"In the Campo."—*The Soul of a City.*

In Italy the artist has a better chance of living fondly in the remembrance of the people than have the men who rule over them. The latter rejoice in a street or square to their memory, with an occasional statue, and pages of unsavory history. Too much is known of their lives to mould into impressive romance, and their portraits left us by the painters of their day betray an honesty in delineation that would cost a man his commission in this free age. But a master of the arts receives the homage due him in the way of streets, appears and reappears in marble, and gains a happy notoriety from the conjectures of the romancist. And there is a pleasant daring to a reader of modest scope in separating the real from the ideal in fiction, not with the savage joy of the iconoclast, but with a certain titillation in view of the story-teller himself swooping down upon

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the dismemberer of his romancing with dusty tomes of evidence.

An art critic of more sense than sentiment writes that recent enthusiasm over Botticelli borders upon lunacy. His Primavera looks out from all the shop windows; photographs of Venus are to be found among the outgoing baggage of every art student; and his dolorous Madonnas, neatly framed in walnut, are to be had for the paying. We read "Quattrocentisteria," and from that hour see Simonetta in all the lovely downward curves of his women's faces. There is every reason to believe that his type was influenced by this beautiful girl of Lorenzo's time, the "lady of Guliano," as she was called. It is known that the Venus watching by the side of the sleeping Mars was the portrait of Simonetta, and Mars that of Guliano. The painting was made in commemoration of the famous tournament of Guliano, which took place in the square before Santa Croce, and was the most brilliant spectacle of its kind during the reign of the Medici family. Angelo Poliziano has put the great tilt into lasting verse, that same Agnolo of Mr. Hewlett's story who upon a summer day on the heights of Fiesole, with the monastery frowning down upon the villa, spoke of the purity of beauty,

PADUA.

"She lived in the Vicolo Agnus Dei." "The Vicolo Agnus Dei—a blind alley of low, jutting houses over arcades."—*Ippolita in the Hills.*

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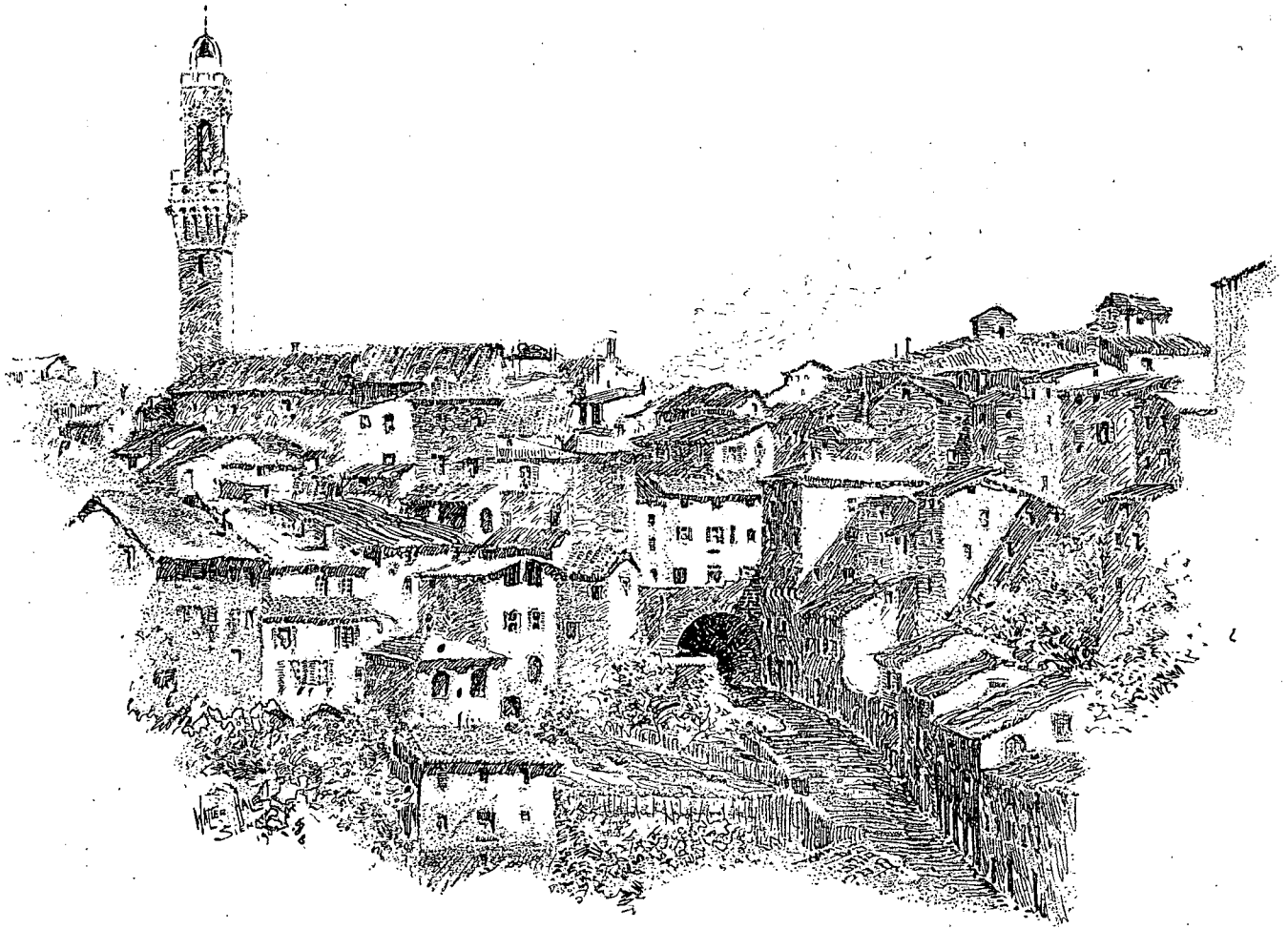

SIENA.

"The precipitous fortress town huddled red and grey on its three red crags."—*The Burden of New Tyre.*

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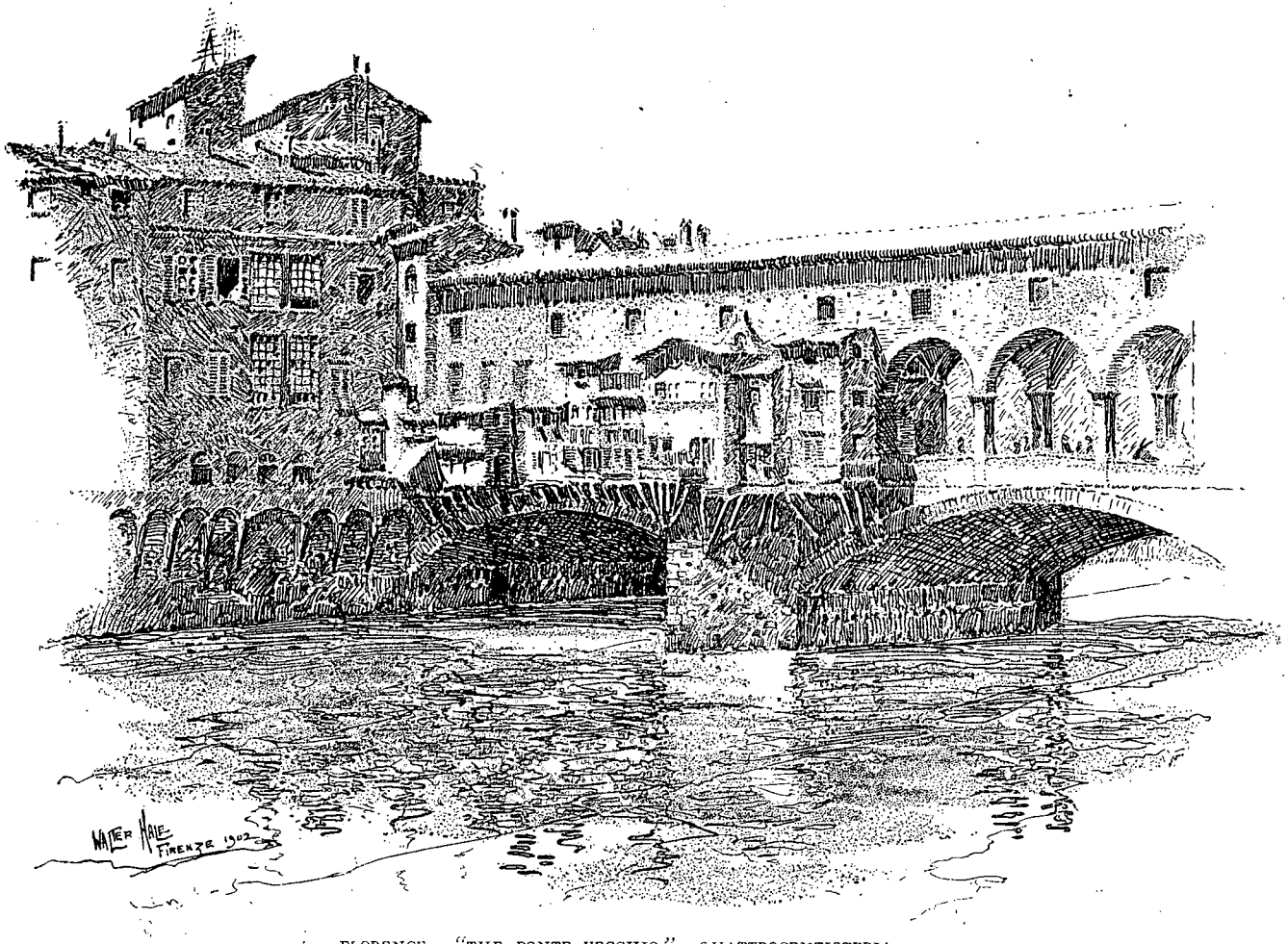

FLORENCE. "THE PONTE VECCHIO."—QUATTROCENTISTERIA.

"The bridge whereunder turbid Arno glitters like brass."—*Eye of Italy.*

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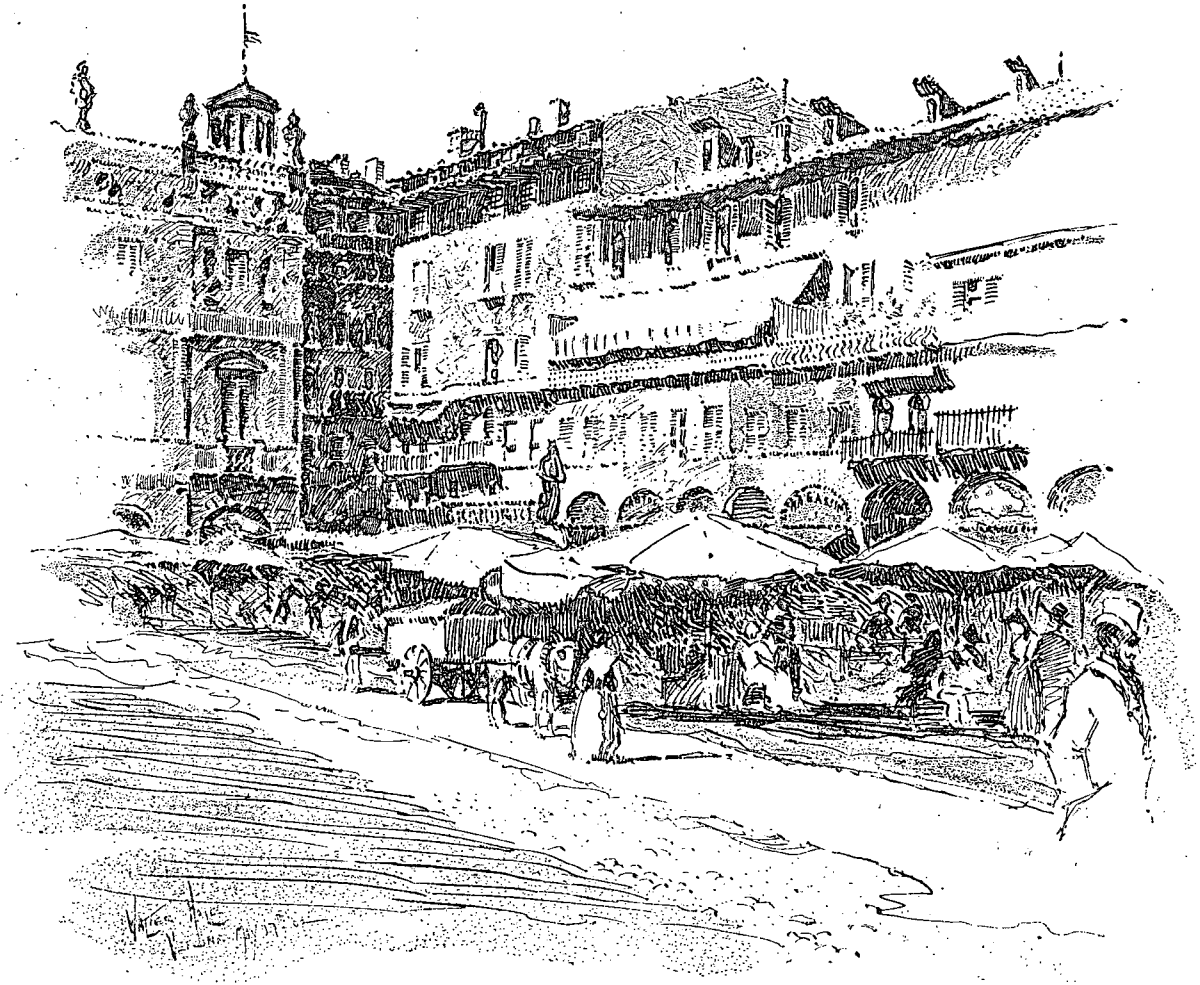

VERONA.

"The Della Scala Palace, in the very heart of the city."—*Madonna of the Peach-Tree.*

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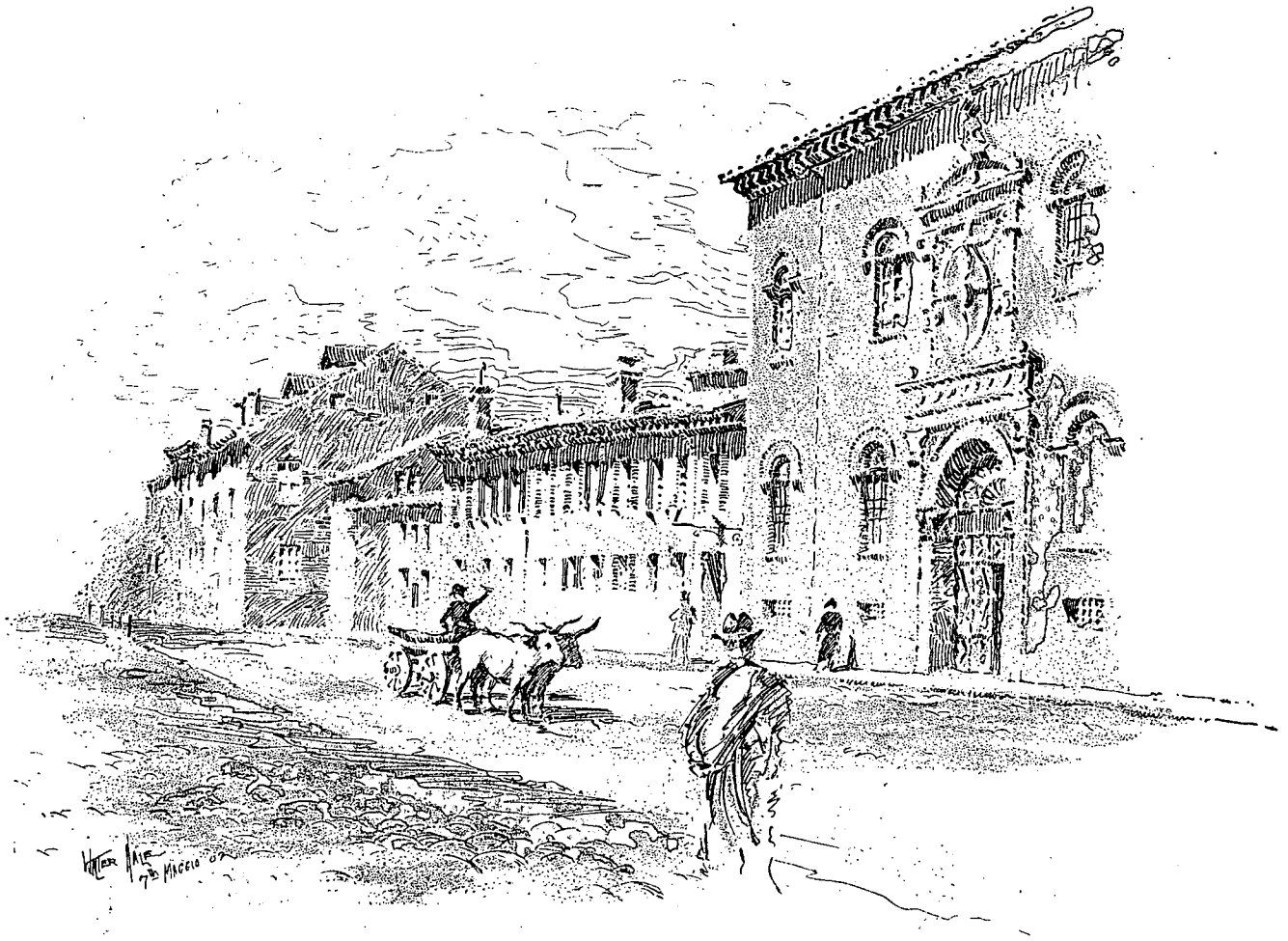

FERRARA.

"This is the fine new palace of the Duke's, which he calls his Schifanoia."—*The Judgment of Borso.*

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FIESOLE.

"Up at Fiesole, among the olives and chestnuts."—*Quattrocentisteria.*

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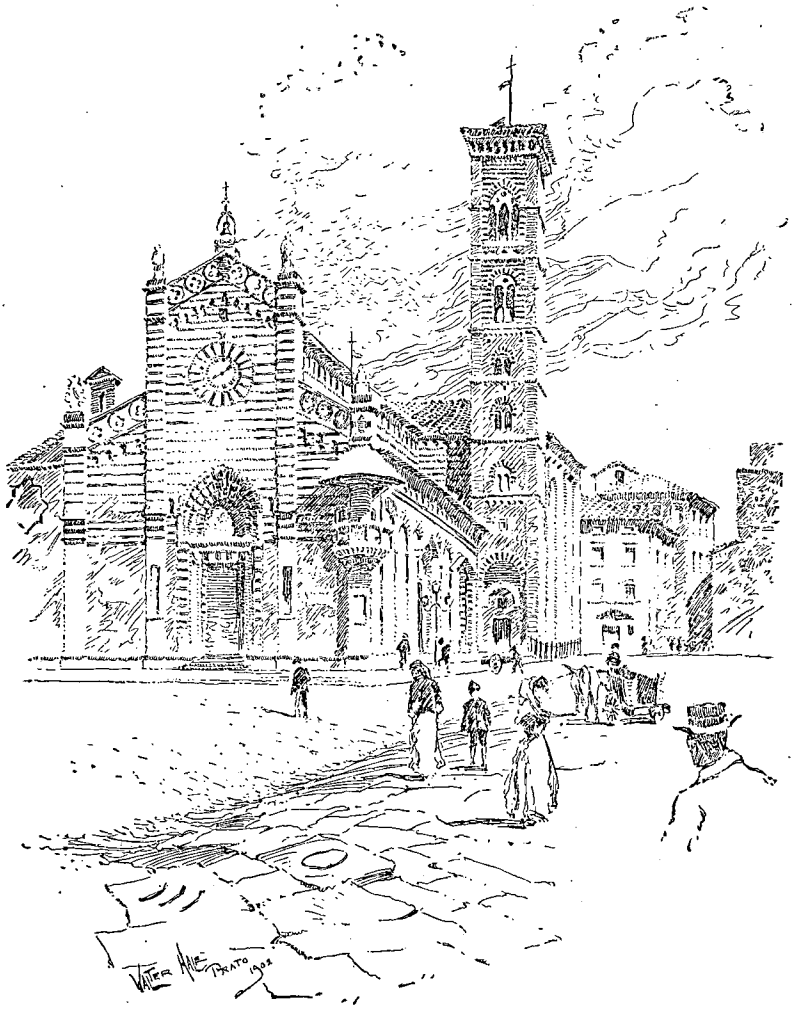
and inspired Simonetta to offer her lovely body for the betterment of Art. Eighteen months after the tournament "La Belle Simonetta" died, and was carried through the streets of Florence with her dead face uncovered to the multitude; but the Venus of Botticelli was not known to have been created until ten years later. In the meantime he is recorded as going about playing practical jokes, bending a servile knee as courtier, and with heaven knows what weight on his breast, painting his sad madonnas.

The models of great artists have always been of interest to a large part of the picture-loving public unfamiliar with studio life; and the individual who is put into a story is often as much lionised as the story-teller. The feeling is something akin to the craving to loiter about stage doors to "see the actors come out." It is a harmless curiosity, and we were not ashamed when we journeyed to Prato to look for healthy types of womanhood, such as Luca della Robbia might have found in Mariota, who now smiles above the cathedral door. The road was dusty. Mr. Hewlett, taken *à la Baedeker,* had found it so before us. There was no festival, so the shrines lacked floral offerings; but the lilacs and roses in the church were fresh and sweet,



"Prato, dusty little city of mid-Tuscany."—*Of Poets and Needlework.*

"A very fair building, lofty and many windowed."—*A Sacrifice at Prato.*

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PADUA.
RIVIERA BUSINELLO.

something we had seldom seen before in our wanderings. And the women were gracious and most industrious, for they did their marketing, admonished their children and said their prayers with hands working rapidly at a prickly straw braid, making enough, it would seem, to cover the heads of all Europe. In the street of the Eye we found a Mariota to our liking, and longed for Luca della Robbia to wake from his five centuries' repose and pronounce our judgment good. She was not gracing a domestic hearth, but was discovered pummelling a big, lazy fellow who lay sprawled upon the stone flaggings. Later she pulled him up,-goddess, indeed; but when he kissed her on the mouth she flushed a rosy red, and straightway became a girl.

A few miles further on is the Pistoja, the birthplace of pistols we are told, and the home of Messer Cino we are sure. He has a street, a square and a monument to prove it; of Selvaggia we know little, and of the live coal nothing, but we are eager to believe the story. Mr. Hewlett has a commendable lack of sympathy for the married man of diplomatic principles who casts about him for a subject for metrical hysterics without so much as a "by your leave." Lorenzo de Medici enjoyed his brother's Simonetta for the inspiration her beauty offered his jaded pen; possibly her death gave him greater satisfaction, in that it gave him greater scope. Selvaggia's little life flickered out and the flames of the eminent jurist's passion grew more scorching, until his love became the theme for later poets. The rhymsters of the *quatro cento,* and those of finer verse, felt themselves to be a new line of gods, who in their singing made the fair subjects of their themes immortal beings. Even Selvaggia may have in time cultivated a taste for sonnets, but she, poor child, should have emulated a love of Boccaccio who repulsed his advances, hoping, in proportion, to prolong his effusions and deepen her notoriety into fame. Instead of this wiliness, Cino's little lady died, and left him to pour out his woe with no possibility of awkward damage suits.

The sun had learned to creep into the lane where Guittonicino de Sigibuldi (to give him his due) first met his laughing love, and was shedding approving rays on a plebeian courtship that was going on as we walked through. He taking the initiative by loutish, furtive lurches against a brimming copper vessel that the maiden bore. She, dripping but delighted, carrying her nose in the air and singing a little song that may have been of Messer Cino's own making. One doubts not but their flirtation ended at the altar, as all such open manifestations of affection should, with never a sonnet to add fuel to her honest flame, nor a madrigal beneath the window to senselessly arouse her from her healthy sleep.

"Ferrara, that city of warm red brick, of broad eaves, of laughter, and bowered in rustling green," writes Mr. Hewlett. There are no booms in Ferrara; as it was in the days when Borso judged wisely, so it now is. We go about with the story of little Bellaroba and Angioletto fresh in our minds, and a knot in our throats from the good, old-fashioned joy in the tale that ends well. It matters not if the descendants from the court of the Este family whiz through the streets in automobiles. "Art will endure," says Mr. Hewlett, though we may "go to bed by electricity, and have our hair brushed by machinery." The garden of the Schifanoia where Angioletto sang his little songs to the Countess was full of baby chickens, and on the spot where the Venetians drew weary rein to watch the cavalcade enter the gates small boys were flying kites—a pastime old enough to satisfy the hungriest antiquarian, and full of tremendous subtlety, for what instinct is it that causes the season of kite-flying, or top-spinning and rope-jumping, either, for that matter, to begin on a certain day and run its limit without even an almanac to regulate its rise and decline? The small boy is ubiquitous in Ferrara. He turns alluring flipflaps for coppers in the open space before the cathedral, and fishes in the real water that fills the real moat of the Castello, unmindful of the grim fortress where the Venetian duo lay for many hours, with Angioletto nearer than they knew.

The Castello has its black pages in his-

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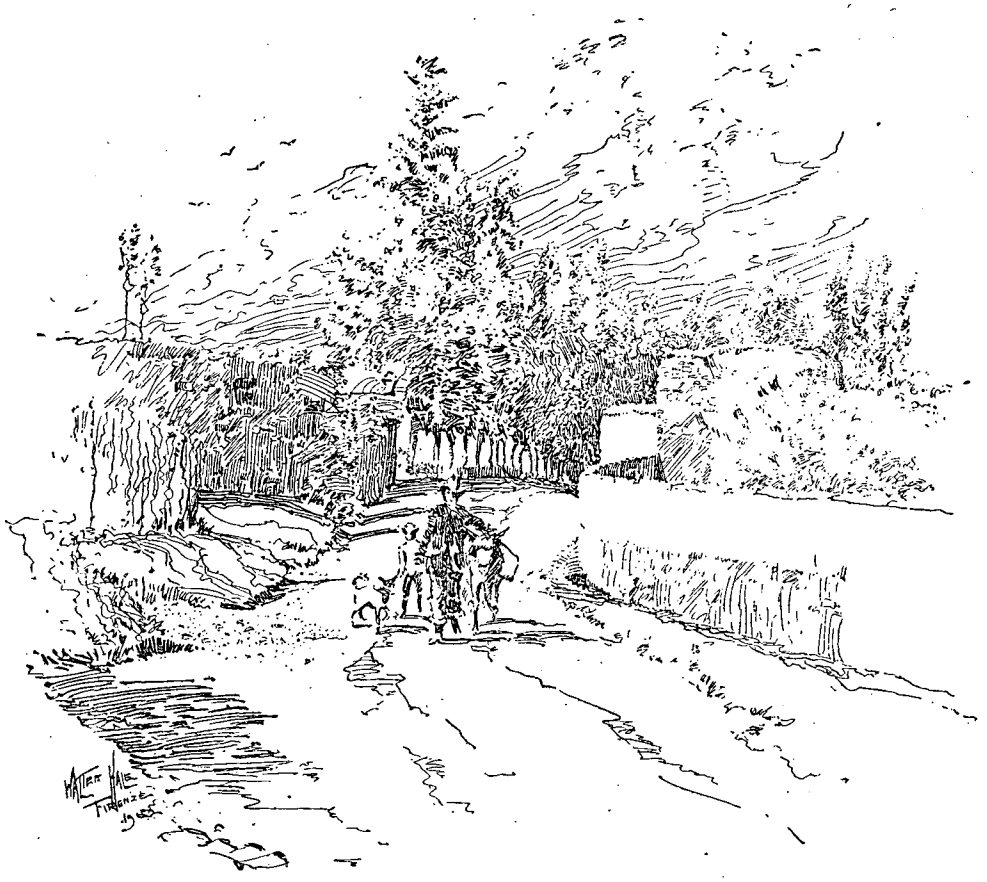
tory. A quarter of a century before the date of Borso's ascendancy Parisina Malatesta and her stepson awaited death in these same dungeons, the rightful vengeance of her lord, ruler of the house of Este. Byron has made verse of the unsavoury story, and d'Annunzio is soon to put it into prose. For four hundred years the Esti ruled over Ferrara, and there were none wiser than Borso, who judged as Solomon did. He took great pride in the University, which now barely survives, and made his boast that his soldiers and professors were paid on the hour that their hire was due—an unusual proceeding, to judge by the emphasis history lays upon the act. Another custom of his, less pleasing, perhaps, but more common in that day, was to visit yearly the nobles of his little kingdom and receive as his rightful tribute magnificent offerings from silken hose to diadems, which were used for the public good. "And when he was buried," writes a scribe of his century, "the whole people felt as if God himself had died a second time."

"The Paduan girls are all charming and mostly pretty." And after this Mr. Hewlett goes on to say beautiful things of beautiful Ippolita, and gives us a vision of the rare blonde loveliness possessed by his finest women. All of which shows the cunning of the master-hand. He does not mean his creations to be sullied by rash comparisons with the maid who brings hot water to our door, nor allow us to cheapen his ideals by discovering at every street corner a Bellaroba or Vanna; and, though we may sit all day among the tubs of the Via Agnus Dei and squint our eyes, rabidly impressionistic, not one of the happy, blowsy women chattering there can be likened to



FLORENCE.

"The Via Del Monte Alle Croce is a leafy way."—*Little Flowers.*

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the Ippolita who hung out of her window one April morning a few centuries ago and was seen and worshipped by Alessandro, Sub-Prefect of Padua.

They were very merry in the Agnus Dei, that street of "squalour, pink wash, children and cats." In the Prato, a circular sort of park where Ippolita walked at the close of day with her friends, numerous giggling couples were wandering about, making the most of a holiday which some kindly saint had occasioned. Since early morn the Santo was a scene of fervid religious gymnastics and pleasant bustle. Before eight a procession of many banners and white-robed girls, with carolling choir boys and chanting priests, had gone into the church, and trade was brisk for the candle sellers. At noon they issued from the great doors in the same orderly manner, save for an angel of five in blue cambric sown with white stars and a paper crown on one ear, whose loud wails forced an admonishment from a fat priest and a hasty withdrawal that might be termed a "yank" by a disgraced mother. A burnished head such as Ippolita must have carried was seen among the damsels bearing a statue of Our Lady, but closer acquaintance was met with the usual disappointment. The owner of the golden fleece was sniggering hysterically, and weakly endeavouring to hide a face, ever at its best when screened, with a large white cotton-gloved paw. The procession crossed the bridge that Ippolita's glittering cavalcade must have taken, for the Villa Venusta lies on the route. It is not known as the Villa Venusta, and there was more ill-controlled mirth among the young women of the neighbourhood when we probed into its whereabouts.

Considering the sombreness of the grey arcaded houses and the majesty of the churches and municipal buildings, these Paduans have shown a remarkable strength of character in that they have remained flippant and impervious to the influence of their dignified surroundings. Perhaps the gay little canals edged by gardens top-heavy with foliage, that run hither and thither through the town like truant schoolboys, account for the citizens' wayward turn of mind. There is just enough of the country in the air to make one long to burst all bonds of care and state and fly beyond the gates. Small wonder that Ippolita grew sick for the hills as she looked from the windows of her room into the Riviera Businello. She would be as fascinated now as in the days of the goat herds, for the place has every morning a mushroom growth of washtubs, and a clangour of gossip that seems to attend all such social meetings in Italy.

Washing is a thriving industry in the northern provinces; the clothesline replaces the strings of macaroni of the South, and the noisy, drenched women go about like steam calliopes. The laundry business was omnipresent in Ferrara, in Padua, in Siena, even grim Perugia, but Verona went dirty. The swift river of the Adige rushes between stone embankments, and the modern Ponte Navi, from which old Baldassare tossed a compliment to Vanna of the tubs, rises high above the stream.

Verona is a curious mixture of modern, mediæval and ancient architecture. There is a Roman gate or two in fair condition, and an amphitheatre in excellent shape; there is a smart street full of good shops, and some fine residences with a glimpse of beautiful courtyards to be caught from the gates. Throughout his country the Italian lives for himself, and his vanity, though enormous, does not manifest itself in a stretch of front yard for the confounding of his neighbours' estates. Even the Via Stella held some surprises for us in the shape of hidden gardens, and doubtless Baldassare's Vanna had a wisteria vine climbing up over her back door. The Via Stella is a narrow way of mediæval Verona, with a vista of gentle hills at the end; in an adjoining street, with the tramcars rattling by, is the palace of the Capulets, reputed to be Juliet's home, and though neighbours of Vanna, probably not on her calling list. The house has but one balcony—some fifty feet up in the air. Seeing it, one is inclined to wander from the original matter in hand and speculate on the risks a sighing lover will take.

A little further on is one of the finest squares in all Italy, and, like the Piazza del Campo of Siena, the centre of strife, of life, and all material transactions. It is a market by day, a promenade by night, a delight to the eye at all times. It comforts one who sighs for real peach-

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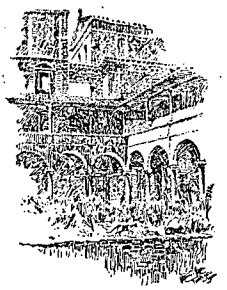
trees beyond Porta San Zeno; and the very finest of all the buildings in the square is the Della Scala Palace, with no sign of a staircase in front, but a long, satisfying one running up the back. After the fashion of the Veronese decoration in the Middle Ages, its outside walls are richly frescoed, which age has dulled into soft harmonies. The palace stands on a corner, and the arch which separates it from the other buildings on the right of the square is the Volto Barbaro, with an inscription in the street of the stair telling him who reads that it was an ancestor of Can Grande II. who was murdered there, while further researches disclose that the ruler of Verona at the time of the "Madonna of the Peach Tree" died comparatively peacefully at the hand of his brother. At the farther end of the town, a long walk, and a drive varying in expense from fifty centimes to three francs, according to the length of time one has lived among the Italians, is the Castel Vecchio, built by Can Grande of the story. It is, as usual, a barracks, and of unusual commodity. One wonders if the Italian government could have afforded the luxury of a standing army had not the bloodthirsty warriors of early days left as a gift, perforce, these magnificent domiciles for the shelter of their mild-eyed successors.

There may have been women as lovely as Mr. Hewlett's fair creations; there may have been facts as curious as his fiction—after all, it is not the matter, but the manner, of his prose which holds us. The scenes from our hotel windows he could make into ravishing tales. The man at the corner with the shoe strings would love the girl around the corner with her matches; the old crone in the doorway making lace would have a knife in her garter for the hunchback who sells her a soldo's worth of chestnuts. The game of cards in the alley would be dramatised, the sunlight on the river wall would be poetised, and we would wonder that we had never thought of doing it ourselves. But we must be content with milder colours in our imaginative pallets —at least, Italy is ours to enjoy. We will not leave it as did a little old lady because she had exhausted her adjectives. In time that little old lady will learn to keep silent, read Hewlett as a relief to her emotions—and stay on.

Louise Closser Hale.



FLORENCE.
SAN LORENZO.

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W. S. GILBERT

It is always a delicate proceeding to write about a man still numbered among the living. The result so often savours of the obituary notice. The fact which helps the case at bar is that the subject of this paper has confessedly retired from public view, having given to the world all that it can expect from him. Already a new generation has arisen that knows not Mr. Gilbert. With this preliminary apology, therefore, we may with a clear conscience examine into the work of one of the most idiosyncratic writers of the Victorian Era.

William Schwenk Gilbert was born in a London suburb in 1836. The son of a surgeon with pronounced literary inclinations, he was brought up in an atmosphere friendly to his natural talents. As a boy he tried his hand at play-writing, never becoming discouraged by repeated failure to secure recognition from theatrical managers. His reputation in school was that of a belligerent, and between play-writing and fighting he had little time for his studies. At college he seems to have applied himself with more zeal to the work in hand, and the result was his capture of a number of prizes. At nineteen he graduated from the University of London, and by his father's desire commenced to study law. He became a clerk in the Privy Council Office, and after five years of preparation was admitted to the bar. During this time his boyhood's ambition to be a dramatist never left him, and he wrote a number of plays, mostly farces and burlesques. Even thus early in his career his originality displayed itself. One of his pieces, it is said, called for eighteen scenes, four cataracts, and a house on fire! There is no record of its production by any manager.

Gilbert joined the staff of *Fun,* a comic weekly, in 1861, and contributed to its columns his *Bab Ballads.* He had offered the first of the series, and probably the best known, "The Yarn of the *Nancy Bell,*" to *Punch;* but the conservative editor rejected it on the plea that it was "too cannibalistic for his readers' tastes." These ballads, written over a period of three or four years, were subsequently collected and published in book form, and they have since passed through several editions. Gilbert's verse is notable for its facility. His ear for rhythm is extremely sensitive, seldom misleading him. The variety of his metrical schemes is unusual, and some of them are daringly complicated. He has been justly compared in this respect with Aristophanes, his only rival. In his later work with Sir Arthur Sullivan, Gilbert became more and more venturesome in the use of difficult and complicated rhythmic feet. He delights in making unusual rhymes, too, such as "Peak-haunting Peveril" with "Dr. Sacheverell," and "monotony" with "got any." The *Bab Ballads* are witty, amusing, clever and original; but they are doggerel verse after all, and show their author's peculiar gifts in only a moderate degree. There are, however, characteristic touches here and there which reveal, or, at any rate, hint at the talent of the later Gilbert. The little sketches with which he himself illustrated them are inimitably Gilbertian, and add materially to the point and humour of the lines.

In several of the ballads Gilbert touched upon situations of which he afterward availed himself in his librettos. Thus, "The Baby's Vengeance" is the basis of the plot of *Pinafore,* and "The Bumboat Woman's Story" is that of Little Buttercup from the same opera, thinly disguised, while "Captain Reece" bears a close family resemblance to Captain Corcoran of Her Majesty's ship, and "The Fairy Curate" contains the germ of *Iolanthe.* Gilbert never hesitated to borrow from himself, and in his later works continually harked back to the products of his more youthfully exuberant imagination. In taking leave of the *Bab Ballads* it may not be amiss to quote a brief one, typical both in form and in sentiment:

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

By a Miserable Wretch.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?

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What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

(*It rolls on.*)

As a playwright, Gilbert seemed to catch the popular fancy as soon as he found a manager willing to take his work, and the success of many of his plays was in their day remarkable. Two years after his admission to the bar, he was asked to furnish a play for St. James's Theatre, and *Dulcamara; or, the Little Duck and Great Quack* was the result. Written in the space of a week, the piece held the stage for one hundred and twenty nights, and brought the author prominently before the theatrical world. A number of burlesques and farces followed in quick succession, and Gilbert resolved finally to quit the legal profession, in which for him success seemed dubious, and to take up that of dramatist instead. *The Merry Zingara,* produced in 1867, had one hundred and fifty performances. About this time Gilbert received a flattering offer to join the staff of *Punch,* but loyalty to the rival paper induced him to refuse it. He married in this same year. The alteration in his domestic affairs, however, seemed to have no appreciable effect on his pen, which moved onward as playfully as ever. Essays and narratives for the *Cornhill Magazine* and other periodicals also appeared over his name. In 1868 he became dramatic critic for two London papers; but, like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe,* he experienced the inconveniences of a dual capacity and resigned his post shortly. *An Old Score* and a burlesque on *Robert Le Diable* in 1870 were also extraordinarily successful. His next venture was a parody of Tennyson's poem, "The Princess." This, too, was played one hundred and fifty times. Then followed the first of his now-remembered plays, *The Palace of Truth.* For two hundred and thirty nights, the Haymarket, one of London's chief theatres, offered no change of bill. The touch of fairyland here introduced quickened the author's fancy, and *Pygmalion and Galatea,* deservedly his most popular and long-lived play, followed. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal grounded their reputations in these two productions. Gilbert continued to turn out pieces with astonishing rapidity. In 1873 he attempted a departure with his *Charity,* a legitimate society drama. It proved less of an attraction, the public thinking it a "problem" play to which they could not take their daughters. Judged by latter-day standards, the piece seems innocent enough; but it was evident the theatre-goers did not want to take Gilbert seriously, and so he returned to light comedy. *Creatures of Impulse* and *Sweethearts* were notable successes. In 1871 he met Arthur Sullivan, then in the flush of public triumphs and firmly established as England's foremost composer. Sullivan had already, in company with F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* made excursions into the field of light opera and shown especial gifts therein, so that his collaboration with Gilbert was no chance result. Together they wrote *Thespis; or, the Gods Grown Old.* The piece made a fair, though not a deep, impression. Little was said by the critics about the book, but one of them wrote the following comment: "Mr. Sullivan has certainly persuaded us of one thing—that a musician can write to any metre." The librettist had evidently made his hand felt. In 1875, D'Oyley Carte, finding Offenbach's drawing power on the wane, approached Gilbert and Sullivan, and *Trial by Jury* was the outcome. The words and music were written in three weeks. Public interest in the famous Tichborne trial was at its height, and every point the librettist made was made to have a particular application to that case. It was an immediate hit. Gilbert's singular genius had found its real level.

But in spite of his collaboration with Sullivan, the dramatist continued to bring forth new plays. *Broken Hearts* and *Daniel Druce* show him dealing with passion and sentiment, not entirely at ease, it is true, but with the skill and instinct of a born student of the drama. The dialogue is stocked with clever thoughts and sayings. Daniel Druce says to Dorothy,

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"Growin' old, lass; growin' old. It's one of those blessings that allers comes to him that waits long enough." In *Engaged,* Gilbert's own especial world of topsy-turvydom is seen at its liveliest. But from now on his growing fame as a comic opera librettist began to supersede and crowd out his other activities.

Gilbert's plays show a neatness of dialogue, a sense of dramatic proportion, originality of ideas and literary workmanship that mark them out for special attention and admiration. His touch is light and graceful, and his public were quick to respond. This very lightness of touch, however, has militated against their permanency in the theatrical repertory. They are plays of a day now past. *Pygmalion and Galatea* alone seems to survive, with an occasional performance to its credit. But many of them stand the test of being read in book form, and whole speeches are worthy of quotation; and of how many modern plays can this be said? Take the following passage from *Pygmalion and Galatea,* where the latter describes her coming to life:

I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone;
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold, immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone and knew no more!
Then by an imperceptible advance
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen—
The walls surrounding me, and I alone.
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before came evident;
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless, seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold, hard substance throbbed with active life;
My limbs grew supple and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life!
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me!
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude, thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word—that word Pygmalion!

Is it not charming and of distinct literary merit? And the dialogue that follows between the sculptor and his statue —too long for quotation here—it would be difficult to match in the English drama of the last century for neatness of satire and delicacy of fancy.

Unquestionably Gilbert's most original and enduring work was his creation of a literary libretto in operetta. The success of *Trial by Jury* induced D'Oyley Carte to organise a company for the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and he was thenceforth intimately associated with their work. *The Sorcerer,* given in 1877, was the first of the long and notable series of Savoy operas—so called from the theatre erected a few years later by D'Oyley Carte and dedicated to their performance. Following *The Sorcerer* came *H. M. S. Pinafore,* and then in unbroken succession *The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Iolanthe, Princess Ida, The Mikado, Ruddigore, The Yeoman of the Guard* and *The Gondoliers.* The production of these operettas is too freshly fixed in the mind to need more than the mere enumeration to recall their delightful charm and originality. Their popularity was unparalleled in the history of art. Every one connected with them in any way—authors, managers, performers and publishers—seemed to make a fortune out of them. The collaborators themselves, including in the term D'Oyley Carte, who is justly so to be considered, netted large sums. A half million of dollars apiece is probably far short of the truth. To account for this popularity is not difficult. The French opera bouffe and musical farce had for some years held the stage. In its uncouth, ill-fitting English dress it was not easy to recognise the light, frothy, but chic and graceful French piece. All that made it attractive had been left on the other side of the Channel. Even Offenbach did not successfully stand transplanting; and the immense favour with which his opera bouffes were received in France was not duplicated either in England or America, where, the novelty worn off, their audacity and vulgarity displeased people. The time was ripe for something new, and Gilbert and Sullivan offered a most attractive substitute. D'Oyley Carte knew when and how to be liberal, and he mounted the operettas with a lavishness

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theretofore undreamt of. So perfect was the artistic combination which he in his managerial wisdom had effected, that it is not easy to discuss the merits of the one collaborator apart from the other. It seemed as though Nature had delighted in forming two men whose gifts were so mated that they were at their best only when working in conjunction with each other.

The truth of this remark is evidenced by the fact that when, after the production of *The Gondoliers*, a breach occurred between Gilbert and Sullivan, and each sought another collaborator, their work was distinctly inferior. Neither seemed able to put forth his best efforts. Mutual friends smoothed the difficulty over, and they again combined in *Utopia, Limited*. Its popularity in England equalled that of the operas that had preceded, and every one rejoiced that a "national calamity," as one journalist put it, "had been averted." However, the renewal of the partnership was but temporary. Again there was a dissolution, and once more they united in an opera called *The Grand Duke*, produced in 1896. But this work seemed written to order. The libretto lacked spontaneity and the humour was often dull and commonplace—which is tantamount to saying that Gilbert was not himself. The spell that had bound the two together for a quarter of a century was broken.

The first thing that strikes the reader of Gilbert's librettos is their originality of design. Nothing like them had ever been attempted before, nor has any successful imitation since been made. This orginality consists in the combination of the usual and commonplace facts of existence with some fanciful element. The characters are real persons dealing with real problems and acting in a natural enough manner, except in one direction, where they accept as perfectly normal and expected a whimsicality which is apparent on the moment to every one. To illustrate: *Iolanthe* tells a love-story, the poor suitor and the ward of the chancellor forbidden to marry because another, more desirable, husband had been chosen. They act as all self-respecting lovers act, and the plot thickens in an orderly and probable fashion, except—and here is the element of fancy—that fairies are introduced, with the many complications they might reasonably be expected to cause. The poor suitor, who is half a fairy, is caught conversing with his mother, whose youthful appearance belies her age and causes heartburnings on the part of the ward. The House of Lords hold converse with the fairies in the palace yard of Westminster, and numerous other events of a perplexing and ridiculous nature occur. This convention of humour, entirely Gilbert's own, reappears all through his librettos. Its possibilities, so thoroughly comprehended by him, are exhausted in the series of operettas for which he wrote the books. It is the blending of fancy and common sense that brings about the incongruity we call humour. There is always a sound basis of fact upon which he builds his fantasy.

Gilbert is fond of pressing logical fallacies to the bitter end. Thus, in *The Mikado*, where Ko-Ko is attempting to excuse the lie they have concocted as to Nanki-Poo's death, he says:

> When your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law, Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

In *Ruddigore* every heir to the title is compelled under pain of death to commit some daily crime. The present incumbent refusing, one of his ancestors, coming out of the family portrait, takes him to task. The following dialogue ensues:

> *Robin:* A Baron of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.
> *Roderic:* No doubt.
> *Robin:* Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!
> *Roderic:* It would seem so.
> *Robin:* But suicide is itself a crime, and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!
> *Roderic:* I see—I understand! Then I'm practically alive!
> *Robin:* Undoubtedly!

Samples of Gilbert's humour might be multiplied indefinitely. Sometimes it is the expression of what is too obvious to

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be given expression in real life, as in Pish-Tush's song from *The Mikado:*

> The youth who winked a roving eye,
> Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
> Was thereupon condemned to die—
> *He usually objected.*

Or it is the literal application of a figurative turn of speech, as when the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* tells of his taking counsel with himself on the question of marrying his ward:

"Victory! Victory!" he calls out as he enters. "Success has crowned my efforts and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavoured to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented."

Again he commingles the literal and the figurative, as where the fairy queen in *Iolanthe* sings:

> On fire that glows
> With heat intense
> I turn the hose
> Of common sense,
> And out it goes
> At small expense.

Gilbert satirises the foibles and follies of society in a most pungent manner. Who can forget his treatment in *Patience* of the æsthetic craze that took hold of England in the seventies, or the sly digs at the British navy in *Pinafore,* or the humorous portraiture of the House of Lords which

> Throughout the war
> Did no thing in particular,
> And did it very well.

in *Iolanthe?*

As one writer has remarked, if Aristophanes had been confronted with an æsthete instead of a sophist, he could not have satirised him more successfully than Gilbert did with his Bunthorne.

It were tedious and to no purpose, even supposing it practicable, to classify the various sorts of humour to be found in these operettas. One must be referred to the originals; extracts and samples are poor substitutes. But it is hard to resist quoting passages as they come to mind. Imagine more delightful tomfoolery than the following dialogue from *Iolanthe.* (Strephon has refused to give up Phyllis at the command of the Lord Chancellor.)

Lord Chancellor: Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the Court of Chancery?

Strephon: My Lord, I know no Court of Chancery. I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains and the mountains cry: "You love the maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused nature bids me take my love, shall I reply: "Nay; but a certain Chancellor forbids?" Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

Lord Chancellor: No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused nature has interested herself in the matter.

Strephon: No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

Lord Chancellor: Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it is not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Then take this from *Patience,* where the love-sick maidens talk to the milkmaid about love:

Angela: Ah, Patience, if you have never loved you have never known true happiness. (*All sigh.*)

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Patience: But the truly happy never seem quite well.

Jane: There is a transcendentality of delirium—an acute accentuation of supreme ecstasy—which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is *not* indigestion. It is æsthetic transfiguration."

Gilbert is here guilty of what is for him a rare offense, punning. Bunthorne, the poet of the intense, says to Patience: "Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?" To which she (misunderstanding him) replies: "I earn my living." Excuse for this is found, however, in the emphasis it lays on the contrast between the æsthetic Bunthorne and the simple milkmaid.

One further sample of distinctively Gilbertian humour may be given. It is from *Iolanthe.* Strephon, who is half a fairy, finds difficulties in the way of his existence:

"What's the use of being half a fairy?" he complains. "My body can creep through a keyhole; but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to my waist; but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist down I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half I really don't know." Parliament is suggested as a proper field of activity, but Strephon answers: "I'm afraid I shall do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority."

One might argue long and unprofitably whether book or music contributed the more to the success of Gilbert and Sullivan's collaborations. As already suggested, they are so unified that they seem to have grown out of the same mind, and at the same moment. Certainly, the "What, never?" episode from *Pinafore* owes as much of its fun to the musical treatment as to the words. Gilbert's rhythmical problems must have often dictated, or at least suggested, to the composer his melodic foot. Thus, Bunthorne's song from *Patience:*

If you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms and plant them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies, and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind;
The meaning doesn't matter, if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms to deep for *me,*
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

Or the colonel's song from the same opera:

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery
Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
Take all the remarkable people in history,
Rattle them off to a popular tune.

Or finally, as an example of the patter song at its best:

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral,
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;
About binominal theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse"

from *The Pirates of Penzance.* Sullivan was especially strong in the rhythmic variety of his melodies, and, as the critic already quoted said, "could write to any metre." Gilbert certainly allowed him ample opportunities to exercise this faculty.

Gilbert has created some comic-opera characters. Pooh-Bah, with his family pride and multiplicity of offices, has

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passed into current speech. Lady Jane, too, lives—if the numerous rehabilitations of her outlines in more recent operettas signify anything. The less known *Yeoman of the Guard* (in Sullivan's opinion the best of the series) also possesses in Jack Point, the jester, a distinct character. Having mentioned the *Yeoman of the Guard,* a few words about it are in order. Gilbert here touched a new string. It is of a romantic nature—a curious interblending of the pathetic and the comic, the serious and the humourous. The story is well conceived, enlivening and dramatic, while the verse has real poetic merit and justifies Mr. E. C. Stedman's graceful tribute to the "bearer of Mercury's caduceus," as he calls him. Take Phœbe's opening song:

When maiden loves, she sits and sighs,
  She wanders to and fro;
Unbidden tear-drops fill her eyes,
And to all questions she replies
  With a sad Heigho!
'Tis but a little word—"Heigho!"
So soft 'tis scarcely heard—"Heigho!"
  An idle breath,
  Yet life and death
So soft 'tis scarcely heard—"Heigho!"

When maiden loves, she mopes apart
  As owl mopes on a tree;
Although she keenly feels the smart,
She cannot tell what ails her heart,
  With its sad "Ah, me!"
'Tis but a foolish sigh—"Ah me!"
Born but to drop and die—"Ah, me!"
  Yet all the sense
  Of eloquence
Lies hidden in a maid's "Ah, me!"

And this from its immediate predecessor, *Ruddigore:*

To a garden full of posies
Cometh one to gather flowers,
And he wanders through its bowers,
Toying with the wanton roses,
Who, uprising from their beds,
Hold on high their shameless heads,
With their pretty lips a-pouting,
Never doubting—never doubting
That for Cytherean posies
He would gather naught but roses!

On a nest of weeds and nettles
Lay a violet, half hidden,
Hoping that his glance unbidden
Yet might fall upon her petals.
Though she lived alone, apart,
Hope lay nestling at her heart.
But, alas! the cruel awaking
Set her little heart a-breaking,
For he gathered for his posies
Only roses—only roses!"

The superiority of Gilbert's librettos over any and all others lies in their literary excellence, their skilful construction, the originality and humour of the situations and the fluency of the versification. There is another element which has contributed to the success of the operettas—Mr. Gilbert's managerial skill. The Savoy Theatre in London is justly noted for the perfection of its stage management—for which Mr. Gilbert always made himself personally responsible. He wrote with the stage in mind, and insisted on the actors implicitly carrying out his ideas—subordinating originality to the stage director, and in fine remaining interpreters pure and simple. In his active days he appeared at rehearsals as dictator, instructing the players as to "business," gesture, intonation and diction, and, above all, insisting on distinct enunciation. In this way he has been beneficial to the English stage in an histrionic as well as a literary way. He frequently sketched the scenery and modelled the "properties," and when occasion demanded even instructed the ballet in the way they should go. No wonder that the Savoy Theatre productions became the pattern for all the world to follow!

Gilbert has led an uneventful life. He scarcely practised law at all. His was a nervous temperament, unable to stand the excitement of the courts. But his legal training must have stood him in good stead as Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, a position which he has filled long and honourably. His large income permits him to live at ease and indulge his preference for the quiet comfort of a country gentleman. After his final separation from Sullivan in 1896 he again turned to the drama. But he has added nothing to his fame, and little to the theatrical repertory. His later plays seem but echoes of the past. He has been supplanted by younger men more in touch with the problems and lessons of the day. As is not uncommon among humourists, Gilbert is inclined to extreme sensitive-

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ness, and is not quick to see the funny side of a situation in which he himself is involved. Of late he has retired more and more from public view, coming forward only to figure in a lawsuit that had a touch of Gilbertian humour about it, and to appear as mourner at the funeral of his *confrère,* Sir Arthur Sullivan, last year. But although his pen has stopped writing, it will be long before English-speaking people cease to relish the conceits of the "Savoyard."

Lewis M. Isaacs.

THE LAND OF THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

. . . . . .
In more than twenty things which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Bunyan's Apology.

When Bunyan conceived his allegory he had fixed in his mind, first of all, the various local scenes so familiar to him in and around his own home, and more especially those vividly associated with his early impressionable life. Having formed these ("more than twenty things") into the foundation stones, as it were, of his work, the superstructure consists of his intimate knowledge of the Bible and the ways of the man of the world—thus adding "twenty more"—and these again are finally embellished by his marvellous power of imagination, which caused his ideas to "multiply like sparks that from the coals do fly." It must, therefore, be remembered that while Bunyan refers to particular scenes which to-day can be recognised, it does not follow that the details are always accurate; in fact, many are not, but were necessarily added by the author to suit the purposes of his allegory.

Bunyan was born in November, 1628, in a village alehouse at Harrowden,* a distance of about a mile from the village of Elstow and a little over a mile from the town of Bedford. His parents attended the Elstow parish church, the way to which was by a narrow path running between two streams, through a large, long and swampy field called "Pesselynton," and locally known as the "Slough." For the first eighteen years of his life Bunyan traversed this path regularly both to go to the village of Elstow and to attend the church. With the exception of some two years' service as a soldier in the neighbourhood of Leicester during

BEELZEBUB'S CASTLE.

"A strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate."

*That Bunyan was born in a *village alehouse* at Harrowden, and *not* at Elstow, has only recently been discovered.

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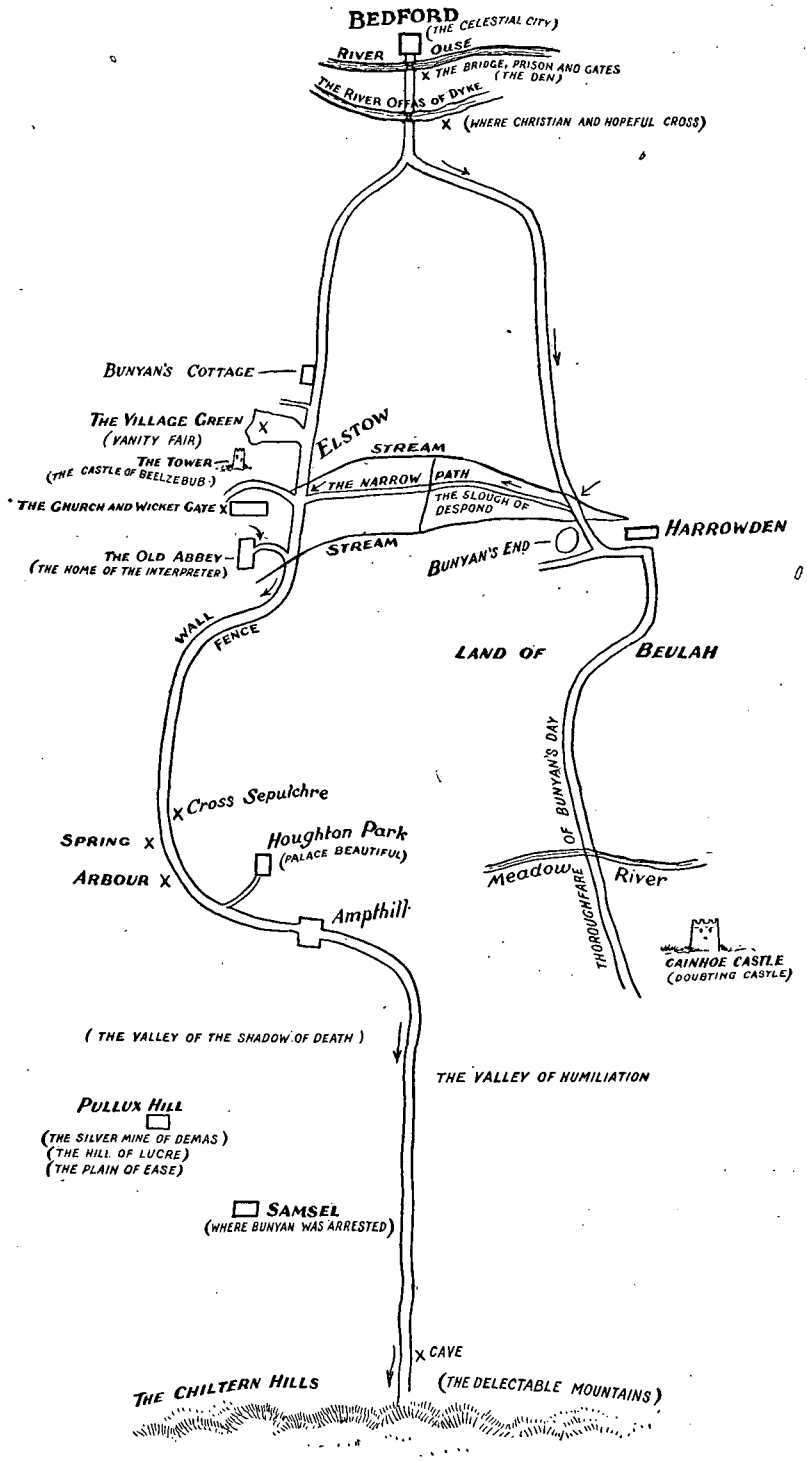

NOTE.—This map gives roughly an outline of the Pilgrim's journey from start to finish, and marks the various local scenes and route identified as those referred to in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Pilgrim's tour was not, as is generally supposed, one continuous peregrination along a regular thoroughfare. He sets out from Bedford, and goes along the Harrowden Road until he reaches the narrow path leading through the Slough of Despond.

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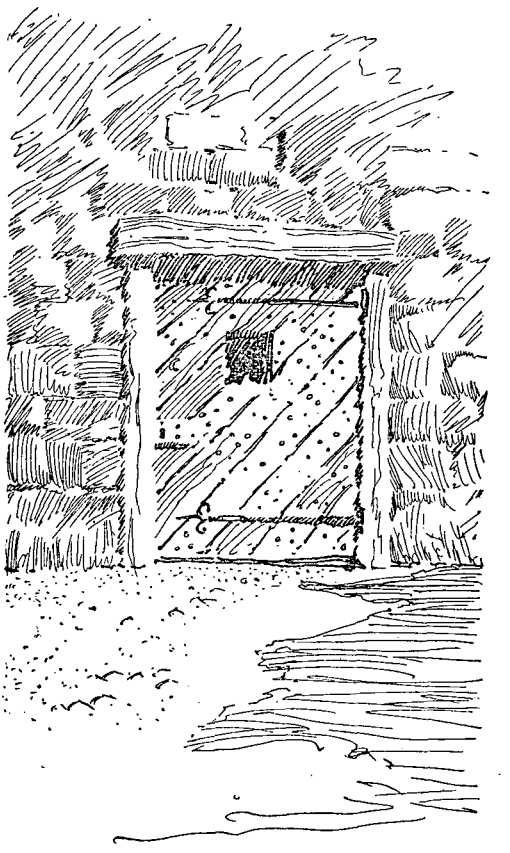
the Civil War, Bunyan does not appear to have wandered from home beyond the village, the town of Bedford, and the immediate vicinity. In 1648 he married and settled down in a small roadside cottage at Elstow, to this day known as "Bunyan's Cottage." Here he lived for five years, and then removed (after his conversion) with his wife and children to St. Cuthbert's Lane, Bedford, where he spent the remainder of his life. It was during this latter period, and in the course of his early ministry, that he first began to travel about the country, and even then he seems to have confined his peregrinations chiefly within a limited district or circuit south of Bedford, comprising the neighbourhood of Ampthill, Barton, Millbrook, Clophill, and along the base of the Chiltern Hills. It was while preaching at a hamlet within this area, known as Samsel, that he was first arrested and put in Bedford jail, where he was incarcerated for two terms of imprisonment of six years each between 1660 and 1672. It was during his confinement in this jail, which he calls "a den," that Bunyan "dreamed a dream" and planned his famous *Pilgrim's Progress*. The characters introduced into the allegory were, like the scenes, some real, some Biblical, and others purely imaginary. In Christian we have, speaking generally, the embodiment of Bunyan's own personality. In the course of a conversation with his wife and children he unbosoms the many misgivings and fears which haunted him and impelled him to flee and seek refuge. In his dilemma he meets Evangelist, who directs him to "fly from the wrath to come" and points out the "wicket gate" as the first step to salvation. The Pilgrim then starts on his troubled journey. At the outset he is overtaken by two neighbours, Obstinate and Pliable, who vainly endeavour to persuade him to return. "That can by no means be," retorted the Pilgrim. "You dwell (said he) in the city of Destruction (the place also where I was born). I see it to be so." Ultimately Obstinate returns, but Pliable is induced to accompany Christian, who gives a glowing account of "an endless kingdom and everlasting life." "As they ended their talk they drew nigh to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain, and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond." Having wallowed



THE DOOR OF BEDFORD GAOL.

Then he enters at the Wicket Gate. Presently, he arrives at the Home of the Interpreter, and afterwards proceeds by the narrow way past the wall fence toward the Hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which he sees the Cross and Sepulchre. Further on, at the bottom of the hill, he finds a spring, and higher up an arbour. A little further he sees the Palace Beautiful. After a short sojourn here, he continues his journey down past the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and on through the Valley of Humiliation, until he reaches the Cave at the base of the Delectable Mountains. From this point he, dream-like, seems to jump from one place to another, first visiting Vanity Fair, then the Silver Mine of Demas, over the meadow, on to Doubting Castle, and ultimately to the Delectable Mountains. After which he returns through the Enchanted Ground, the country of Beulah, over the deep dyke or river, and into the Celestial City.

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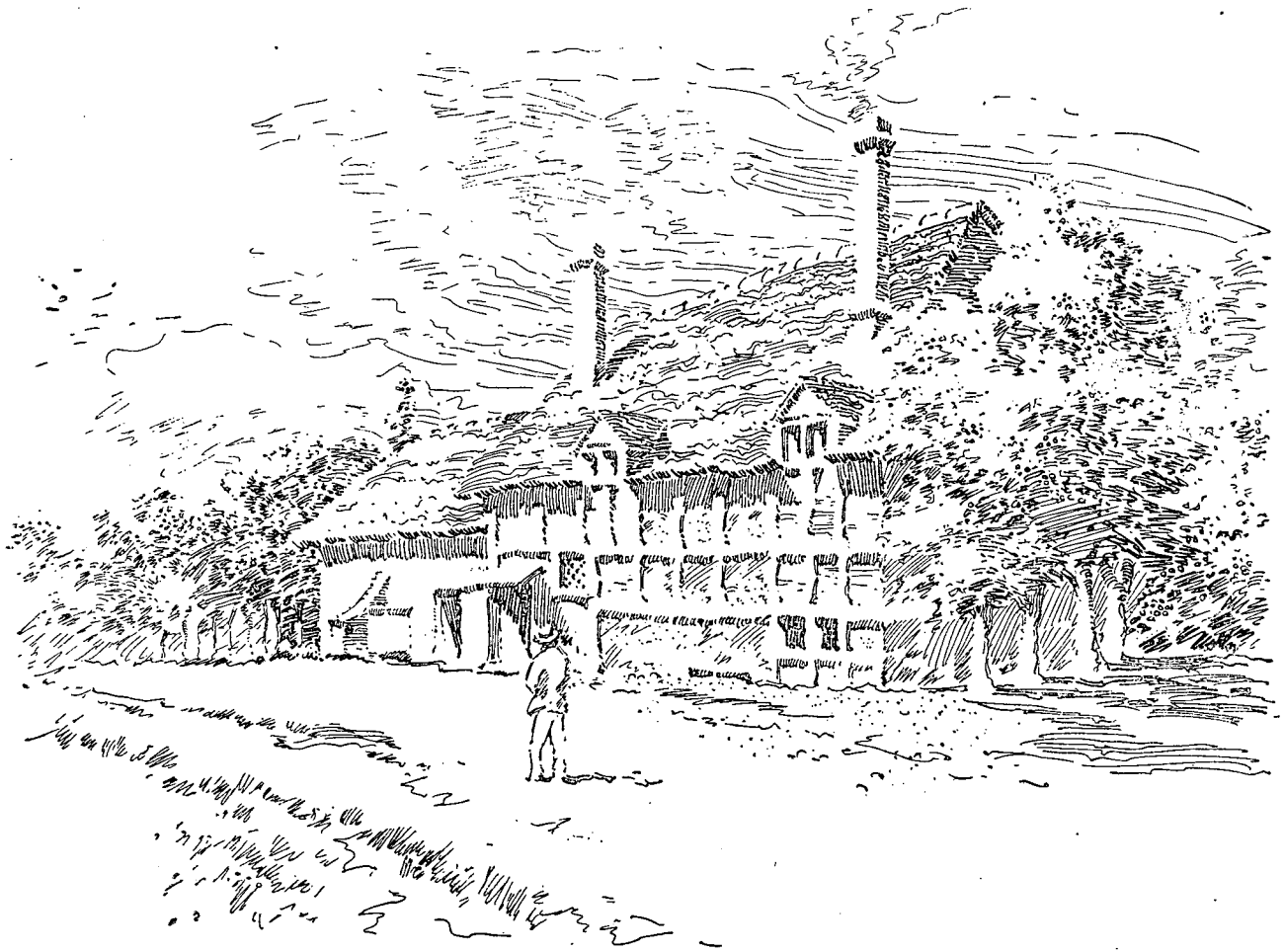

THE OLD ALEHOUSE AT BUNYAN'S END AT HARROWDEN. THE REAL BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

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JOHN BUNYAN'S HOME AT BEDFORD. IT WAS HERE THAT HIS FAMILY LIVED DURING THE YEARS OF HIS IMPRISONMENT.

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there for a time, Pliable is disheartened, struggles out and returns home, leaving Christian "to tumble in the slough of Despond alone."

Here we have local scenes—that are to be found to this very day—which must have been most prominent in Bunyan's mind at the time. The "city of Destruction" was unquestionably Elstow, then a village of considerable importance, and as the centre of large and rowdy periodical fairs, feasts and festivals, was given to much wickedness. the "slough of Despond" was unmistakably the "Pesselynton" field of quagmire, through which the narrow path ran from Bunyan's birthplace on to Elstow and opposite the parish church, the main entrance door of which had a "wicket gate" through which Bunyan had for over twenty years of his early life entered to attend divine service. Hence, Christian "endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was farther from his own house and next to the wicket gate." Moreover, local tradition still has it that from time out of mind attempts have continuously been made to mend this "slough" by depositing sundry materials there, "but it is the 'slough of Despond' still."

Having discarded Mr. Worldly Wiseman and adopted the advice of Evangelist once more, Christian seeks the wicket gate. "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain. From thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to the gate, if happily they may die before they can enter in." The castle here mentioned evidently refers to a curious castellated tower still standing at a little distance from the church and wicket gate. Originally this structure was used for domestic purposes in connection with the old abbey; later it was added to and converted into a church belfry, where Bunyan was often wont to spend much time as a youth in ringing his favourite bell. During the Civil War the tower was used as a "watch tower," from the top of which the defenders shot their arrows at their enemies.

After bidding adieu to Goodwill, Christian continues his journey in search of the narrow way and walks on toward Ampthill He went on "till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door and asked who was there." Here Bunyan no doubt had in his mind the palatial mansion then belonging to and occupied by the Hillersdens, built on the site of the old Abbey, close to the Elstow church, the remains of which are still to be seen. The "Iron Cage" referred to was a parochial prison then in vogue, wherein all local miscreants were lodged to atone for their petty misdeeds. Pursuing his journey, Christian would have to pass along a highway fenced on either side with a wall (as he states) for some distance, then along a flat road until he came to "a place somewhat ascending," known as "Ampthill Hill." It is quite possible, in fact very probable, that at that time there stood "a cross, and a little below a sepulchre," at the bottom of the hill—aptly designated the "Hill of Difficulty"—where there still exists a water spring. The hill is certainly a very steep one, and here and there are to be seen even now inlets where the traveller can rest, and it is not improbable that in Bunyan's days there existed "a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshing of weary travellers." Near the summit of this hill, on the left-hand side, some distance from the roadway, stand the ruins of what was in the days of Bunyan a most magnificent and courtly palace, known by the name of "Houghton Park," then occupied by the popular and great-hearted Lord Ailesbury. This ruined domain still shows traces of drives, terraces and delightful surroundings, and in accordance with the fashion of the time the exterior of the mansion would no doubt be guarded by stone lions, and the interior would naturally contain a large collection of paintings portraying pedigrees, curios, coats of arms, books, old records and an armory.

From this spot can be seen the only range of conspicuous mountains in that locality, known as the Chiltern Hills, and these in almost every detail agree with the description of the "Delectable Mountains." Between the "Hill Difficulty" and the "Delectable Mountains" lies a gloomy valley, well suited to the title of the "valley of Humiliation." Here is a ditch or gorge on one hand and a quag on the other, "with a narrow way betwixt them

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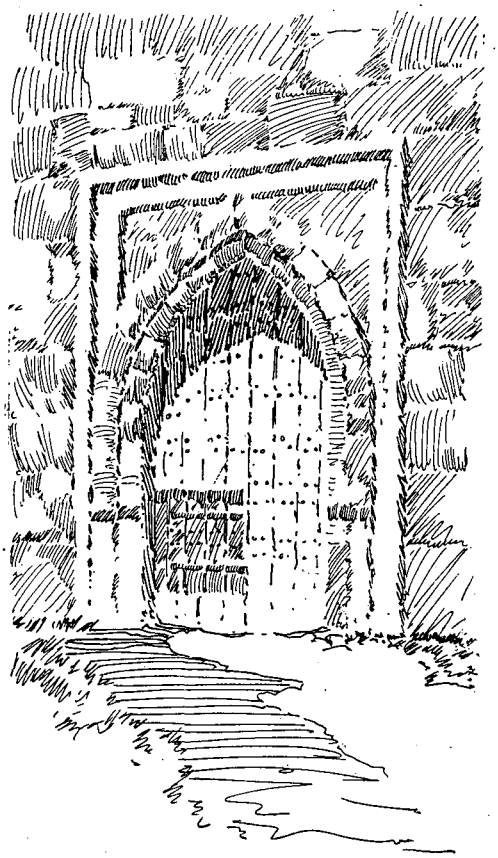
both" where Christian is said to have seen "hobgoblins and satyrs and dragons of the pit," and therefore named the place "the valley of the Shadow of Death."

In the delineation of "Vanity Fair" we have beyond question a reference to Elstow village and green—where the annual fairs were held—and the parochial prison (Iron Cage) and village stocks stood. The account of a trial and imprisonment which follows is clearly an outline of that experienced by Bunyan himself. When Christian resumes his journey with Hopeful we learn that they came to "a delicate plain called Ease," at the farther end of which was "a little hill called Lucre, and on that hill a silver mine." Here again we have no difficulty in locating the spot, well known to Bunyan as the original settlement of his early ancestors at Pulloxhill. "I have heard of this place before now," says Christian. And as a matter of fact there formerly existed here, not a silver mine, it is true, but a gold mine, the remains of which are still visible, and are pointed out to the visitor by the local inhabitants with some pride. They also relate the story of an ancient, decayed and armless cross which once stood near by, resembling the form of an armless woman.

To which particular castle Bunyan refers in alluding to "Doubting Castle" is somewhat uncertain. Some local historians assert that Cainhoe Castle, near Clophill, was the locale, but, as it needs an elastic imagination to discover even slight corroboration, we must leave this scene still in doubt. It is not an uncommon occurrence to come across a "Dead Man's Lane" or a "Dead Man's Corner" in Bedfordshire. In the days of Bunyan, when railways were not known, all traffic and journeys were undertaken by vehicle, on horseback, or on foot, thus affording special opportunities for the desperate highwayman and robber who generally laid in wait for plunder at or near four crossroads, at the top or base of a hill or the sharp turn of the road, and if need be, these desperadoes did not hesitate to murder their victims, who, together with the felons of those days, were invariably buried in the nearest lane to the four crossroads, which therefore became known as "Dead Man's Lane." Local tradition has it, and it is credible, that such a lane existed at the base of the Chiltern Hills, to which Bunyan no doubt refers. In 1751 it is recorded that "one Gabriel Tomkins, who was executed for robbing the Chester mail, was hanged in chains near Bedford."



THE WICKET GATE.

"Now over the gate there was written: 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

The Celestial City is clearly the fabric of Bunyan's own imagination—an elaboration most probably of the town of Bedford, which, though not a walled city, had its gates fixed here and there to guard the town in troublesome times. The gateways on the old Bedford bridge, within which Bunyan was imprisoned for so long and through which he passed times out of number, must have been foremost in the mind of the great dreamer.

J. W. Davies.

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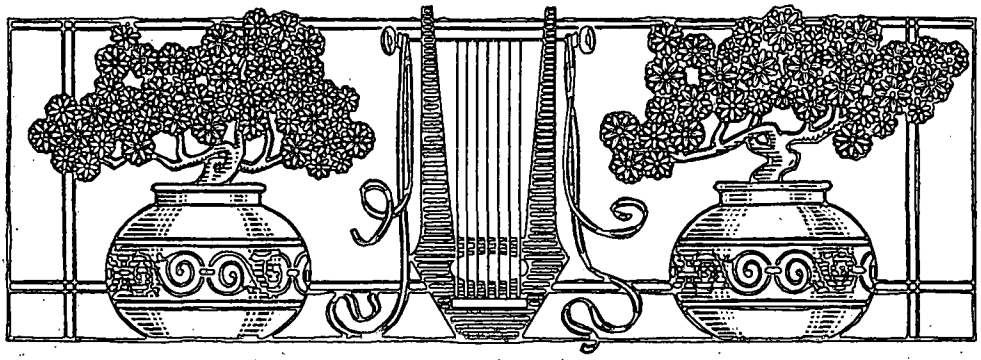

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKBINDING

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.

By William Loring Andrews.

(*Concluded.*)

If this book of Major Donkin was bound by the printer of it, as may possibly be the case, we have here an example of Hugh Gaine's plain morocco binding, and perchance we may also attribute to him the binding, in olive morocco gilt, on the *Book of Common Prayer*, Hugh Gaine, Printer, at the Sign of the Bible in Hanover Square, New York, 1793, in the possession of Mr. Beverly Chew. This edition, which was published by direction of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, the same printer, followed, two years later, by one in large folio, for use at the lectern of the Church. It is printed in bold, clear type, and handsomely bound in mottled and sprinkled calf. It is probably as fine a piece of typography as ever issued from the press of the "turn-coat" printer, who was deservedly made to say in a poetical version of his petition at the close of the Revolutionary War,

> And I always adhere to the sword that is longest
> And stick to the party that's like to be strongest.

If Gaine's political principles and rule of action had been as sound as the printing of this folio *Book of Common Prayer*, he would have left a less unsavory memory.

A copy of this noble Episcopal Church Service book presented by the Scotch merchant, Robert Lenox, "to his most respected friend, James Sheafe," in 1812, may be seen in the library founded and endowed by his Presbyterian book-loving and philanthropic son.

Among the countless hymn books which have voiced the faith, trust and hope of English-speaking Christians for ages past is a small octavo, printed in Edinburgh in 1776 which bears the following title:

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS IN THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

The binding on the copy of this hymnal, which lies before us, might readily be attributed to an English binder, and the dark crimson morocco in which it is encased was undoubtedly an imported article, as also must have been the binder's tools employed in its decoration. Its native workmanship is, however, established by the inscription upon the fly-leaf, which certifies that this was "Hannah Boudinot's book, bound and gilt at Trenton, 1785."

It is to be regretted that the artisan who, at this early period, was able to produce a binding of so creditable a character remains unknown. He left his work unsigned, but this is as we might expect, for the bibliopegists of all times have been a modest race of men, quite content apparently to quietly pursue their calling and "wake up each morning to still find themselves obscure." The dam-

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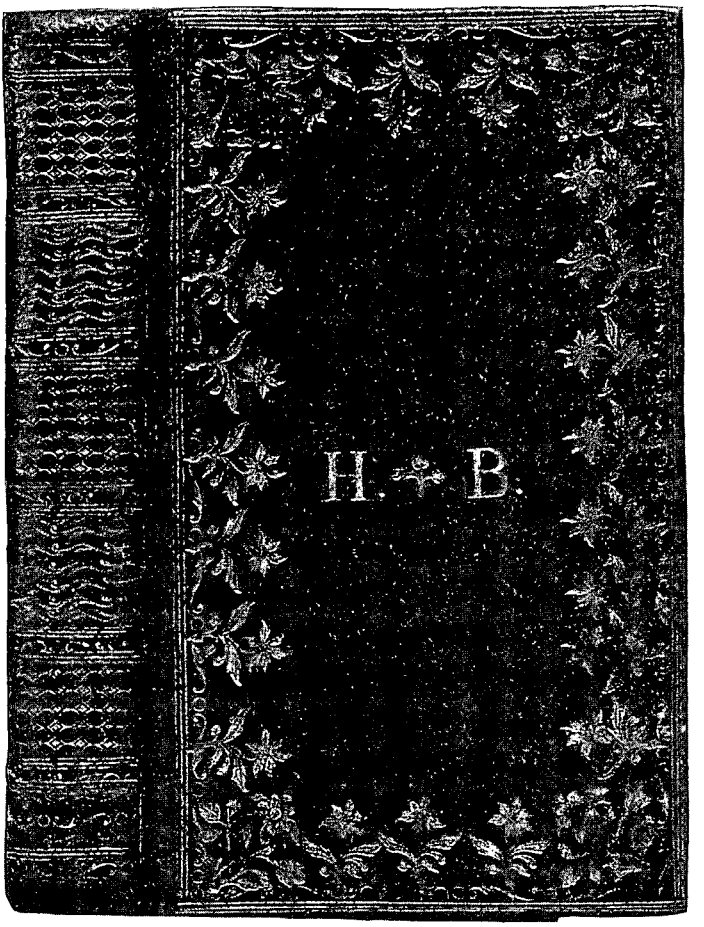
ask, velvet and pigskin bindings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were frequently stamped with the initials or trade-marks of the binder or gilder, but the names which either rightfully or wrongfully we have connected with the

In the same class and order of merit as the binding upon *Hannah Boudinot's Hymn Book,* but of a different style of decoration, is the one upon a thick paper copy of *The Federalist** in the Lenox Library, printed and bound, as the ticket



Hymns and Spiritual Songs
By I. Watts D.D. Edinburgh 1776.
Dark red morocco. *Original 3 7/8 x 6 1/4 inches.*

several predominant styles of book-cover decoration, which have been pronounced "as incapable of further development or of finer expression," and of which we never weary, are seldom found upon the bindings attributed to these masters; and in order to decipher the minute characters, in which the signature of the modern bibliopegist is all but concealed, at the foot of the inside cover, one almost requires the use of a magnifying glass.

within it attests, at Franklin's Head, 41 Hanover Square, New York. It is in sprinkled calf, full gilt, as a cataloguer would describe it, the sides ornamented with a scroll border and an oval centre-piece, in the "Etruscan" style, so-called, a style common to the architecture, the

*The Federalist: A Collection of Essays Written in Favour of the New Constitution. 2 volumes. Printed and sold by J. & A. M'Lean, No. 41 Hanover Square, 1788.

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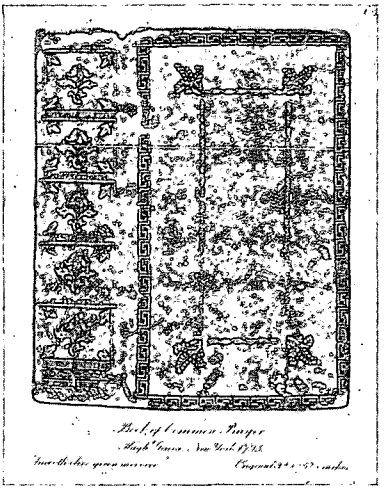

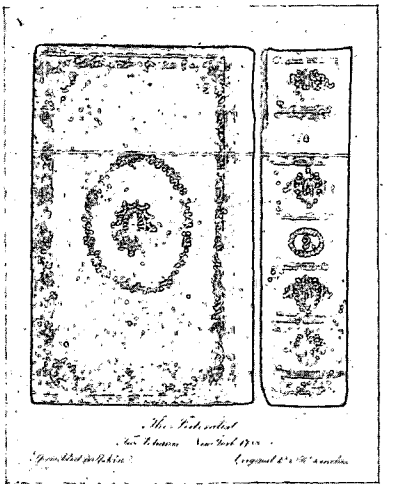

silverware, and the furniture of the period, as well as to the exterior decoration of the covers of books which inherited its graceful lines, festoons and scrolls from the Greek, and should be recognised as classical, but is generally known to us only by the much-used and abused term "colonial." We find similar tools employed and a like design upon the cover of a copy of the American edition of *Brown's Illustrated Family Bible*,* bound in red morocco, which material alone elevates it to higher rank as a binding than *The Federalist*, bound in calf. The back of this cumbersome elephant folio Bible is panelled in blue and yellow leathers, separated by bands of green, the whole richly tooled in gold *"a petits fers."* The upper panel bears the title of the book, the lower one the name of the first owner, Mary Ellis, 1792, whose signature also appears upon the fly-leaf under date of August 12, 1793. This mosaic binding, for such it is, was produced by Thomas Allen, book-seller, stationer and printer, as he is described in the *New York Directory* for the same year, and has his ticket on the inside of the front cover:

BOUND AND SOLD BY THOMAS ALLEN,
No. 12 Queen Street.

Thomas Greenleaf's semi-weekly paper, *The New York Journal & Patriotic Register*, contains in the number for June 18, 1790, an announcement of this forthcoming publication which reads in part as follows:

"Brown's Self-interpeting Folio Family Bible, embellished with a variety of elegant Copper-Plates, Being a genuine *American Edition*, the largest and cheapest ever proposed to be printed in the United States.

"Proposals for printing by Subscription By Hodge, Allen & Campbell, of N. Y. The Holy Bible containing The *Old* and *New Testaments* with the Book of the Apocrypha, illustrated with notes, &c. By John Brown, D.D., Late Minister of the Gospel at Haddington, . . . will be printed in large folio on fine paper, American manufacture, and on excellent, large and new type cast on purpose for this work.

"It will be completed in forty numbers, one every two weeks, price One Quarter of a Dollar or Twenty-five Cents."

Quite as creditable to its author, and belonging to the same period as the binding above mentioned, is the one upon Washington's own copy of *The Contrast* (Philadelphia, MDCCXC), a comedy written by Royal Tyler,* of Vermont, for

*The Self-interpreting Bible. New York: Printed for T. Allen, 12 Queen Street, 1792. Illustrated with copper-plate engravings by Tiebout and others.

**The Contrast* was written by Royal Tyler of Vermont for Thomas Wignell, the comedian, by whom it was produced with considerable success in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. He took the part of Jonathan, written expressly for him, and a much more accurate representation of a real Yankee than any of the modern caricatures. It was published for subscribers only. . . . Royal Tyler

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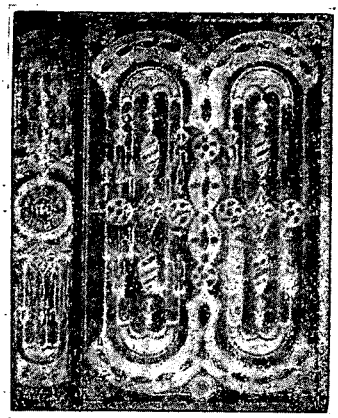
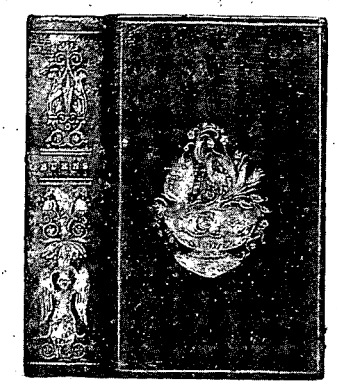


The Rainbow—1843
Albany, MDCCCXLVIII
Red calf *Original 5¾x8 inches*



Thomas Wignell, Comedian, now in the possession of Mr. S. P. Avery, a book made doubly valuable by having the great chieftain's bold, clear signature upon the title-page. It is a royal octavo, bound in a hard, close-textured, highly polished dark red morocco, the sides inlaid with green borders, with ornamental gilt scroll tooling. The back of the volume is elaborately gilt-tooled with small stamps, one of which is the acorn a tool so frequently used by the Mearnes (the distinguished English bibliopegist predecessors of Roger Payne), as to have become considered as reliable an indication of their work, as is the "sausage" pattern which appears upon so many of the bindings attributed to them.

Positive proof that this binding was executed in this country is lacking, but appearances and the circumstantial evidence in the case point to that conclusion.

This comedy in five acts by Royal Tyler, which claims to be the first *Essay of American Genius in the Dramatic Art,* has become exceedingly rare, notwithstanding the fact that, as the printed list of subscribers shows, the edition consisted of at least 600 copies. It contains a curious and interesting frontispiece, engraved by Maverick,* after a painting by William Dunlap, which, as a manuscript note in the volume states, comprises five portraits, the persons being dressed as in the scene, viz., Mr. Wignell, as Brother Jonathan; Mr. Henry, as Colonel Manly; Mr. Hallam, as Dimple; Mr. Morris, as Van Rough; and Mrs. Morris, as Charlotte.

The *American Latin Grammar, or a compleat Introduction to the Latin Tongue,* which is shown in our illustration, is undoubtedly in its original boards, which are, as may be seen, as perfect, sound and true as when first applied; and they have had to withstand the exceptionally hard usage which falls to the lot of school and text-books. These oaken boards continued in general use by binders down to the close of the eighteenth century, and for some time afterward, were not altogether superseded by the cardboards now universally employed. The manner in which these thin veneers of wood have retained their shape is quite remarkable. They have neither warped nor cracked through all these years, and have successfully defied alike the cold and dampness of the mouldy cellars and the heat of the sun-scorched garrets into which they were flung to neglect. Moreover, they have proved a somewhat better barrier than their pasteboard successors to the ravages of the book-worm; for are we not told

was a genuine wit. He was aid to the Gov. of Mass. in the Shays rebellion, and followed the rebels into Vt., where he settled and became eminent in public life. He was a lawyer and judge. He wrote the *Algerine Captive,* and many articles for the Polyanthus and other Journals.—Dec. 3, 1876."

Copy of manuscript note inserted in the book.

*This must, I judge, have been Peter R. Maverick, the first of that noted family of engravers and copper-plate printers.

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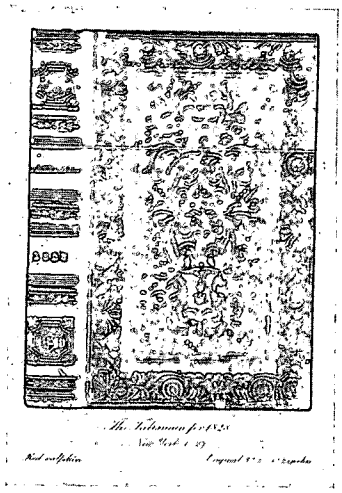
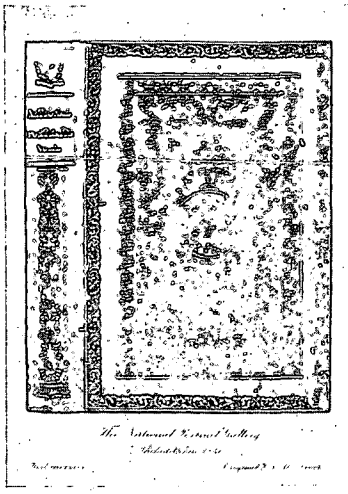
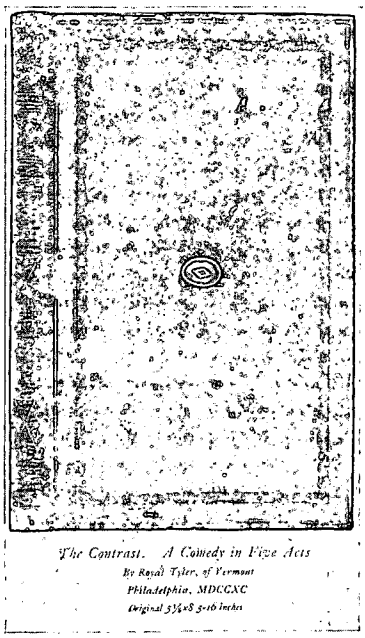
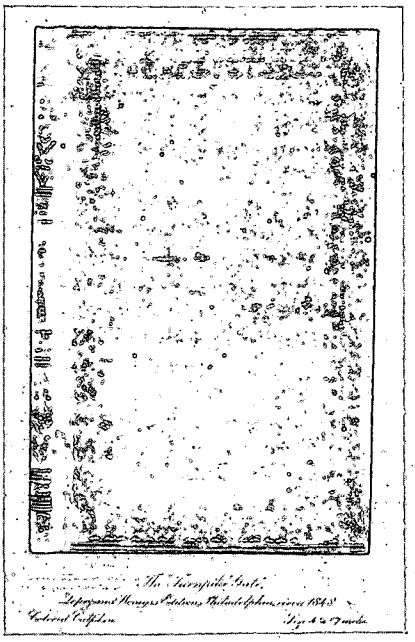




that the Ptinidæ generally are not borers of wood? the chief mischief-maker in this material being that minute insect to which entomologists have given the altogether disproportionate name of *Hypothenemus eruditus* Westwood, or the *Hypothenemus hispedus,* as it is described by Dr. Le Conte in *Trans. Amer. Entom. Soc., 1868,* p. 156—*Satis verborum!*

"*The Columbian Harmonist,* A Choice Collection of New Psalm Tunes of American Composition," by Daniel Read, New Haven, Connecticut, 1793, which lies before us, is clad in its original homely, but what has proved to be a fairly serviceable, coat of brown sheepskin. It makes no bibliopegistic pretensions whatever, and simply represents the rank and file of the bindings of the day. This quaint old Psalm Singer, which belongs to an age when the "singing of psalms was an act of devotion and not an amusement among the people," "sings of simple pieties," and is as plain and unadorned within as without; but doubtless the young men of the village church choir





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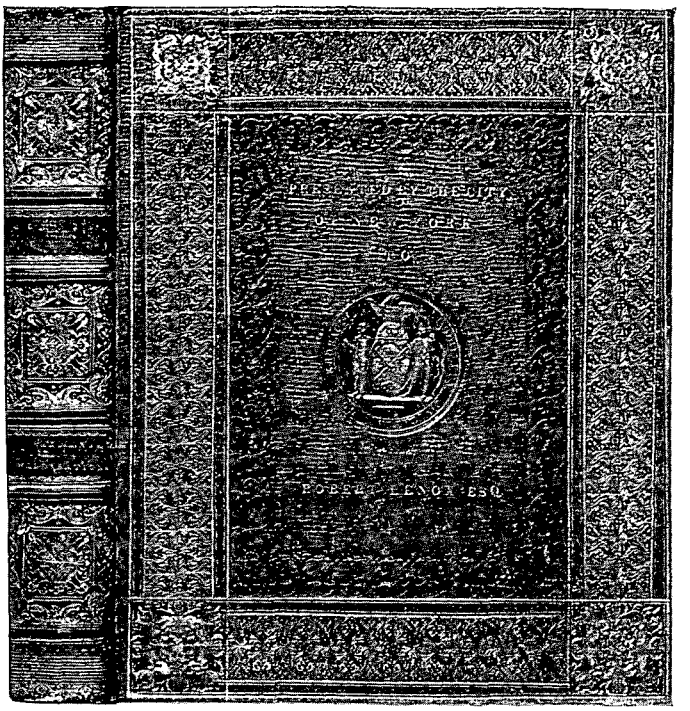
lifted up their voices as lustily in "Old Hundredth," and the rustic maidens, their fair associates, chanted the Easter Anthem as sweetly, from the coarsely engraved score of this brown and battered *Harmonist* as if it had been cut on copper by a master hand, adorned with a frontispiece by Hogarth, and bound in French gros-grained bright red morocco, elegantly ornamented like unto the binding here displayed, which Francis Bedford placed, at a cost of nine guineas, upon another book of soulful melody, to wit, Mr. Leveridge's *Collection of Songs with the Musick,* London, 1727. It must have been from a counterpart of this *Introduction to Psalmody,* by Mr. Read, "fitly calculated for the use of Singing-Schools," that the lank, long-shanked schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, instructed the sweet and buxom Katrina in the divine art of music whilst he was laying fruitless siege to the heart and hand already made willing captives by the dare-devil Brom Van Brunt.

By the close of the eighteenth century it is evident that the arts of printing and bookbinding had come to a parting of the ways, and that the bindery, sanguine of its ability to walk alone, had begun to take upon itself the risks and responsibilities of a separate establishment. The New York City Directories of the closing years of the eighteenth century, contain the names of a number of individuals, among them the following, who style themselves simply bookbinders, although some of them were also stationers and printers;

John Black, 20 Little Queen (Cedar) Street.
Alexander Christie, 15 Cliff Street.
Charles Cliland, 15 Madison Street.
Peter Kirby, 44 Crown (Liberty) Street.
Robert Macgill, 212 Water Street.



Colden's Memoirs of the Erie Canal Celebration.
New York, 1825.
Bright red straight grained morocco. *Original 8 ½ x 10 inches.*

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John Reed, 17 Water Street.
Edward Wier, 52 Maiden Lane.
Robert Hodge, 38 Maiden Lane.
Benjamin Gomez, 32 Maiden Lane.

The advertisement of the last-named in the *New York Journal & Patriotic Register* for the year 1791 reads as follows:

Book-binding carried on with neatness and dispatch. Orders from the country will be carefully attended to.

That the typographers were, however, disinclined to abandon the field to specialists in bibliopegy is shown by this advertisement, clipped from the *New York Journal* for December 21, 1791:

Binding, Gilding & Blank-book Ruling Performed in the neatest manner, and with the utmost expedition at Greenleaf's, No. 196 Water St.

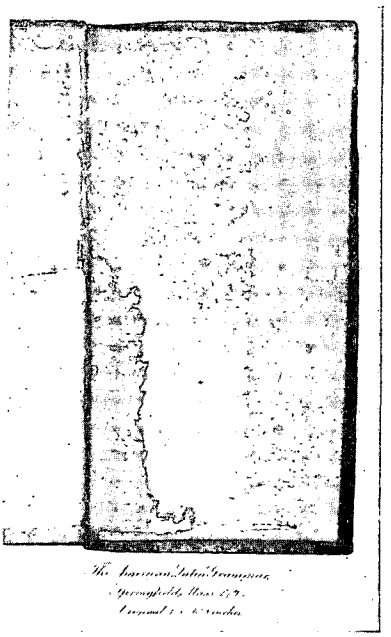
In order to give the most ample satisfacton to his customers in his general business, as binding is closely allied with printing, Mr. Greenleaf has engaged a complete *binder, gilder,* and *ruler* at an extraordinary salary, and will engage that every one who may be pleased to employ him shall be satisfied, or no pay; and that all the work which may be done shall be charged quite as low as the current prices. . . .

N. B.—A few well-dressed calf skins for sale.—Wanted, several hundred Sheep Skins.

These establishments were probably able to produce litte beyond the mercantile bindings upon blank books, or work of a simple character, although some of the handsome bindings which, as we have seen, the binders of the time were capable of executing may have issued therefrom. Who knows? Admitting, however, that the chances are that these men plied their tools with little skill, all the same we are glad to recognize them as members in good and regular standing of the Guild of Bookbinders. Little Brothers of the Honourable Order of the Glue-Pot and Pack Thread, we salute you!

An earnest and creditable attempt to improve the arts employed in the production of books was made during the few short years of its existence by the American Company of Book-Sellers,* an association of book-sellers in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, founded in 1801 and dissolved in 1805. Annual fairs were held by this organization in New York City, Philadelphia and Newark, N. J., at which premiums were offered for the best examples of paper, printing, ink, typography and bookbinding. In 1805 a gold medal of the value of $50 was awarded to one William Swain of New

*See Book-Trade Bibliography in the United States in the XIXth Century. By A. Growoll. New York, 1898.



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York for the best specimen of binding executed in American leather. Mr. Swain, so far as I am aware, left no mark of identification upon his handiwork, so that we shall never know how meritorious were the bindings that sufficed to win for him, in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, this bibliopegic prize.

Books which contain the ticket of an American binder are so few and far between that I am disposed to make a note of even the unimportant example of the art of bookbinding, to which is affixed the following label:

BOUND AT

PARSON'S BINDERY,

Where binding is executed

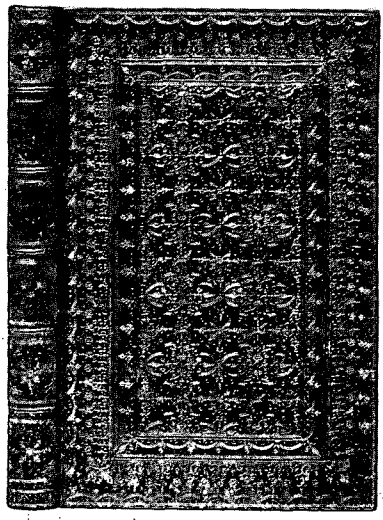
in its various branches.

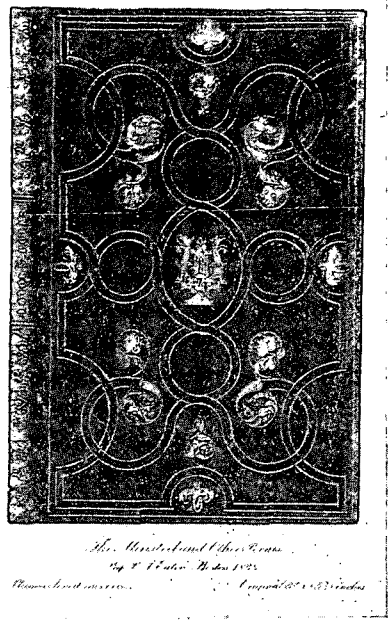
PATENT RULING

Done in the neatest manner.

HUDSON, N. Y.

This little duodecimo *Book of Psalms*, printed in 1805, is bound in dark red morocco, gilt edges, with a simple decoration upon the back, which is sufficient,





however, to lift it out of the grade of commercial bindings, and prove that Mr. Parsons was not a mere cobbler of books. More, however, of an adept at his craft was one Benjamin Olds, as is demonstrated by the binding in red morocco gilt on a copy of the *By-Laws and Rules of the Society of the Cincinnati*, Trenton, 1808, in which a modest little label one-quarter the size of the following appears:

BENJAMIN OLDS

BOOK-BINDER & STATIONER

SIGN OF THE BIBLE

NEWARK

One of the most ornate signed bindings of this period which has come to my notice is one upon the presentation copy from the city of New York to Robert Lenox of *Colden's Memoirs of the Erie Canal Celebration*, New York, 1825. It is bound in red straight-grained morocco, with wide rolled bands, partly blind-tooled and partly gilt. The panel back is elaborately tooled, and at the foot is the signature of the binders, Wilson & Nichols, whose names appear in *Long-*

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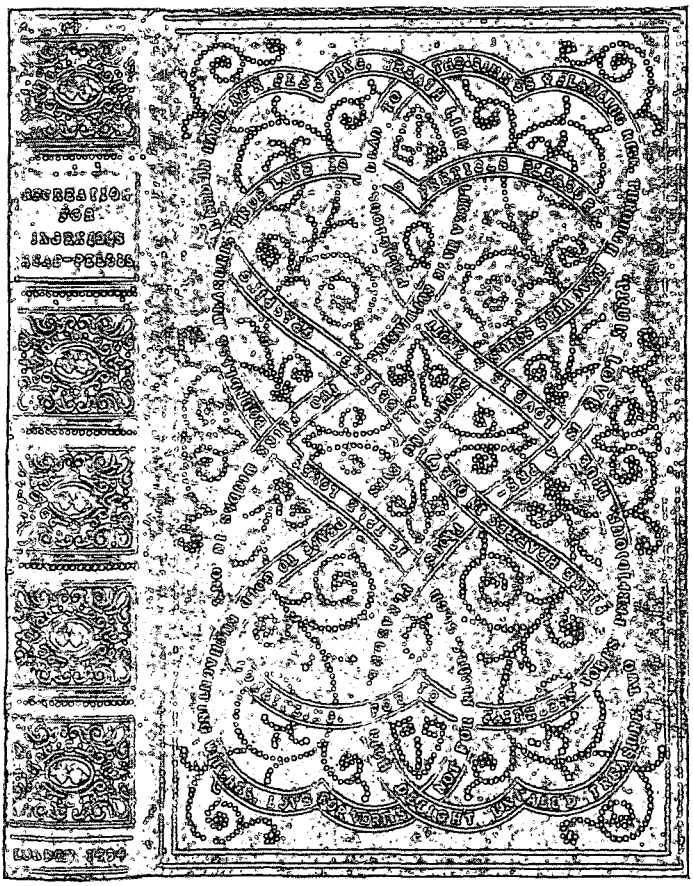
worth's New York City Directory for 1826-7, as engaged in business at Pine Street, corner of Broadway. The same directory contains the name of William Walker, 32 Eldridge Street, at whose bindery, or that of his sons, removed to Fulton Street, the writer remembers to have had some of his earliest bindings executed. No examples of their skill, or rather the lack of it, are, however, now in my possession. It was a heavy and inartistic binding, only one remove—namely, that of the substitution of calfskin or morocco for Russia leather—from the bindings in which the firm encased the heavy day-books, journals and ledgers which, I judge, constituted their principal business, and won for the establishment the reputation it enjoyed as a bindery.

I regret that I cannot give the names of the binders of the little three-volume *Herodotus*, New York, 1828, which recently fell into my hands, and the copy of *The Minstrel and Other Poems*, by B. A. Eaton, Boston, 1833, belonging to Mr. Beverly Chew, for they are at least an approach to the bindings which the collector accepts and places on his shelves because they are examples, if not elaborate ones, of bookbinding practised as an art, and not as a trade. The design on *The Minstel* is surprisingly Aldine in character, and cleanly tooled. Only bindings, in part at least, tooled by



Mosaic Binding by William Matthews
Dark-red crushed levant morocco inlaid with dark green
Original 9¼ x 5¾ inches

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hand rank as artistic in a bibliophile's estimation, *i.e.*, those bindings the decoration upon which is first designed and drawn upon paper, then transferred to the leather and worked out either with small tools or by these in combination with rolls, fillets and panel blocks. It is not intended, however, by this statement to convey the impression that a stamped binding is entirely devoid of artistic quality. In the production of a stamped binding taste in design, as well as a high degree of mechanical skill and accuracy, may be displayed. The brass die which impresses the design must be made by the process known in the printing of engravings as overlaying,* to operate upon a perfectly plane surface, otherwise the impression in the leather will be of uneven depth, to the absolute ruin of the design. The registry must also be exact, for an impression must first be taken in dumb, or blind, tooling, the same as in hand work. The gold leaf is then applied, and the book again subjected to the heavy heated press. The back, if decorated when on the book, must be tooled by hand. A stamped back, in either cloth or leather, generally indicates that the cover is simply a machine-made case, attached to the book with glue after the leaves have been sewn together; but the leather may be stamped with the design before it is applied to the cover and then drawn over the boards, which are laced to the book, as in fine-tooled binding.

The principal items of expense in connection with a stamped binding are the designing and cutting of the die. If applied to but one book, it might prove a more costly binding than one in which the same design was tooled by hand. The economy results where long sets of books uniformly bound and decorated are concerned.

As an example on a small scale of American stamped binding executed in the early part of the last century, we have reproduced one which covers a copy of the poetical works of Robert Burns, New York, 1813. The fac-simile of the *National Portrait Gallery*† binding which follows shows how elaborate these stamped bindings became at a later period, and how well they were designed and engraved.

The *National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans,* Philadelphia, 1846, is a book which deserves to be well bound, for it contains the finest cabinet-size steel-engraved portraits ever executed in this country. This truth we have been slow to recognise, as also the fact that the book is becoming difficult to find, for the reason that for years past copies innumerable have been despoiled of their prints by "extra illustrators," to whom the four quarto volumes, with their nearly 150 very useful portraits, have proved a veritable gold mine. From both an historical and artistic standpoint the *National Portrait Gallery* was an important publication, and it is natural to suppose that certain sets of it would be entrusted to the hands of the best binders of the day. The cover we reproduce shows how capable, both in design and execution, were the stamp-cutters of those days. The classical medallion in the centre links it in a degree to the highly prized bindings said to have belonged to Demetrio Canevari, physician to Pope Urban VIII.

The period from 1820 to late in the '50's was prolific of a class of books the popularity of which simply reflected a contemporary English taste, and shows that in matters literary and artistic we were still in leading strings. These annuals, *Offerings of Friendship, Tokens, Talismans* and *Souvenirs, as* they were sentimentally entitled, were issued by the publishers in stamped cloth, morocco, or calfskin, overlaid with glittering gold foil. They are equally, if not more, valuable for their text and illustrations than as examples of bookbinding, for they contain some of the best steel line engravings to be found in the books of their own or any subsequent period. It is the admirable work of such engravers as the Mavericks, Durand,

*Overlaying consists in pasting exactly where needed successive layers of paper, underneath the tympan, or top sheet, of the printing surface.

†"The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," conducted by James B. Longacre, Philadelphia; and James Herring, New York. Under the superintendence of the American Academy of Fine Arts. 4 vols., royal 8vo and quarto

James B. Longacre, Philadelphia, 1846. Contains 144 steel line engravings, each accompanied by a short biographical notice.

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Cheney, Balch, Pease and Hatch after paintings by Newton, Leslie, Inman, Morse, Mount and other American painters of the first half of the nineteenth century, whose charming *genre* pictures, the writer ventures to assert, none of their successors have surpassed. The essays, tales and poems which these engravings accompany and illustrate were contributed by some of the foremost writers of the day.

These annuals, for years in the height of fashion, passed away with the Civil War, which changed for better or for worse the old order of things in so many respects, and poorer books have taken their place; for these gift books were honestly constructed, and the arts applied to them were legitimate and true, which is more than can be claimed for many, if not most, of the books which have succeeded them. These "Gifts and Keepsakes," antiquated as they have become, are, however, no longer entirely neglected. They are sought by collectors with some avidity, for they are interesting as mirrors of the simple living and quiet thinking of their age; and, moreover, they have become somewhat scarce, and this is—shall we admit it?—a *sine qua non* with the collector of every species.

We now come to an exhibition of Yankee ingenuity applied to bibliopegy, which might be described as book-cover decoration made easy. But the name bestowed upon the process by its shrewd inventor is "Patent Stereographic Binding." The presumed advantage of the process was, I understand, the facility with which, by the application of different colours to the compartments mapped out by one and the selfsame brass stamp, a surprising, and we may add a startling, variety of effects could be produced. This parody upon the art of book-binding appears to have met with the disfavour it deserved, for I have never seen any example of it, save the one upon a gift book entitled *The Rainbow*, published in Albany, N. Y., 1848, A. L. Harrison, Binder.

The variety of effects in form and colour which mottled, marbled and sprinkled calf are capable of assuming are as infinite and haphazard as those which cause the children's eyes to dance with delight when they turn with their impatient little hands the wonder-working wheel of a kaleidoscope. The two most common styles of coloured calf bindings are the "Cambridge," in which the calf is coloured over the entire surface, except a panel left uncoloured in the centre of the boards, and treed calf, which was so great a favourite with the late Francis Bedford, of England. These calf bindings certainly possess one paramount advantage, and that is the smooth and glossy surfaces they present, and which render them the most inoffensive and harmless of all bindings to their neighbours upon the book-shelf. No calf binding, however, can hold up its head before one in crushed levant morocco, the *ne plus ultra* for the covering of a book.

A curious effect in coloured calf is shown in the cover of one of Lopez and Wemyss's *Prompter Books*, a presentation copy to the Library of the American Dramatic Association, and presumably, therefore, as elaborate a binding of its kind as could at the time be executed. I find the same vividly coloured calfskin upon a copy of Ackermann's *Repository*, London, 1809, which has in it a ticket which states that it was bound by Neal, Willis & Cole, Baltimore, Md.

Prior to the Revolutionary War sheep and calf skins appear to have been the only leathers employed by American bookbinders. Russia leather, so popular in England in the days of Roger Payne, came in vogue at a later period, but, fortunately, was never used to any extent, except for covering merchants' blank books and the like, for it is the most objectionable of all leathers for bookbinding purposes on account of its tendency to become brittle with age and to part at the joints. The one redeeming quality possessed by Russia leather is its fragrance, which, like properly-cured rose leaves, it will retain for years.

Long after morocco leather became a regular article of commerce between Europe and the United States, calfskin continued to be extensively used for the coverings of books, probably on account of its relative cheapness. Its use for fine or special bindings is now entirely abandoned, both here and in Europe.

The credit for having raised bibliopegy

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in the United States permanently to the rank of a fine art belongs indisputably to William Matthews, who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1822, and died at his residence, 19 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1896. He served an apprenticeship to a London bookbinder, and came to New York in 1843, where for three years he worked as a journeyman at his craft of bookbinding. In 1846 he began business on his own account, and in 1854 assumed charge of the bindery of the large publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., at the head of which he remained until 1890. The fine bindings he executed were mainly a relaxation in which he indulged for his own pleasure, the gratification of his cultured artistic taste, and the accommodation of a few of his book-loving friends. So far as my knowledge extends, he never professed to make a business of special and elaborately tooled bookbindings.

The lecture* read by Mr. Matthews before the Grolier Club of New York (of which he was one of the earliest, most interested and valued members), March 25, 1885, and subsequently printed by the society, demonstrates his familiarity with the history of the art he loved and practised, as well as his thorough acquaintance with its technique.

Of living American bookbinders I have determined not to speak, for it would involve criticism and also comparison, which, we are told, is always odious. The annual exhibitions of fine bookbindings held at our principal bookstores, to which I have already drawn attention, embrace examples of the best work of all the prominent American, as well as European, bibliopegists, and those interested in the subject have in these attractive displays ample opportunities to examine, compare and judge for themselves of the respective merits of the men and women who at present are following in the United States the time-honoured and beautiful art of bookbinding.

Before them still lies the task of creating a style of book-cover decoration that can compare in originality and fitness with those of the master bibliopegists of past times, whose designs even Trautz, the greatest of modern French binders, felt his inability to improve upon.

*"Modern Book-binding Practically Considered." A lecture read before the Grolier Club of New York, March 25, 1885, with additions and new illustrations. By William Matthews. The Grolier Club, MDCCCLXXXIX.

THE END.

FOUR NOVELS OF THE MOMENT

I.

Richard Harding Davis's "Captain Macklin."*

"We have here," said Clay, gaily, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul-General. . . . The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself, so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions. . . . I wish I could give these boys an idea of how clever you are, Captain. The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued gleefully, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the Island of Ceylon."

Among the considerable number of exceptional and adventurous men to whom Mr. Davis has introduced us in the last ten or twelve years there has been none who has made a better impression on first

*Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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acquaintance than Captain Burke, the Promoter of Revolutions. In *Soldiers of Fortune* we did not see enough of him to be able to claim any degree of intimacy. He crossed the stage only once or twice in the course of the book, but we knew him at once to be possessed of the right kind of *insouciance*, philosophy and shrewdness. And then, his profession,—Promoter of Revolutions. What fine air castles it suggests! How it links the past and the present! Romance is not dead; and to-day, far from the lights and shop windows of Broadway and the tall tower of Madison Square, there are places on this globe where a man may carve out fame for himself and smell powder, and taste power and responsibility, and feel the lust of battle and the imminence of death. Now in the announcement of *Captain Macklin* we thought we saw the promise of a Burke. Macklin was to be a Soldier of Fortune, fighting under many flags and serving many causes. We had pictured him as a little unscrupulous, grown shrewd and cynical through much experience, and not over-particular as to the rights and wrongs of a war, so long as those at the head of the cause for which he worked kept faith and paid him well for his services. Some sentiment he would have had, and some enthusiasm and the tried valour which makes one brave enough to confess fear. As a matter of fact the Macklin of some future stories may be all this, but as yet he is very much unfledged. He and Burke undoubtedly have much in common; both may be called modern d'Artagnans. Only Macklin suggests the callow, overgrown Gascon youth who was belaboured by lackeys at Meung, and who entered Paris mounted on his yellow Rosinante; whereas Burke corresponds with the clever, far-seeing, close-mouthed Lieutenant of Musketeers after twenty years of service. Royal Macklin at the age of twenty-three has "sand" and loyalty; only, like most of Mr. Davis's heroes, he talks too much.

There are many ways in which *Captain Macklin* is unlike anything which Mr. Davis has written before. It is not in every respect an advance, but those who like to read between the lines will say the author has probably never written another book in which he has given so much of himself. One cannot help thinking of it as autobiographical; that is, autobiographical in moods and day dreams. In common with most men of any imagination, Mr. Davis has passed pleasantly many hours in the construction of fine air castles. These air castles have been the suggestion and inspiration of almost all of his tales of adventure. One of them was responsible for the story of "The Reporter Who Made Himself King"; another, or rather several others, showed him the way to the writing of *Soldiers of Fortune;* out of another grew the *Princess Aline.* In fact, this influence has been at work in everything that he has written, but in nothing quite so much as in *Captain Macklin.*

Royal Macklin, the grandson of General John Hamilton of the United States Army, and the son of "Fighting Macklin," an Irish soldier of fortune, who fell in the Confederate service, receives at the age of nineteen an appointment to West Point, enters the Military Academy, where he speedily attains general unpopularity and becomes known as "Masher Macklin," a nickname of which he is secretly proud. His early life has been spent at the home of his grandfather in a great house overlooking the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry. He can recall vividly some of the incidents of his boyhood, the books he read, the stories of the battlefield and the bivouac told him by his grandfather, a trip to Philadelphia during which he met General Grant and mentally wondered, as a good many other characters of recent fiction seem to be doing, over the great black cigar. The pages in which Macklin tells of the impressions of his early days are written in a style that is comparatively new to Mr. Davis's readers. It is a style showing discrimination and a humour that is grim rather than gay. Superficially, Macklin affects indifference to his unpopularity among his fellow cadets at West Point; but read between the lines and one sees how this unpopularity has embittered him. Not so much to like you, but to have you like him, to think him a good fellow, is what he wants and for what he so hopelessly struggles. That is his aim throughout the story; it leads him to many brave and foolhardy actions, and yet at the end one feels him to be as far from personal popularity as ever.

Down in Central America somewhere

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they have been indulging in the national pastime of a revolution involving a corrupt American corporation, two rival Presidents and a Foreign Legion commanded by General La Guerre, as delightful and likable a soldier of fortune as Mr. Davis has ever drawn. Macklin, dismissed from the Academy, starts South, crosses the Gulf from New Orleans to Honduras, and throws in his lot with the Foreign Legion. He is almost shot as a spy, he leads an apparently hopeless charge, he is fired on by his own men, and by the time the Foreign Legion has taken possession of Tegucigalpa, the capital city of the Republic, he is so close to La Guerre and so high in the councils of the cause that he is made Vice-President and Minister of War. This would seem ample foundation for any tale of adventure, but Mr. Davis puts La Guerre in power only for the purpose of putting him out again. Battles may be won, desperate ventures may be carried out, but over on the other side, unconquerable and all-powerful, is the Isthmian Line Company backed by the millions of "Joe" Fiske and his political pull at Washington. Brief as is the tenure of power of La Guerre, it is long enough to enable the belligerent Macklin to engage in a street fight with Fiske's son, fight a duel the next morning, and with Fiske's daughter undergo all the delightful symptoms of one of those elusive, tantalising love affairs that he seems to find at every turn of his young life.

Then, before the reader can catch breath, the aspect of everything changes. Treason is bought readily enough, the Foreign Legion is cut to pieces, La Guerre and Macklin are desperately wounded, and soon the little band of survivors are fighting their way across the isthmus, through swamps and mountain fords. Even when Macklin finally reaches the deck of the American ship we are not at the end of his adventures. A group of Honduranian soldiers, led by the commandante of the port, invade the ship and demand his surrender on the pretence that he has stabbed a man the night before in a drinking resort, and the ship's captain, with a seaman's dread of international law, is about to give him up. The scene that follows is a typical Davis scene.

The ship was abandoning me. My last appeal had failed. My condition was desperate.

"Protect your owners, and yourself, damn you!" I cried. "You're no American. You're no white man. No American would let a conch-nigger run his ship. To hell with your protection!"

All the misery of the last two months, the bitterness of my dismissal from the Point, the ignominy of our defeat and flight, rose in me and drove me on. "And I don't want the protection of that flag, either," I cried. "I wasn't good enough to serve it once, and I don't need it now."

It should be remembered that when I spoke these words I thought my death was inevitable and immediate, that it had been brought upon me by one of my own countrymen, while others of my countrymen stood indifferently by, and I hope that for what I said in that moment of fever and despair I may be forgiven.

"I can protect myself!" I cried.

Before any one could move I whipped out my gun and held it over the Commandante's heart, and at the same instant, without turning my eyes from his face, I waved my other hand at the passengers.

"Take those children away," I shouted. "Don't move!" I yelled in Spanish at the soldiers. "If one of you raises his musket I'll kill him." I pressed the cocked revolver against the Commandante's chest. "Now then, take me ashore," I called to his men. "You know me, I'm Captain Macklin. Captain Macklin, of the Foreign Legion, and you know that six of you will die before you get me. Come on," I taunted. "Which six is it to be?"

Out of the side of my eyes I could see the bayonets lifting cautiously and forming a ring of points about me, and the sight and my own words lashed me into a frenzy of bravado.

"Oh, you don't remember me, don't you?" I cried. "You ought to remember the Foreign Legion! We drove you out of Santa Barbara and Tabla Ve and Comyagua and I'm your Vice-President! Take off your hats to your Vice-President! To Captain Macklin, Vice-President of Honduras!"

Back at the old home at Dobbs Ferry, petted and pampered by his aunt and Beatrice, Macklin passes a few months of ease and quiet. But the fever is in his blood. The monotonous, humdrum life which those dear to him have mapped out for him to follow he feels is not for him,

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and the end of the story finds him once again starting out as a soldier of fortune. This has been only the first chapter. There will be others, and some time in the future Macklin is going to come back and marry Beatrice. But for the moment his mind is on only the cablegram from La Guerre:

The message read: "Commanding Battalion French Zouaves, Tonkin Expedition, holding position of Adjutant open for you, rank of Captain. If accept, join Marseilles. La Guerre."

I laid the paper on my knee and sat staring, scarcely breathing, as though I were afraid if I moved I would wake. I was trembling and cold, for I was at the parting of the ways and I knew it. Beyond the light of the candles, beyond the dull red curtains jealously drawn against the winter landscape, beyond even the slight, white figure with its crown of burnished copper, I saw the swarming harbour of Marseilles. I saw the swaggering turcos in their scarlet breeches, the crowded troopships, and from every ship's mast the glorious tri-colour of France; the flag that in ten short years had again risen, that was flying over advancing columns in China, in Africa, in Madagascar; over armies that were giving France for Alsace-Lorraine new and great colonies on every seaboard of the world. The thoughts that flew through my brain made my fingers clench until the nails bit into my palms. Even to dream of such happiness was actual pain. That this might come to me! To serve under the tri-colour, to be a captain of the Grande Armée, to be one of the army reared and trained by Napoleon Bonaparte. . . .

And in a year I certainly must come back, a foreign officer on leave, and I shall go to West Point and pay my respects to the Commandant. The men who saw me turned out will have to present arms to me, and the older men will say to the plebs: "That distinguished-looking officer with the French mustache and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour is Captain Macklin. He was turned out of here. Now he's only a soldier of fortune. He belongs to no country."

But when the battalion is drawn up at retreat and the shadows stretch across the grass, I shall take up my stand once more on the old parade ground, with all the future Grants and Lees around me, and when the flag comes down I shall raise my hand with theirs and show them that I have a country, too, and that the flag we salute together is my flag still."

Captain Macklin is not "a highly important contribution to the literature of to-day." It is an admirable story, clear-cut, brave; spirited. It shows Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his maturity. And it goes further to show that it is about time for alleged critics to cease writing about Mr. Davis as the rather clever chronicler of the poses of fresh young men, and to recognise him once for all as a serious and brilliant worker, and in his way very near the top among living American novelists.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II.

Mrs. Wilson's "A Speckled Bird."

The true import of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's new book *A Speckled Bird* is not at once apparent. For several chapters it seems to be the same old story over which boarding-school girls of a generation ago shed tears. The heroine is introduced with a flourish of the same old adjectives:

Under delicate, level brows her large dark eyes—chataigne in some lights, almost black at times—were set rather far apart in an oval face whose exquisitely clear, pure pallor was stained only by the healthy rich red of slender lips that had a treacherous trick of quivering when any strong emotion stirred the deeps of her heart.

Of the hero, the adjectives tell us:

The dark steel-blue grey eyes—with no hint of yellow—which his Scotch father gave him, lost something of their penetrating brilliance under the long jet lashes that, with black brows and thick clustering hair his mother had contributed, and his naturally clear olive skin had been weather-tanned in various climates to a browner tint.

Anybody who doubts that the creator of *Beulah* has lost her grip upon classical allusions has only to read *A Speckled Bird's* description of a Broadway crowd:

Down the double railway track flowed a human stream panting to reach the fray, eager

*A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. New York: The Dillingham Company.

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to witness the struggle as old Romans who fought for places under the velarium and shrieked "Habet!"

And the titles! Mrs. Evans Wilson has suffered no change of heart there—not the lords and ladies of Laurajean-libbyism, but all the handles to a name that the land o' the free allows. Every male member of her *dramatis personae* who isn't Judge or General is Senator or Governor. The elegant English of *A Speckled Bird* knows no bounds, just as it knew them not in the days of *Vashti* and *St. Elmo*. The hero's "mental trend was toward scientific studies, and his dominant scheme of investigation embraced the elusive problems of anthropology." The heroine, upon returning to her native heath, "missed keenly the effectively massed mental activity that shrewdly focussed all lights on national questions, political policies and diplomatic legerdemain in Washington, and especially the stimulating intellectual ozone, the sharpening friction of perpetual debate in Congressional circles." Latin quotations of such recondite brand as *Deus ex machina* and *Labor omnia vincit* sprinkle every page just as of yore. All the hallmarks of the old-fashioned school of fiction in its most impossible, perishable form are there; the trail of the high-priestess of that school, Mrs. Evans Wilson, is over it all.

But with all these familiar things there is something unfamiliar—something new. The heroine of *A Speckled Bird* is college-bred. Her very name, "Eglah," is a concession to the new fashion for old fashions. The prig of a hero has his typewriters, telephones and automobiles. "I thought you scientists . . . had reduced souls and minds to mere 'reflex sensory' action and 'cerebral sinuousities' and 'psychoplasm,' and 'inherited instincts,' and 'deposits of phosphorus'," says one character—a woman. Where in all *Infelice* will you find a woman that talks like that? Woman suffrage itself is deemed a foe worthy Mrs. Evans Wilson's steel and she takes a rap at it as follows:

> In other days before higher education, club culture and female rights had abolished home life, domestic sanctity and fireside lararium, all good women held Clytemnestra the infamous archetype of feminine depravity; but the doctrine of "equality" lowers the old high standards, and the new code reads: "She had as good a right to Ægisthus as Agamemnon to Chryseis."

Trusts, labour unions, socialism, single tax, revolutionary religions—all these signs of the times have wandered into the story, much as a cat wanders into a strange garret, it is true, but being there, they make *A Speckled Bird* what it is, the old-fashioned novel brought up to date. As such, the book is a distinct contribution to the day's literature. Consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Evans Wilson has been worked upon by the spirit of the times. That the result has all the effect of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, enrolled in the ballet, or Rip Van Winkle running an automobile, is not her fault. It is hard to teach old hens new clucks. Mrs. Evans Wilson's college-bred heroine is graduated before she is twenty. A chiffonier furnishes the judge's library, and the high-bred hero says "lady-friend." In her frantic effort to keep up with the procession, the Marie Corelli of our mother's time has appropriated all the threadbare properties of latter-day fiction. The very characters, while types, are not taken from life; their originals may be recognised in any undeservedly popular novel of the past few years. If the college-bred type of girl is one proof of this, the John Storm type of man, without which few stories are successful nowadays, is another. So is the female anarchist who looked like Juno, by the way; so also is the corruptible Congressman. The realistic school of writing receives the sincerest flattery—imitation. What are we coming to, pray, when a sister-heroine of Inez faces her father "cool and firm as a granite gargoyle"? Or when it is recorded of a newly-wed pair just starting on their bridal trip, "Both wound their watches"? In the general jumble some pet traditions of the author's own get shaken up. A stern parent's eyes so far forget themselves as to "shine like those of a cat in some dim corner." Never in former tales from this pen have the eyes of any character sunk so low. Their models were nothing less than lions and tigers. Indeed, the eyes referred to, recovering themselves a page or so farther on,

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"gleam like those of a jaded, hunted, forest animal."

Can it be that *A Speckled Bird* in all its up-to-dateness is but a sop to a commercial Cerberus? (a figure sure to appeal to the author)—a desperate effort to regain a one-time vogue? We prefer to think otherwise. The infection of our age is strong. It has driven the literary recluse out of existence; it has turned the impractical starveling of a poet into a prosperous politician. *A Speckled Bird* is a fresh phase of the new order of things—literary things in particular. It is the old-fashioned novel in its most preposterous form—with all the modern improvements. *Helen Clarkson.*

III.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "THE RIVER."*

"Humanity grows concerned with Dart." To people with a legend "the noblest stream in all the West Country" is the object, real and expressed, of *The River*. To reveal the mystical, yet none the less discernible, effect of Dart upon the men and women living on the neighbouring hills; to show, with the positiveness born of absolute familiarity, how the inhabitants of Dartmore exist under the sway of the stream and the forest—this was evidently the purpose that Mr. Phillpotts had in mind when he planned the book, and which he kept ever before him as he wrote. The recurrence and contrast of the two ideas: the beauty and changeableness of nature and the changeableness and moral beauty of man, make the purpose clear, even though we have not the author's own testimony to the fact.

There is something large and suggestive of mastery in this simple and familiar idea. When one finds in reading the book that the writer not only sticks to his theme consistently, with the expenditure of a prodigious deal of labour, and that he narrows the field of his study to three or four principal characters, as if to force the truth of the matter upward, free and clear of all entangling circumstances, one feels a degree of respect for the work. It might otherwise appear less worthy.

*The River. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The F. A. Stokes Company.

"Worthy" is, perhaps, the strongest word of praise to be spoken concerning *The River*. Nothing is so difficult, nothing so takes the measure of a man intellectually and publishes it, as the attempt to deal with the rude force of Nature and with the natural man. It is scarcely possible to do this without, in most cases, becoming very tiresome through failure to impart life to the massive creation, or perhaps ridiculous because of the heroical strain which the subject seems to exact from novelists.

In *Sons of the Morning* Mr. Phillpotts showed his ability to interest and to hold the reader by means of a rather sensational, but by no means commonplace, combination of persons and events. His intense application to detail—there were mountains of phrases frowning everywhere upon the reader in his helplessness—could not wear out one's patience quite, because the theme on the whole was interesting.

But *The River* is not a river at all; it is an avalanche.

> From the granite centres of the hills headlong down the rocky places, boiling, shrieking over steeps and shallows like a Fury with lightning in her hair, she (Dart) came. From the playground of the wind, from the hidden secrets of her springs, swollen to a torrent, swelled to ungovernable cataracts, she poured herself between the heights; and the noise of her passing was mingled with the thunder, with the reverberations and concussions of the air and the repetitions of the earth. Her hoarse ravings ascended to the sky, and, borne by echoing ravines and crags, fell upon the frightened ear; her maniac shout knelled death and disaster, and set the husbandmen shaking for their beasts. Into the valley she rolled, and rioted even as high as the branches of the trees that shadowed her; her locks of foam were tawny and her current black.

In this manner Dart conducts herself. The style is in itself obnoxious, with its pompous and meaningless verbiage. The matter is prelude to tragedy in this instance, but this fact is of no importance. Examples might be multiplied of this sort of intoned imposition on the rights of novel readers; of this hollow-sounding stuff which is connected with the real development of the theme by so slight a

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thread that the dead-weight hangs heavy upon the reader until it is supportable no longer. "Swollen to a torrent, swelled to ungovernable cataracts," is but one instance in a thousand of the manner in which this gigantic pile of words is built up. It ought to be apparent at this stage of the development of fiction that "word-pictures of this kind are crude and raw to the point of puerility.

Nicholas Edgecombe, an Homeric individual dwelling among "immortal things"—that is, in the forest and by the river—is the main character in *The River*. The villain in the drama is a gentleman farmer, Timothy Oldrewi, who is an essentially bad young man having momentary flashes of virtue. Hannah Bradridge, "tall, full-blooded, with sleepy eyes and strong, budding passions . . .," is the heroine, and her faithlessness in shifting her affections back and forth between the farmer and the warrener is the moving spring of the narrative. This innkeeper's daughter is convincing, a well-drawn figure, considered broadly, as a specimen of the kind of woman that may exist beside the Dart. So are they all well drawn in the sense that the portraits are consistent, the talk of a sort apparently indigenous to the soil of those parts, the mental mannerisms faithfully and fully set down. The sole bar to the reader's enjoyment of these manifestations of humanity is their monotony through constant repetition. But Mr. Phillpotts knows no bounds to this enthusiasm for the portrayal of the things he sees; he has an arm of steel and a grip like iron; he is absolutely tireless, agitating like some human piston-rod and everlastingly driving on.

Edgecombe wrestling with himself (in the Scriptural sense) on Longaford Tor; Scobhull, Trout, Merryweather, Vosper, Jan Barker and the rest "winding away with their you'ms and 'esses, ban'ts and other yokel forms of expression at the Ring o' Bells of an evening; Dart herself cuddling, dimpling, twinkling, on her shining course—all these matters are pleasing for a time, but how monotonous they become in trivial repetition.

So Mr. Phillpotts, unconsciously of course, plays fast and loose with his audience and with his own work. A competent person skilled in the use of the blue pencil could bring form and meaning out of the over-large mass that is here presented—by cutting out two-thirds of it. Relieved of its dead-weight of prolixity, the real matter of the novel would be revealed clearly in the bold outlines of its intrinsic excellence. *Carl Hovey.*

IV.

Miss Forsslund's "The Ship of Dreams."*

The literary map of the United States is being rapidly filled in. Every now and then a new author puts forth a claim which is quickly recognised and noted, that is, if the claim is a worthy one. Hereafter Louise Forsslund will be associated with that part of Long Island which lies about the Great South Bay:

> . . . the sleepy little Long Island hamlet of Meadowneck, straggling down from an elbow-like crook in the South Country Road between meadows on the south and piney forests on the north, finally to halt on the west bank of Ponsopogue River and nod across the narrow stream at its contemporary, Pepperidge Manor, had moved so slowly during the course of the fifty years that precede this story that, had you awakened from his half-century sleep one of the many that lie mouldering in the family graveyards of Meadowneck, he would have merely rubbed his eyes as he looked about and said:
>
> "Guess I slept pretty late this morning."

The village "store" is the same to-day as it was eighty years ago, and so is the post-office, "which still shows by the arrangement of the two front doors that it is a dwelling as well as a place of business." In this little village, innocent as it may appear, sin and suffering have left their unmistakable stamp. In such a narrow world there is never but one chance for any one. The madhouse and the poorhouse are the inevitable destinations of the weak creatures who have fallen by the wayside. It is fifty years since Mad Nancy was brought to Pepperidge Manor by its mistress "to work and drudge and slave from morning until night"; since this same Mad Nancy was driven to the poorhouse by Barnabas Fanning, one of the sons of the Manor.

*The Ship of Dreams. By Louise Forsslund. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

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When the story opens, Mad Nancy is a well-known figure in Meadowneck, where she lives with her son and his wife and their seven sons and one daughter. This daughter Imogen, otherwise known as the Little Red Princess, is the heroine. Beautiful in form and face and full of day-dreams, this child-woman is a veritable little princess who has stepped out of a fairy tale to lend romance and charm to a story of the commonplace. Up in Pepperidge Manor there is one Robert Fanning, nephew of Barnabas. When he and the Little Red Princess meet he forgets that she is a sister of water pirates and grand-daughter of Mad Nancy, and she forgets the curse that her family have hurled upon all who should bear the name of Fanning. The love-story of the king and his princess; of how he nearly loses his crown forever, and of how his true love for her removes the curse from the Manor, are all charmingly told by the author. Perhaps to some, however, the book's greatest attraction will be found in reading of the odd types which hang about the village. Daddy Danes, known as "Old Gol," and his wife, Pernelia B., who doles out six peppermint drops for a cent with the latest bit of gossip; Simple Simon, who cares for the Little Red Princess when she is lost to all those who love her, are all very real.

The author of *The Ship of Dreams* has individuality. Her book makes an impression, and, notwithstanding certain faults, it will not be put aside with the vast number of mediocre books forgotten as soon as they are read.

F. M. Holly.

HERE AND THERE

The Political Situation.

The summer months invariably bring a lull in the political, as well as in the business and the social world. Politicians are only human; and, like the rest of us, they need a little repose at times; and even if they did not, they would find in summer no one to pay attention to them, however madly they might continue pounding on the cymbals and the drum. Even the newspapers give only a perfunctory attention to the nation's business, and fill their editorial pages with strenuous essays on the automobile as a social force, the degeneracy of Newport, and the tendencies of æstival fiction. The summer has, however, now drawn to a close, and the tide of national activity is once more flowing full. The present time is, therefore, an auspicious one for summing up the most striking indications of the moment, with a view to forming an opinion as to what the immediate future has in store.

The central figure in the field of national politics is just now the figure of the President; not merely because of his recent progress through the country with its incidental speech-making, but because of the fact that he has made a record for himself and because already the din of the next Presidential contest is beginning to be heard, as when two armies slowly gather in their outposts and sluggishly converge upon the chosen field of battle. It is just a year since Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States. In that year he has had ample time to pass through the period of comparative inaction which decorum imposes upon a President who owes his elevation to the death of his predecessor, and to initiate a policy stamped with the impress of his own ideas. It is fair to say that Mr. Roosevelt, in his public capacity, has gratified his countrymen without distinction of party, and that he has agreeably surprised the very large number of citizens who had believed him to be far too impetuous and impulsive a person to be safely intrusted with the enormous power which to-day is wielded by the American Executive. When President

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McKinley died, something like a shiver went through many good Republicans, who in imagination saw his constitutional successor defying all the nations of the earth, plunging headlong into senseless wars, overriding both houses of Congress, and inaugurating the military despotism which so grievously disturbed the dreams of poor Mr. Bryan in the summer of 1900.

It is rather difficult to see just why any student of Mr. Roosevelt's previous political career should have so absurdly failed to understand him. For, if anything, Mr. Roosevelt has always shown a decided disposition toward conservatism and political conventionality. In private life he is as fond as any boy of "playing robbers," of exploding firecrackers, so to speak, and of giving imitations of the wild *ranchero*. But that is only his idea of fun. Whenever he has felt the responsibility of public office he has suddenly transformed himself from the untamed colt into the steady-going wheel-horse, with little thought of kicking over the traces of his party. As Governor of New York, he kept on the best of terms with Mr. Platt; and the element of the spectacular was never found in any of his public acts. And so, as President, everything in his official life has been characterised not only by sobriety of judgment, but by dignity, good taste and excellent common-sense. And he has done much more than escape serious criticism. Many of his executive acts have won the cordial approval of men of every faction. His appointments to office have been admirable. His impartial, humane and effective handling of the difficult questions arising out of our possession of the Philippines has wonderfully cleared the air, and has reduced the petty faction of Anti-Imperialists to political impotency by depriving them of any food on which to fatten. His loyalty to Cuban independence, and his earnest effort to carry out to the very letter the pledges imposed upon our nation by every sentiment of honour—these have also been worthy of unqualified admiration. Moreover, it has been a source of no slight satisfaction to find in the President one whose early training and associations have given him an interest in things that are not purely political and material. Since the few months of Garfield's presidency there has been no occupant of the White House who really knew anything about the world of art and literature and learning. Mr. Roosevelt is not exactly a scholar in politics, as some say, any more than he is a cowboy in politics, as others prefer to think. He has, however, the cultivated tastes of an educated man; and he has surrounded himself with a circle of friends who represent the best and most civilising influences in American life. When one recalls the stock-jobbers, the army contractors, the parasites and the horsey vulgarians who swarmed around Grant in the days of his presidency, it is with a feeling of wonder and relief that we hear of the men eminent in science, literature and education who are so often found in President Roosevelt's *entourage*. One feels that here is something like a national recognition of elements which are of the first importance to the country's moral and intellectual growth, yet which have hitherto been either forgotten or else despised by our chief magistrates. That the President has a knowledge of how things should be done is also not to be undervalued. It was a small matter in itself, perhaps, yet when Prince Henry of Prussia visited the United States as the personal representative of his imperial brother, what American was not pleased that the Prince was not to meet in Washington a chief executive of the type of old President Buchanan, who could find no fitter way of entertaining the Prince of Wales than to take him to his bedroom and smoke fat black cigars with him for hours at a time? A large section of the American people, including especially those who are supposed to have some *savoir faire*, conducted themselves àpropos of Prince Henry like a herd of wild asses; but it is a comfort to know that in Washington, and so far as the head of the government was concerned, every official function was carried out with the stately decorum which befitted alike the rank of our guest and the dignity of the Republic.

President Roosevelt's most valuable political asset, however, is not his administrative record in itself, not his formulated policy. What counts for more than anything else with the people is the firm conviction which they have acquired that the President is absolutely honest

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and sincere—that he is "square." This conviction has sunk deeper and deeper into their minds with every act and every utterance of the man. No one claims for him the possession of extraordinary ability—the eloquence of a Gladstone, the profound sagacity of a Bismarck, the constructive genius of a Hamilton—but every one does cherish the most intense belief that he is loyal and truthful and high-minded, that he is always striving to do what he honestly believes to be the fair thing, the best thing—the thing that is right. And it is because of this universal confidence, so far as the President is concerned, that there is absolutely no touch of bitterness in our political life to-day. His political opponents may assail his policy, but they have no harsh abuse for him. The cartoonists deal with him wholly in a spirit of good-natured fun. The people at large would pardon many a mistake were he to make them; for his motives would not be misrepresented, nor the uprightness of his purpose questioned.

Hence it is that there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Roosevelt will receive his party's nomination for the Presidency at the next National Convention. There may be politicians, such as Mr. Platt and certain other discontented Senators, who would like to have it otherwise, and they may try to throw some doubt upon the matter now; but they will be among the foremost to acclaim him as their choice when the Convention meets. For Mr. Roosevelt has the people with him, and he can snap his fingers at this little knot of subterranean intriguers.

As he is certain to be nominated, so we think that he is certain to be elected. While many things may happen in the next two years, it would seem to be impossible for the Democrats to pull themselves together and make even the semblance of a winning fight. Long ago, before Disraeli took its leadership, the Conservative party in England came to be described by every one as "the stupid party." It was, indeed, the odium of this derisive name which at last led it to accept the guidance of the clever Jew who had, if not a political conscience, at any rate brains, audacity and unlimited fertility of resource. In our country the Democrats for more than thirty years have been the stupid party. On almost every question they have been perversely wrong. There has seldom been an opportunity which they have not lost. There is no conceivable blunder which they have not made. Their whole course has been almost one unbroken record of folly, inefficiency and crass stupidity. During the Civil War, although the Union ranks were full of patriotic Democrats, the party leaders talked disloyalty and named for office traitors like Vallandigham. In 1864 they had something of a chance to rehabilitate themselves. To us of the present day it seems as though the second election of Lincoln was one of the things which were inevitable; yet such was by no means the case. Men's minds were then confused by the passions of the moment and could not clearly see the one great issue as we see it now. The nation was distraught by the horrors of the war, which seemed almost too great to bear and of which no end was yet in sight. Many patriotic citizens believed the Administration to be inefficient. Many others resisted the arbitrary war measures which, though they were necessary to success, were extra-constitutional, and offensive to American traditions. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, the arrests of private citizens without legal warrant, their indefinite imprisonment in fortresses, the ill-timed boast of Seward about his "little bill," the apparent levity of the President in the midst of disasters and defeats—all these things fostered the growth of a powerful opposition, and played into the hands of the Democratic managers. Yet they had not the sense to profit by their opportunity. They nominated, indeed, as their candidate the Union general who was at that time universally popular with the army, but in doing so they had the incredible folly to declare in their platform that the war was a failure—a declaration which McClellan himself at once repudiated, to his own honour but to the annihilation of the fools who by that single utterance drove every Union man back to the side of Lincoln.

When the war ended there were various issues, and also various ways of plunging into new disaster. The Democrats promptly chose the way which sank them deeper in the mire by favouring the

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practical repudiation of the national debt. This knavish impulse kept them out of office for another eight long years, until in 1872 they had a chance to do the nation a great service and to atone for past mistakes. The scandals which attended President Grant's first administration had estranged some of the ablest men of the Republican Party, and these looked to the Democrats to aid them in rebuking nepotism and every other form of government by favour. Here was a golden opportunity for the Democrats to show sagacity and statesmanship, and thus obliterate the memory of past mistakes. But the Stupid Party once more showed itself incapable, and when it might have chosen as its candidate a high-minded and accomplished statesman like Charles Francis Adams, whose services to the Republic had been priceless, it deliberately stultified itself by the grotesque nomination of old Horace Greeley—a man by temperament and training conspicuously unfitted for high office, as he was one who had exhausted the resources of our language in his picturesque denunciation of the Democratic Party. In 1876, the debauched condition of the public service under Grant's second administration made thousands of Republicans hope for an opposition candidate whom they could conscientiously support. They found him, for once, in Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Tilden was undoubtedly elected on the face of the returns. The Republican managers strove by trickery to reverse the result of the election. Had the Democrats stood firm and quietly insisted on their rights, public sentiment would have been with them, and the unscrupulous juggling of the Southern returning boards would only have strengthened the national demand for justice. Yet precisely at the time when the Republicans were putting themselves hopelessly in the wrong it was made clear that the Democrats as well were dabbling in fraudulent intrigue, and some exceedingly suspicious cipher telegrams were afterward traced to sources very near to Mr. Tilden. The moral advantage which the Democrats had hitherto possessed now vanished, and the country, in disgust at the whole revel of rascality, stood by unmoved and watched the counting in of Hayes.

In 1884, Mr. Cleveland was elected mainly through dissension in the Republican Party; and when these dissensions had been allayed, the Republicans, in 1888, once more returned to power. Yet Mr. Cleveland had succeeded in giving to his party a new issue, or rather two new issues, both of which were popular. The first was the issue of the tariff, whose injustice had been pointed out and its reform advised by two Republican Presidents. The second issue was the issue of the Trusts. The name at that time had not yet come into popular use, but the thing existed, and the evils resulting from the arrogance of concentrated wealth had been pointed out by Mr. Cleveland in that famous message of his wherein he spoke of what he somewhat infelicitously styled "the communism of capital." These two issues were essentially related just as they are to-day; and the country was so stirred by the presentation of them, that Mr. Cleveland, in 1892, was swept into office by an immense majority, and on a platform which advocated a revision of the tariff as a check to the growing dangers of monopoly. For the first time in over thirty years the Democratic Party had a President of its own choice, and a working majority in both houses of Congress. Here at last was a splendid opportunity to carry out its pledges, to show true statesmanship, and to consolidate its power by justifying the confidence of the country. Yet once again the Democratic Party showed itself to be the Stupid Party, fatuous and factional, incapable of rising to the level of its leader. A more pitiful and more contemptible exhibition of incompetence, American political history has never witnessed. In four short years the party's solemn promises had been utterly forgotten, its solidarity had been destroyed, its chief had been repudiated, and a large section of its members had gone off on a wild goose chase which drove it, under the frantic guidance of Mr. Bryan to wallow in the mire of financial madness and political ruin.

Two years ago, we said that the issue of the Trusts was the only issue upon which the Democrats had any chance of coming back to power. Had Mr. Bryan in 1896 fought his whole fight over this one ques-

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tion, it is likely that he might have been victorious. Even in 1900, in spite of his well-known financial heresies, had he kept these in the background and asked the people for a verdict on the Trusts he would at least have made a better showing, and would have consolidated his party's strength for the campaign of 1904. Through a most extraordinary infatuation he clung to his exploded theories; and, as though he were actually riding for a fall, he committed his followers to a most unpatriotic attitude in relation to our struggle in the Philippines. When the election came he received his just deserts; for what is due to wilful folly save humiliation and defeat?

At the present time the Democratic Rip Van Winkles are rubbing their bleared eyes and waking to the fact that the real issue, the winning issue, the one that is burning in the hearts of millions of Americans, might have been theirs and might have given them the victory six years ago. The resentment against the abuse of consolidated capital and against the wanton insolence of wealth is ten times stronger in the hearts of men today than it was when Mr. Cleveland wrote his letter on the occasion of the Homestead strike. But the Democrats cannot appeal to this resentment—or, at least, not now. Mr. Roosevelt has snatched that issue from their hesitating hands; and until the next campaign it will be his alone. His recent speeches have led the people to believe that he is ready to do battle with the Trusts; and because they know that he is quite sincere, and because they look upon him as essentially a fighting man, they are willing to wait and see what he will do. Now, of course, as a matter of fact, he will in reality do nothing whatsoever. He thinks he will; but in the first place, he has obviously formed no clear conception of what it is that he would like to do. He cannot even specify the evils which he vaguely says flow from the Trusts. In the second place he practically admits that very little can be expected from Congress under existing conditions. This shows, at any rate, that Mr. Roosevelt has learned a lesson from his recent experience with the Senate. He started in so jauntily some months ago to force a bill through Congress for reciprocity with Cuba. It was so evidently the right thing to do that he was certain of its being done at once. Then the sly old foxes in the Senate took the matter up, and gave the President little by little a taste of their quality. They were bland and smooth, and they let him have just enough encouragement to keep him from doing anything rash. Some of the blandest and smoothest of them took the reciprocity matter under their especial charge, and the President was very grateful. To be sure, there was a great deal of delay, but that was naturally to be expected. Time was needed to win over the opposition. Many conferences were necessary before so important a matter could be arranged. And so forth and so forth. Finally the end of the session came, and the bland and smooth ones suddenly burked the President's pet measure and then told him with voices full of sorrow that it was a dreadful shame, but that it couldn't possibly have been helped. In this way was the confiding Mr. Roosevelt egregiously fooled by his own party, and all for the sake of just one of the protected industries. No wonder that he despairs of getting any effective help from Congress when he touches the gigantic combination of all the elements of the money power. Hence, he proposes a constitutional amendment, which is the same as suggesting the thirty-first of February as a fitting time for action.

It is impossible to take other than a cynical view of the whole situation at the present time. Mr. Roosevelt has made his own the one issue that can really interest the people. He is thundering tremendously in the index with regard to Trusts, and the poor, simple-minded souls who hear him, really think that he is a young David among statesmen, defying the giants of monopoly and of purchased privilege. The giants themselves, however, are decidedly complacent. Everything is happening precisely as they would wish to have it. They are delighted to let Mr. Roosevelt abuse them, for in that way he will get himself elected for another term, when they will go on comfortably heaping up their money and putting it where it will do them the most good, amusing him, perhaps, with talk about a constitutional amendment. It is a curious paradox that Mr. Roosevelt's own honesty and sin-

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cerity are precisely what is deceiving a majority of the American people. For this majority will elect him to succeed himself because they believe in his intentions, and do not stop to question his capacity for transforming these intentions into acts. It will be several years before they wake up to a recognition of the fact that no Republican will ever really touch the Trusts. When they have so awakened, another chance will come to the Democracy. The very issue which is now, in Mr. Roosevelt's hands, assuring to him and to his party success in 1904, will prove the downfall of that party in 1908. The President's denunciations of the money-power will then be quoted to his confusion; for they will be read in the light of his failure to grapple with that power and overthrow it. Six years from now the tide will once more be running strongly against the party of the tariff and the Trusts. The great Trust issue must finally be fought with whetted blades of steel, and not with swords of tin. Then the Democrats will substitute new leaders for the discredited party hacks who are too much in evidence to-day, and they will stand up squarely and unflinchingly for a cause that is the people's, or else once more they will return into the old morasses and become again for many years the stupid party.

H. T. P.

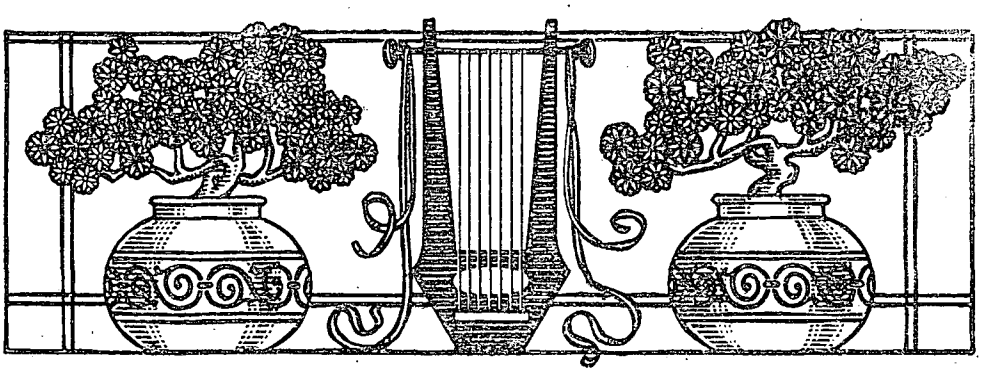
THE STORM

I came to you where, drenched with brine,
You watched our granite shore,
Where cold between your face and mine
The stinging tempest tore.

We watched estranged; but while we gazed,
Those teeth of granite ground
A ship that struck, and sank, and raised,
And ten poor sailors drowned.

Then with a little cry of dread,
A sob of sudden pain,
You crept to me, and lo! the Dead
Brought life to Love again!

Arthur Stringer.



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THE FIRST COMPLETE ENGLISH EDITION OF THE POEMS OF LEO XIII.

Aside from the fact that the *Collected Poems, Charades and Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII.*, translated and annotated by Dr. Hugh T. Henry, covers chronologically eighty years of the life of the august author, and includes probably a very rare curiosity in literature—that "marvel of beauty, dignity and earnestness"—the ode to "The Opening Century," written in the Pontiff's ninetieth year, it happily demonstrates that the ancient charm of Latin verse still survives in the Eternal City as natural a form of expression as is the modern Italian tongue. Allowing that translation is powerless to preserve the aroma of the original, the editor has brought to this labour of love all that might be expected of a scholar reputed to be "one of the most eminent living translators of Latin verse."

To Andrew Lang's translation of the *Epistola ad Fabricium* cabled to the New York *World* in 1897, the general American reading public was indebted for its first knowledge of the poetical attainments of Leo XIII. It prepared the way for the ode to "The Opening Century," which appeared three years later and has since been translated into many languages, Andrew Lang and Francis Thompson taking the lead among the host of its translators into English.

The ode found in the United States a correct and vigourous version from William Hayes Ward, editor of the *Independent*, who expressed deep admiration for the extraordinary illustration it furnishes of the intellectual powers of a nonagenarian Pontiff.

The basis of Dr. Henry's volume is the first collected poems of His Holiness which appeared in 1883 (*Udine*). It was an Italian translation, edited by Professor Brunelli of the University of Perugia, of which city Cardinal Pecci was Archbishop. Ten years later Brunelli published a second edition, which he supplemented in 1897 with poems resurrected from obsolete Latin and Italian reviews. The first English edition was published in this country in 1886. It was a translation of the Brunelli edition of three years previous with the addition of a few later verses, the whole making about one-third of Dr. Henry's volume, which includes poems written as early as 1822. Subsequently there were scattered translations, the most important being from the pen of Walter Anderson, S.J., which were incorporated into the *Life of Leo XIII.*, edited by John Oldcastle (Wilfred Meynell, the husband of Alice Meynell, the distinguished English essayist). The Brunelli edition of 1883 was translated also into German and Spanish, but without note or comment. It remained for Dr. Henry to complete and annotate the collection to date. The notes are not only a chronological record of the development of the Pope's muse, his versatile fancy, his marvellous life and labours, but they reflect, as do the verses, the inner heart of the man, the priest and the Pontiff.

Simplicity is the book's keynote. Consider the "Epithalamium," written in 1897:

EPITHALAMIUM.*

(1897.)

Two hearts—twin altars—claim
A single love-lit flame:
You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul—
Love silent on them stole
And gained complete control.

Sweeter its victory,
When virtue's laws decree
Inviolate loyalty!

At Mary's shrine they bow,
A mutual troth to vow
In love made holier now.

What more? I end my lay,
Heaven's choicest gifts to pray
On this, their wedding day.

In the epistle *Ad Fabricium Rufum* (1897), in which His Holiness, while discoursing learnedly on frugality and long life, shares with the reader his own humble fare, many will doubtlessly find the gem of the collection. It is the quin-

*On the nuptials of Alphonsus Sterbini and Giulia Pizzirani.

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tessence of the humour that permeates the volume, and "hums," to quote the editor, "with echoes of the Epistles and Satires of Horace":

ON FRUGALITY AND LONG LIFE.

(Epistle to Fabricius Rufus.)

That meat and drink might health and strength confer,
And happy life, Ofellus, follower
And careful student of Hippocrates,
Was wont to frame such thoughtful rules as these
(Pointing the moral with men's gluttonies):
Seek neatness first: although the board be spare,
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair;
And be thy vintage purest of the pure,
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure
That shall both friends and wholesome mirth ensure.
Be frugal here, however; nor decline
To put a frequent water to your wine.
O crystal drops that heaven from ocean lifts
To shower on earth the best of nature's gifts!
Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,
And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl, and lamb, and ox (but first be sure
They're tender!); nor with plenteous garniture
Of spice and pickle play the epicure!
Next have the beakers foaming to the brim
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim.
No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage
The thirst of childhood or declining age.
Let golden honey be thy daintier fare:
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share.
Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town—
Hard boiled or soft, or fried to savory brown,
Or poached, or dropped, or sipped raw from the shell,
Or done in ways too numerous to tell.
Add herbs and salads to the feast—
* * * * * * *
Bring forth the clustered fruitage of the vine—
* * * * * * *
Have plums and pears * * *
With red-cheeked apples * * *
And last, delicious fragrance of the East!
With cups of steaming Mocha close the feast;
But taste the amber with a lingering lip—
No hasty draught!—'twas made for gods to sip!
Now if you diet thus, why, I'll engage,
You've found the secret of a green old age."

The original text is given on one page and the translation on the opposite page, affording ready opportunity for comparison, while the notes appended are rich in historical, critical and exegetical information.

The volume should be interesting to the student of verse, since the Pope employs most skilfully and felicitously many metres—hexameters, pentameters, iambics, dimeters, hendecasyllabics, Sapphics, Alcaics, the elegiac couplet and Ambrosian quantitative stanzas.

An unbound volume was forwarded to Pope Leo XIII., but he will not receive it until it has been bound in white vellum and stamped with the Papal coat of arms, as prescribed by Vatican etiquette. Unaware of this formula, President Roosevelt, when he presented his complete works to His Holiness, had them bound in the highest art American bookbinding could command. When the books reached the Vatican, however, the authorities overcame the ancient prerogative by having them inclosed in a white vellum case stamped with the Papal arms, and in this guise they finally passed into the Pope's hands. *Lida Rose McCabe.*

SONG, FLOWER AND PEARL

They say the subtle ill that breeds the pearl
Plants in the heart the poet's germ of song;
That in great Ganges' inlets lotes unfurl,
Though flowerless sweeps his sacred tide along.

Thomas Walsh.

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DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The severer critics seldom own up to any emotions they cannot defend, and if a play does not give them a proper quality of pleasure they would have you think it gave them no pleasure at all. Yet we would swear we have seen them taking a genuine and fatuous interest in matters that the next morning they will revile. It is the curse of a critical nature that the emotions are too soon overtaken by the intellect; but fortunately with most of us there is an interval of primitive *abandon*. In the three new plays produced here during the first week of the season (to which brief period this commentary is necessarily confined) there was much that criticism would instantly annihilate. You had to keep your mind entirely out of it to have any fun. Yet this was not the view of the audiences, for their enthusiasm rose highest at the very weakest spots. At *The New Clown*, for instance, certain music-hall features, interpolated by the management, were hailed as joyfully as the best parts of the play itself.

The playwright, Mr. H. M. Paull, had put into it material for an hour's entertainment, but it was spun out into three acts, and padded with jockey songs and vaudeville having no more to do with the action than an interlude of fireworks or Swiss bell-ringing. It was a mere farce, with just substance enough for a good curtain-raiser; but it contained some bright lines and two or three amusing situations, and the good work of Mr. Jameson Lee Finney in the title *rôle* almost redeemed it even in its present form. His part was that of a nervous and finical young nobleman, recalling the Dundreary or Cholmondeley type, who, as the result of an absurd and quite impossible mistake, believes he has murdered his friend, and to escape pursuit disguises himself as a clown and obtains employment at a circus. It would have been easy to turn it into the noisiest kind of low comedy. But he gave it quietly, gracefully, with no pounding in of the obvious, but with distinction and a pleasing humour throughout. As a stage type, this foppish and insipid person, with all sorts of latent virtues and powers that emerge at the proper crisis, was familiar to the Chaldees, and to give it a touch of novelty must be something of a feat. But to return to the main grievance. Even an average play is too good to be interrupted by vaudeville below the average. Why mix the two things up? The same thing was done in the opposite way in *The Rogers Brothers in Harvard*, where a good, honest vaudeville was arrested every few minutes by irrelevant and unintelligible attempts at a plot. There was no use in trying to be sensible. People were in the spirit of vaudeville and wanted more of the Rogers brothers, and of rhymes like those on Broadway, where

> The blasting is reely
> As bad as Mont Pelée.

The first American play of the season was *Mrs. Jack*, a three-act comedy by Miss Grace Livingston Furniss, produced at Wallack's with Miss Alice Fischer in the leading part. The first-night audience was cordial, and the critics, though some of them were mildly scornful, predicted for it a success. Such success as it may have will be due solely to Miss Fischer and her company, especially to Miss Fischer herself. There is not a particle of originality in the play, and it fades from the mind the moment after like the details of some routine business. The heroine, Mrs. Jack, is a loud-voiced and coarse-fibred, but good-hearted, Western woman, who shocks her fashionable, but corrupt, New York relatives by her unconventional manners and impulsive benefactions. They are insolent and languid and conspicuously wicked, as is the way with fashionable relatives on the stage. There is a polished villain, but the polish comes off so frequently that it is impossible to understand Mrs. Jack's persistent confidence in him. By the iron law of stage necessity Mrs. Jack is horribly deceived by the most self-evident impostors, till suddenly the author lets her see through them and everything comes out right. Obtuseness in the presence of the grossly palpable is the essence of the plot, and theatrical tradition is the foundation of the characters. It was spoken of as a play of American life, and one hoped to get as near to our own manners as in *The Honourable John Grigsby*, or, perhaps, *Unleavened Bread*,

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but it is merely the inheritance of the American stage. Nevertheless there was enough in it to hold your interest, thanks chiefly to Miss Fischer's thorough mastery of her part, of which she made ten times as much as the author ever dreamed of, we believe. The cast generally was better than the play deserved, and Mr. Thomas Evans was especially good in his clever character sketch of a Bowery boxing teacher who ran a shop for painting black eyes as an adjunct to his business.

But after all, it seems foolish to apply any critical standards to a play like this —praising or blaming it for artistic qualities or the lack of them—where it has no more to do with the drama than the average book with literature. We have a horror of over-strenuousness in these matters, and never can believe that commonplace is the result of conspiracy, or quarrel with those who go to the theatre to be soothed. It is a mistake to criticise as a play what may be meant only as a poultice, or to complain of a lack of thought in a thing devised to put an end to thinking. Yet writers on the stage so confound the purposes of public exhibitions that it is a wonder they do not apply artistic canons to a foot-ball game. Again and again we have seen "good shows" slated by critics because they were "bad art." It is not a matter of standards, but of initial classification. And the average American play offers not nearly so many questions to dramatic criticism as it does to sociology.

In Mr. Isaac Henderson's new play, *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*, John Drew has to cope with formidable improbabilities. As Lord Lumley, absorbed in scientific research, he is obliged to neglect his young and beautiful wife, and, though retaining for her all the while the most ardent affection, to treat her outwardly as an obnoxious person. He is so dull or apathetic that he understands nothing of what is passing around him; does not notice his wife's vexation, though she makes it startlingly plain; does not see that pique is driving her straight into the toils of her unscrupulous Italian admirer who is conspicuously paying her court; and fails to comprehend the simplest language on this or any other subject. But presto! and this lumpish creature becomes a marvel of acumen, and henceforth you feel the affair is as safe with him as it would be with Sherlock Holmes. Conversing in the sign language with an Italian organ-grinder, he chances on information that puts the villain wholly in his power, for it seems that Lady Lumley's admirer is the object of the organ-grinder's vendetta, having ruined the latter's wife. By a bold and ingenious use of this advantage he rescues his wife from a most perilous situation, for she, though familiar with the usages of London society, has, in entire innocence, flown to her lover's rooms at midnight. Here, too, the probabilities groan under their burden, and the strain increases as her now Napoleonic husband by repeated masterstrokes rounds in on the villain and finally, by a miracle of insight, thwarts him and exposes him before his wife. It was wholly artificial, and the plot in its main outlines could be guessed from a point very early in the first act; but it was well worked out, with a good dialogue, several minor surprises, and an embroidering of certain old devices that made them seem new. John Drew was adequate, except in one small particular. As forgiving husband, with the erring wife very limp and contrite at his knee, he might have kept that patronising and self-complacent tone out of the long speech he made her. He had the air of a weary grandfather at this point. But long, sentimental, retrospective speeches after the climax is over are an abomination in themselves. Miss Margaret Dale, as Lady Lumley, appeared for the first time in a leading part, and made that fragile character more real and far more attractive than could have been expected. The other parts were well played, and Mr. Lionel Barrymore's rendering of the revengeful organ-grinder was especially well done. *Frank Moore Colby.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Some fifty or sixty letters have come to us during the past six months inquiring why we have given up the Letter-Box. We enjoyed getting these letters, because they didn't require any answer, and because they showed a healthy interest in our little controversies of the past. But as a matter of fact, the Letter-Box was never given up. It merely remained unopened for a while. The truth is that we have been out in the country watching things grow, and reading Conan Doyle. It is so easy not to do anything in particular that you get into the habit of it before you know it. But even if we had intended never to resume this particular department, we should have had to change our mind because of three communications which have come to us, any one of which would batter down the most adamantine resolution. The first of these communications touches our professional pride. The second one sweeps deftly the chords of our emotional nature. The third appeals to—well, you shall see.

The letter which touched our pride is from the gentleman from British Columbia, whom our former readers will remember well. Hereafter, however, we shall have to describe him as the gentleman from Seattle, for he has lately moved across the line. He is deep, this gentleman; for when he used to write to us he did it in a cold Canadian way, so that we really thought of him as distantly related to the lady from Halifax who had seen Americans do such dreadful things in drawing-rooms. Now it turns out that he is an American himself; and since he has moved down into what his late Canadian associates would call "the States" he writes in the most sprightly, not to say frivolous, manner. In fact, he even hints that he is rather glad to get away from Canada altogether. But what concerns us most is his intimation that we have discontinued the Letter-Box in order to get out of giving THE BOOKMAN banquet which is due in 1905. That is a pretty mean thing for this gentleman to say; especially when we have already begun pricking off the days on the calendar in our impatience to meet Mr. Israel U. Sage and the Clear White Souls, and the gentleman from British Columbia—we mean Seattle—himself.

The second communication is from Miss Carolyn Wells—still on pale-blue paper—and it is a poem. To us, mind you. We have never had a poem written to us by a lady until now, least of all by Miss Wells, and we are pretty proud of it. It is a ballade:

A BALLADE OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE BOOKMAN'S come! I raise a shout
Of welcome and of glad delight;
I cut its leaves without a doubt
That what I seek will greet my sight.
But o'er my soul there comes a blight,
A deficit my spirit mocks;
Alas! my heart is broken quite;
Where is THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box?

THE BOOKMAN'S learned screeds I flout,
I shrink from high poetic flight;
At *Reminiscences* I pout,
I'm bored by souls all clear and white.
I care not how the Yiddish write,
Nor how great fame was Paul de Kock's,
My interest in Balzac 's slight;
Where is THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box?

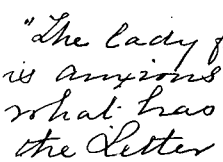
I love the gay and merry bout,
The witty tilt and wordy fight;
I love to see the well-earned knout
Descend on many a luckless wight,
Who, like a brave and valiant knight,
Accepts complacently his shocks
Without a thought of ire or spite.
Where is THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box?

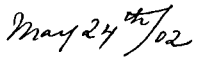
L'ENVOI:

Oh, Editor, I pray, indite,
As at thy door my spirit knocks,
An answer to my query trite,
Where is THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box?

Carolyn Wells.

The third communication affected us so much that we can't properly express our feelings; but our readers can sympathetically divine what they must be. Here it is:





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After this there is nothing to do but to pitch Conan Doyle over the fence, and stop watching things grow, and get right down to work.

I.

First of all, we had better take up the question of "all morning," "all week" and the other like expressions regarding which we put forth a timid paragraph in our August number. The following letters will interest our readers as much as they have interested us. The first comes from Philadelphia:

To THE LETTER-BOX: An article in your latest issue on the expressions "all week," "all month," etc., gave me much pleasure. My ears have been much afflicted of late with this barbarism, and with the absurd defense of it: "Why not 'all week' as well as 'all day,' 'all night'?"—as though analogy in such cases meant anything.

Use is the law of language, and I have sought in vain for any such use amongst good writers. I take that back with one reservation. I found it once in Stevenson, who, of course, is accepted as a master of style; but whether Stevenson is responsible for the innovation or whether his style was revised and corrected by some wise printer remains to be proved. Of course, our modern novels abound with instances, and so do our daily papers; but we hardly appeal to them as authorities.

I beg that you will continue to discuss the subject, that we may have some light upon the matter. I had looked upon it as a Pennsylvania provincialism, but I find that I am so far wrong, since the Irish antecedents of many in this State would not incline them to the omission of the article. *S.*

Another letter comes from Boston:

To THE LETTER-BOX: For several years I have been looking for a reference in some critical publication to the habit prevailing in fashionable society, especially among the women, of eliminating the words "a," "at" and "the" from their conversation and writing. I was, therefore, pleased to see your editorial in the August BOOKMAN on "all morning," with the request that your readers give you the result of their observations.

The habit of dropping the above words is very general in what is called "society." I frequently hear such expressions as "I was in Boston all morning," "I go Boston this afternoon," or "I go New York next week." I recently heard a woman who claimed to be "literary" tell her friend she would meet her "church door," leaving out both "at" and "the." I am just in receipt of a notice from the secretary of a club saying: "For further information address Secretary before Sept. 1st."

There seems to be no doubt about the impropriety of the above omissions, but how about this: "We came to New York next morning"? Should it be "the next morning"? How about the use of the words "proven" for "proved" and "gotten" for "got," particularly the last? "Gotten" is in very general use in place of "got." But I notice these persons to whom we would naturally refer as authority in such matters never use it, in speaking or writing, in this way.

It would be interesting to have the *Critic* discuss these things, but I would much prefer to have THE BOOKMAN do so.

The third, which is written in very cultivated chirography, comes from Oberlin, Ohio:

To THE LETTER-BOX: I was greatly interested in your speculation in the August BOOKMAN concerning the omission of the article in such expressions as "all morning," "all evening," "all year," because for some time I have been puzzled by the same thing. In correcting themes for a freshman class of about one hundred and seventy-five members I have found during the last year that the majority of them habitually omitted the article in time phrases like those mentioned. Almost without exception also they said "in High-School" instead of "in the High-School."

The peculiar thing about this change of idiom is the suddenness with which it has appeared. Before this year I had encountered only sporadic cases of it, and I am at a loss to understand how it has so quickly become epidemic. Already the new usage seems so firmly established with young people that to contend against it is somewhat like wielding Mrs. Partington's broom against the ocean. Perhaps however, after the fashion of other violent epidemics, this one may run its course and disappear as suddenly as it came.

Let us sum up the positive contributions made by these letters toward solving the question which we propounded. In the first place, it is obvious that our own theory was incorrect, and that this locution is not sporadic nor confined to

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a few, nor is it used solely in some small group of English-speaking persons. Our Philadelphia correspondent once held that view, but has found the Scotchman, Stevenson, omitting the article. We have likewise been informed that "all morning" occurs in the writings of the late John Addington Symonds, and we have ourselves discovered it in Conan Doyle. Moreover, the second letter shows that the usage prevails in Boston, and the third letter mentions it as common in Ohio. Hence, it can be neither local nor particularly recent. We are very much surprised at this fact; for, as we said in our August paragraph, we had never observed it until within the last year or two. Whether it is commendable or not is perhaps open to discussion, except, of course, where the preposition is omitted, this being pure slovenliness, and perhaps to be set down to careless enunciation. We are not inclined, however, to be very censorious about "all morning," "all week" and such expressions. They have a quaint little flavour to them, and besides, they are mostly used by young women, so that on the whole we think them rather fetching. As to "gotten" and "proven," they are archaic, but not objectionable.

II.

The following inquiry comes from White Plains, New York:

To the Letter-Box: Can you tell me where in Shakespeare's writings I will find the expression, "as a tale that is told."

I remember passing it, I think, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, but I have been unable to find it again.

Our correspondent is mistaken in ascribing the simile to Shakespeare. It is found in the ninth verse of the Ninetieth Psalm: "We spend our years as a tale that is told." In secular literature it occurs, perhaps as an unconscious quotation, in the fine paper on Westminster Abbey in Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*. This is the sentence:

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

III.

The following came to us in January from Princeton, New Jersey; so that long before this the bet has probably been declared off or else some other arbiter has been invoked. Nevertheless, we answer the question because we are so conscientious:

Will you kindly tell me which is correct:—"I shall sail on the *La Bretagne*," or I shall sail on *La Bretagne*"?

There is a bet of an oyster supper against some Burgundy up on your decision.

Either sentence is correct, but we should ourselves prefer to say: "I shall sail on the *Bretagne*."

IV.

From Atlanta, Georgia, comes a literary question:

After having quite a lengthy debate about *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, I ask you to please give me your opinion on the same. What do you think of the same morally?

It is a little late in the day to go back and review *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which is practically what our correspondent wishes us to do. As to Tess, however, if he will tell us the things that he thinks about it, we will tell him whether the things that he thinks about it are the same as the things that we think about it.

V.

A gentleman who writes from New Britain, Connecticut, takes us to task for something that we said almost a year ago. This is his letter:

To the Editor of the Letter-Box: Last January you wrote and published in The Bookman a sentence which contains an opinion that seems to me dangerous and reprobatable. I quote your very words: "If a person leads an orderly, harmless life and observes the law, he should not be molested even though he may be theoretically an Anarchist." Now I should like to ask you why he should not be molested.

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We don't know whether we can explain this matter to your satisfaction so that you will not think us "reprobatable"; but we will try to illustrate the matter by confiding to you a secret which no one has hitherto suspected. It is not known even to our most intimate associates that we are a cannibal. Such, however, is the case. You will, of course, remember that this admission is made to you in strict confidence; because, if it should get out and become generally known, it would be bad for our business. Of course, we have never practised cannibalism, because at present there exists a strong prejudice against it, and there are many practical difficulties in the way. Our cannibalism, therefore, is a purely theoretical cannibalism, and all we do is to cherish dreams of a more enlightened age when mankind in general shall have been educated up to an appreciation of the nicer points of cannibalism, considered from a social, economic and gastronomic point of view. Now, as we are perfectly quiet and law-abiding and thoughtful about it, and do no harm to anybody, would it not be unfair if we should be haled before a judge and have to listen to lawyers' speeches, and maybe find ourselves in a dungeon, just because of our purely speculative cannibalism? We think so, anyhow; and if you think so, too, perhaps you will see our point.

VI.

The president of a bank in Springfield, Missouri, writes to us as follows:

> It would be a great favour to me, as an old subscriber and faithful reader, if you would give your opinion of that pronunciation of "don't you," "nature," etc., in which the sounds of *t yu* are pronounced separately and distinctly in order to avoid the "chew" sound.

We think it decidedly pedantic, and when we hear persons consciously and laboriously employing that pronunciation, we know that they are "educated," rather than cultivated. What our correspondent calls the "chew" sound arises from the working of phonetic laws, whose operation in every language is recognised and sanctioned.

VII.

We don't know whether this gentleman (who writes from Canandaigua, New York, on a postcard) intends to make us a present, or whether he asks his question out of a harmless, but rather unusual, curiosity. This is the question:

> Do you like bees?

It is not easy to answer this right off without stopping to think. The plain bee is an industrious, useful insect; and so, on general principles we are inclined to say that we do like bees. But we don't like cold, dead bees when we find them at breakfast in the honey. Also, we once quite inadvertently bit into a bee while eating fruit in a careless way. Yet again, the bee has many literary associations, and is connected with political symbolism. From Theocritus and Vergil down to Maeterlinck, you can hear the hum of the bee blended with the music of the hexameter and with the rippling cadences of the most exquisitely harmonious prose. Then there are the golden bees of the Napoleonic legend, appearing and reappearing most effectively in the pages of Zola's marvellous *Débâcle*. Nothing is more delicious than to drowse in summer on the shady side of a hedge and to be lulled by the somniferous susurrus of the bees; only, if one of them happens to light on you, then you will probably not drowse any more that afternoon. Again, there are the bumble-bees to be considered. We like the ones that have little yellow squares in their faces, because we know that they are honest bees and will never sting you, for the reason that they haven't any stings. But we don't like the diabolical black-faced bumble-bees; and when you hear a bumble-bee coming straight at you through the air you can't stop to examine his face, but you simply move right out of his way. Moreover—but now that we come to think of it, why should this gentleman up in Canandaigua bother us about bees, anyhow?

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FUEL OF FIRE*

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XVII.

VAIN OBLATIONS.

To gods both false and true I'll humbly pray,
If only they will give me my own way.

Great was the interest felt and expressed round Tetleigh when the vicar's engagement to Nora Burton was announced, which announcement occurred about three weeks after the burning of Baxendale, and for a time threw that catastrophe into the shade.

It is strange how the fact that a man loves a woman at once raises that woman in the estimation of her fellows. One might naturally suppose that women would reserve their admiration and affection for the woman who is unloved by man, and therefore has time to exhaust and gratitude to expend upon the less intoxicating brand of devotion supplied by the weaker vessels. But not they! As a rule women waste their affection upon the woman who has won a man's, and therefore does not thank them for it; and reserve but little for those lonelier sisters who, being shut out from the feast, gladly accept such crumbs as fall from the tables of the more blessed among women. Therefore her world spoke well just then of Nora, because she was so happy in the acknowledged love of Mr. Arbuthnot as to be independent of and indifferent to its approval; and at the same time it turned a somewhat tepid shoulder toward Faith Fairfax, because for the second time a man, obviously foreordained for her, had slipped through her fingers and gone openly over to the Burtons' camp, leaving Faith in need of friendship and sympathy to supply in some measure the place of the deeper happiness which Fate had so sternly denied to her.

In a measure, too, this same world shook its head over Nancy's affairs. It was kinder to her than to Faith, because she had obviously turned the man's head, but apparently she had not secured his heart: and so—though superior to Faith in the esteem of a world which judges effort entirely by result, and endeavour entirely by success—she was distinctly inferior to Nora, and was treated accordingly. Faith was utterly unconscious of the judgment and condemnation which her world had passed upon her; and, had she known of it, would have been profoundly indifferent, but not so Nancy; she knew to a hair's breadth how much Nora now outweighed her in society's balance; and she raged in her heart against Laurence accordingly.

As a rule, sisters are alike in physical and mental attributes, and different in the deeper matters of character and disposition; which difference is not generally perceptible until they leave the garden paths which they have trodden together, and go out either into the Valley of Humiliation or on to the Delectable Mountains—whichever the case may be—by falling in love. Up to now Nancy and Nora had been regarded as convertible terms: in fact, they had so regarded themselves; but at last they had come to the parting of the ways. Nora, who had hitherto been the spoiled and wayward one, was so softened and elevated by her lover's influence upon her that her character mellowed and sweetened day by day; but poor Nancy, who had always been regarded as the embodiment of easy-going good nature, was fighting such a battle and kicking so violently against the pricks that her scars could not help being more or less perceptible. She was very angry with Laurence for so persistently putting his own scruples before her happiness; and she was all the more angry in that she did not in the least understand the motives that guided him. That the very depth and purity of his love for her made it all the more impossible to him to gain her by any save the highest means, was simply incomprehensible to her: she had no idea that, had he idealised her less, it would have been easier for him to subordinate to some extent his conscience in the winning of her.

She was also angry with him for having so utterly transformed her character—for having taken away the light-hearted, irresponsible Nancy of old, and put this passionate, tempest-tossed creature in her place. Love, like genius, is not an integral part of character; it is a gift, an inspiration, direct from Heaven. Sometimes it is in harmony with the natural man or woman to whom it is sent; sometimes it is in direct opposition to each one of his or her inborn characteristics. Yet, none the less, is it of God, and so must in the end prevail.

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One afternoon, not long after the announcement of her engagement, as Nora was starting for Evensong, Nancy joined her. "I'll walk with you as far as Tetleigh," the latter said; "there are so many things I want to talk to you about; but when a girl has a lover, her own family gets crowded out somehow."

"I don't want my own people to get crowded out, Nan; I think it is horrid of a girl not to find room in her heart for the old interests as well as the new ones."

"I want to have a talk with you about myself."

"All right; I'm listening," said Nora, who had learned that when a girl says she wants to talk about herself it means she wants to talk about her lover: "I am afraid you are worrying over Laurence Baxendale and his stupidity."

"I am, and that's a fact: he really is very trying!"

"He is, Nancy." And the sisters sighed in sympathy.

"You are in luck to be properly engaged to a man without a conscience!"

But this was more than Nora could stand. "Oh! Nancy, what a story! Michael has got a splendid conscience, and one in capital working order, too. Clergymen always have."

"Oh! yes, I know that. I didn't intend to say anything disrespectful about Michael—in fact, I meant it as a compliment. But you don't know what it is to be in love with a man who is everlastingly arranging a sort of spiritual steeplechase for his conscience, and making the jump so high that it bucks at everyone."

"Yes, that must be tiresome."

"*It is; most awfully tiresome. I've the* greatest respect for the Ten Commandments and the Thirty-nine Articles and old-fashioned things like that, but I really can't get up any reverence for a lot of home-made commandments and amateur articles of faith and fancy-work of that kind; and it's no use pretending that I can."

"Poor old Nancy! And you really are in love with Laurence, are you?"

"Yes; that's the nuisance. If I wasn't, I should just laugh at him and his scruples, and think of something else. But I can't, though I've tried my hardest. However hard I try to forget him, he just gets into everything and flavours everything, like the taste of turnips in a snowy winter; and there is no getting away from him."

"I can't think why he doesn't quietly take the insurance money and marry on it and live happy ever after," said Nora.

"No more can anybody else: it is rank lunacy on his part."

"Still, I suppose a man has the right to sacrifice himself to his own conscience if he wants to."

"But he hasn't the right to sacrifice a woman as well: that's my point. If Laurence hadn't made me love him, he could have played Saint Simon Stylites to his heart's content. But a man has no right to sit alone on the top of a pillar all the week and on a stile with a young woman on his Sundays out. The two rôles aren't compatible. He can go in for the stile or the pillar—whichever he prefers; but he can't have both."

"I wonder if you really would be happy with Laurence Baxendale," said Nora thoughtfully.

"I don't know that: but I do know one *thing—and that is that I shall always be miserable* without him. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish he'd never made me love him. I used to be so happy in the old days when love was a game instead of a martyrdom."

"And games are much more in your line than martyrdoms."

"Of course they are. Now, some women—such as Faith, for instance—really relish a martyrdom and get the full flavour out of it. But it is as much thrown away upon me as is caviare on the general."

"I'm not sure that you would be happy if you were married," persisted Nora; "you might find it rather dull, you are so fond of change and variety and excitement. Mrs. Fairfax says that marriage is a luxury to a rich woman but a necessity to a poor one: it is certainly not a necessity to you; and I expect, if you were to marry Laurence, you'd say afterward that you would have had a jollier time if you had married somebody else."

"Pooh! that's nothing; it wouldn't mean I wasn't happy if I did say that. Did you ever in your life know a day's shooting, however good, that wouldn't have been better if the birds had done something, or the dogs had done something else? Men invariably tell you that after the most enormous bag. But it doesn't mean they haven't enjoyed themselves, bless you! It's part of the game."

"You can't deny that Laurence has been very wearing, Nancy; those conscientious, overscrupulous men always are."

"Nevertheless," demurred Nancy, "a certain amount of conscience is a comfort—in a husband, I mean; not, of course, in one's self. I can't help feeling that in the medium stage—after a husband had ceased to be a treat and before he had begun to be a habit—it would be

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nice to regard him in the light of a religious service. It would make one feel so good and happy, like singing hymns on a Sunday evening."

"It does; it is a most lovely feeling, I can assure you."

"And you'll have it all your life: that's just your luck." And poor Nancy looked with envy at her more fortunate sister.

"Yet you used to be quite as lucky as me."

"I know; that is the funny part of it. I believe that in falling in love with Laurence I resigned my good luck, and took the ill-luck of the Baxendales instead. They have been renowned as an unlucky family, you know, ever since the old witch pronounced the curse on Baxendale Hall."

"And you wish that you had never fallen in love with him, then?"

"Sometimes I do; and sometimes I feel glad that I have given up everything for him—even my good luck."

"I believe you were happier when you and Laurence were only friends and not lovers," said Nora.

"No, I wasn't. I daresay I should have been, if he had let me; but he was troublesome even then. He was always constrained and queer because he was so poor: as if there were a duty on friendship as there is on tobacco!"

"But how did his poverty interfere with his being friends?"

"Oh! I don't know. He was in love all the time, I suppose, and was afraid of it showing."

"And of course it showed in the end. Those overscrupulous people always do the thing that they have sacrificed themselves in avoiding; but not till it is too late to be of any use."

Nancy groaned: "That's Laurence all over: when we were friends he was always trying not to be lovers, and now we are lovers he is always trying not to be friends. He is wearing me to a thread. Oh! how I wish I could induce him to see the matter in a sensible light, and let us both be happy on the income of the insurance money!"

"Here we are at the church turning; I suppose you are going on to Silverhampton."

"No, I'm not; I'm coming to church with you."

Nora opened her pretty blue eyes wide in astonishment. Nancy was not much of a church-goer, as a rule, except on Sundays. "Coming to church with me?"

"Yes. When I have set my heart on having anything, I leave no stone unturned in trying to get my own way," replied Nancy, with praiseworthy fixity of purpose though lamentable ignorance of theology. And the two sisters entered the church together.

When Evensong was over, Nancy paid some calls in Tetleigh, while Nora and her lover walked back to Wayside together; and as they walked they talked of their love for each other.

"Isn't it difficult to believe," said Nora, "that you and I can ever leave off loving each other, even after we are dead?"

"Not difficult, my child, but impossible; for love carries in himself the proofs of his own immortality. None who have truly and deeply loved can doubt that their own are theirs forever; for there is something in the very essence of love which defies death and brings immortality to light."

"You mean that when we really love another person, we feel that our love is stronger than death?"

(It was noteworthy that, while Laurence Baxendale devoted himself to the interpretation of Nancy, Nora spent her time in interpreting the thoughts of Michael Arbuthnot.)

"We know that it is, from its own internal evidence, quite apart from any divine revelation. Roughly speaking, I should say that those men and women who doubt their own immortality have never experienced deep and passionate devotion. They may refuse to accept the Christian doctrine of immortality—that is a different thing: but a human being who has once absorbingly loved another human being can never doubt that his love—and therefore himself—is immortal: he is conscious that it is too strong, and too Godlike an emotion ever to see death."

"I wish Nancy were as happy in her love as I am," said Nora, with a sigh.

"Poor little Nancy! I am afraid she has much to go through before she is perfected; and yet she is the sort of person that one feels is only suited to success and sunshine. It is difficult to think of Nancy as anything but Nancy Victrix."

"Yes: pity and Nancy don't dovetail into each other, somehow."

"No, they don't," agreed the vicar: "I can think of you as ill and sorrowful and yet yourself—your dear, sweet, lovable self; but Nancy, ill or unhappy, would not be Nancy at all."

"Come and walk round the wood," said Nora, when the lovers reached Wayside; so they crossed the lawn and entered the little coppice on the further side of it.

"Hullo! what's that?" exclaimed Michael,

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espying a small, dark object under one of the trees.

"That's our idol. Haven't you seen it before, Michael?"

"No," replied the vicar, standing still in front of a little stone image; "what a quaint object! Where did it come from?"

"I don't know. It has been here ever since I can remember; and when we were children, Nancy and Tony and I used to burn sacrifices before it."

Michael laughed: "You little heathens! On what occasions did you offer up these vain oblations?"

"When we wanted anything. We used to think that the idol would help us to get our way if only we bribed him with burnt offerings. It was rather awful of us, wasn't it?"

"I don't know that you were worse than many scores of so-called religious people who treat God very much as you treated your graven image. But look here, what's this? Somebody has been offering up sacrifices lately." And the vicar turned over with his stick a little heap of ashes in front of the stone image.

"It must have been the boys," said Nora, with interest: "we'll ask them. Boys!" she called to her two small brothers who were just then in the middle of the wood busily engaged in digging a short cut through the earth to Australia.

Arthur and Ambrose rushed up to the lovers: "Yes, what's up?" inquired Arthur as spokesman.

"Have you and Ambrose been offering up sacrifices here?" their sister asked.

The two children knelt upon the ground and examined the heap of ashes with interest. "No," replied Arthur; "somebody's been sacrificing here; but it wasn't us, was it, Amby?"

Ambrose shook his head: "We haven't offered up a sacrifice for a long time—not since the day at Baxendale Hall, when the big tree was blown down."

"Why did you do it then?" asked the vicar.

"Because we wanted to please the tree spirit," Arthur enlightened him: "we thought the tree spirit would be very angry at having his tree blown down; so we tried to put him into a good temper by offering up a sacrifice to him in the roots of the tree."

"And did you succeed in pacifying him, I wonder?" continued Michael.

Both little heads shook violently: "No, we didn't; he was so angry that that very night he burned down Baxendale Hall. We knew he'd be in a wax, but we never thought he'd do anything as bad as that." And then the boys rushed back to continue their underland route.

"I wonder who did offer up the sacrifice?" mused Michael, absently stirring up the ashes with his stick.

Nora looked up with a solemn expression in her eyes: "I know: it was Nancy. I see now what she meant by saying that she never left a stone unturned when she wanted very badly to get her own way."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

You came: then undiscovered lands
Sprang straightway into view;
You took my life within your hands,
And all things were made new.

"So you, too, have taken to yourself idols, and made merry, and have forgotten the living God," said Rufus Webb to Michael Arbuthnot, one day when the vicar was calling upon his weird parishioner.

"No, Mr. Webb, I have done none of these things. I have merely believed God's statement that every good gift and every perfect gift is from Him, and have accepted such gifts accordingly."

"And do you think that He will permit His chosen servant and minister to put the love of women before the love of God?"

"He will not have to permit it, as far as I am concerned," replied Michael, with unruffled patience: "and there is one thing He knows as well as—nay, better than—I do; and that is that my love for a woman has taught me more than I even learnt before of His love for me. It is only by loving one another that we learn anything of God's love for us."

"Beware lest you are crying peace where there is no peace, and are imagining vain things."

"I have imagined plenty of vain things in my time, goodness knows! But this one thing does not happen to be vain, neither is it of my own imagining. I uphold that of all God's revelations of Himself to sinful man, there is none that teaches us so much about Him as our love for one another."

"How can our love for anything else besides Himself be reckoned as other than idolatry?" asked Rufus.

"Because our love for each other is not separate from our love for Him, but is a part of it; just as the sparkle of a running brook does not detract from the glory of the sunshine, but

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rather adds to it, because they are really one and the same thing."

Rufus merely shook his head, and the vicar continued: "Besides, loving another person with a deep and sincere love gives us so much larger views of God's love for us. When we feel how tender is our own love—how we would rather die than cause the beloved one pain, and what we would sacrifice to ensure the loved one's happiness—all our petty doubts and questionings regarding God's dealings with us disappear. We know that we—faulty and imperfect as we are—are, nevertheless, incapable of leaving anything undone which would ensure the happiness of that one living creature: and is it conceivable that our love is a more perfect thing than God's love—that He created beings superior to Himself? Nay, we rather see that as we are each capable of caring for one other human being and only one, so *He* is capable of caring for the whole human race. Otherwise we should be greater than He; and the clay cannot be greater than the Potter who formed it."

"I fear you are comforting yourself with false doctrines."

But the vicar stood firm: "I think not. To my mind the mediæval ascetics and the Puritans, who in turn taught that human love was an evil thing, did more than any other heretics in placing false barriers between man and God, and in Giving men incorrect ideas of Him."

"I cannot agree with you: I only wish I could. But how can you still go on cherishing these delusive dreams when you see the ruin which overtook that young man, known to both of us, who had great possessions and loved them too well?" And Rufus pointed out of his window to where the ruins of Baxendale Hall gleamed red among the trees. "He loved houses and lands more than God—I loved my wife more than God—and it pleased God to take from each of us the desire of our eyes at a stroke. Then learn wisdom from our afflictions and take care that a like thing does not happen unto you; for cursed is he that putteth his trust in man and taketh man for his defence, and his heart goeth from the Lord!"

"I think, Mr. Webb, you are unjust in saying that Baxendale loved his house and land inordinately; personally, I never met a young man who, to my thinking, put so true a value upon worldly possessions. Like his father before him, he has one of the most refined natures I ever met with. The word *gentleman,* even in its most restricted and subtle sense, would always be descriptive of Laurence Baxendale; and that most perfect and exhaustive portrait of a gentleman, the Fifteenth Psalm, is entirely applicable to him."

"Yet the wrath of God came upon him, and burned down his house before his eyes."

"I admit that his house was burned down, Mr. Webb; but—speaking with all reverence—I do not see that the wrath of God had anything to do with it. I have no patience with people who put down to God's account the evils which most distinctly are wrought by man."

"Then do you deny that the burning of Baxendale was a judgment upon Laurence Baxendale—or, rather, a discipline necessary to the saving of his soul?" Rufus Webb's excitement, never much under control, was rapidly getting the better of him; he began to walk up and down the small room, thrusting his hands the while through his masses of unkempt hair.

"I do not believe it is anything of the kind," said the vicar, firmly; "though I hold that all afflictions, by whatever agency they may be wrought, will do good to our souls, if taken in a proper spirit. But I say that if any human being, whatever the motive may have been, set fire to Baxendale Hall on purpose, that human being was guilty of actual sin, and ought to make confession of the same."

"No, no, no; not if Laurence Baxendale's soul is saved thereby."

"It costs more than the burning of Baxendale Hall to redeem his soul: we must let that alone for ever. And we have no right to do evil that good may come."

"But it is not doing evil to burn the accursed thing: it is not doing evil to destroy false gods and to cut down their groves."

"It is doing evil to devote ourselves so exclusively to our brother's mote that we have no time for the extirpation of our own beams," said the vicar, rising to depart; for he knew that argument was worse than useless when Rufus was, as now, in one of his fanatical moods. "Good morning, Mr. Webb; come up and have a chat with me at the vicarage whenever you feel inclined."

And with that they parted.

(To be Continued.)

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THE BOOK MART

A HUGO RELIC AT THE LENOX LIBRARY.

After the Print Department of the New York Public Library had arranged its Victor Hugo exhibition early this summer there came an addition of decided interest. This was an original drawing by Victor Hugo, accompanied by an autograph letter from his hand, which reads as follows:

In 1836 I was spending a day at Passy at the house of M. Reynouard, author of the tragedy of "The Templars." He wore his white hair flowing on his shoulders. I said to him: "You wear your hair the same as Franklin, and you resemble him." He replied, smiling: "Perhaps that is caused by the neighborhood." And he showed me a house which one saw from his garden. "It is there," said he to me, "that Franklin lived in 1778."

I drew this house, which since then has been demolished. Here is the drawing. I believe that this picture of Franklin's house at Passy is the only one in existence. I offer it to the United States Sanitary Commission.

I am happy that the Sanitary Commission, in doing me the honor to address me, gives me an opportunity to renew the expression of my deep sympathy with the valiant men who are struggling so gloriously to deliver the great American republic from the shame of slavery. VICTOR HUGO.

Hauteville House, March 19, 1864.

Apart from its historical interest to Americans, this drawing (which came from the collection of Samuel J. Tilden, for whom, it appears, it was purchased by Mr. John Bigelow) is an interesting addition to the many reproductions on view here which give so complete a picture of the poet's power as a draughtsman.

The personal side of Hugo, as indicated here on a former occasion, is illustrated by portraits drawn from all possible sources. There are etchings by Buhot, Rodin, the sculptor, and Rajon, lithographs by Achille Deveria and Noël, and a fine wood engraving by Robert. The picture is rounded out by a number of caricatures, while Lalanne's etchings picture the exile's surroundings at Guernsey, and Fantin-Latour supplies the apotheosis in a characteristic lithograph.

BOOKSELLING IN RUSSIA.

The Russian newspaper, *Sieverny Kraï*, says the London *Literary World*, publishes a study by M. Chérénine, a provincial bookseller, on the present condition of bookselling in Russia. He finds that the number of sellers of books and popular works in all countries of the Empire does not exceed the figure of 2000, of whom 327 are in the two capitals, the others carrying on their trade in 460 towns and hamlets. Bookselling in Russia, and especially in the provinces, is in a lamentable state. There are not more than thirty houses doing a trade of any extent, where serious works and general literature are obtainable. The majority of the booksellers sell books only as a second string to the bow, occupying themselves chiefly with grocery, drapery, etc. Practically they sell books only during the two months following the return of the classes from the country, when the classics are asked for. The rest of the year they sell almanacs and books or brochures at a halfpenny or a penny each for the people, this class of literature rarely rising to the price of fivepence. As to great bookselling establishments having connections in all the countries, there are not more than five or six of them. M. Chérénine says the Russian public have not yet reached the level of intellectual development, when the necessity of having a library at home makes itself felt. The public are satisfied with a subscription to a circulating library, or with such books as they can borrow gratis.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I am preparing for immediate (private) publication an exhaustive bibliography of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and intend to include a list of the volumes enriched by his marginalia. Some of these books are now accessible in the British Museum, but a large number were scattered in the sale of the libraries of Lamb, Southey, Professor J. H. Green and others.

As I desire to indicate the present whereabouts of all volumes annotated by S. T. C., may I ask the courtesy of a brief note in an early number of THE BOOKMAN calling the attention of your readers to my search? I shall be grateful for any information concerning these marginalia or other interesting Coleridgeana. Very truly yours,

JOHN LOUIS HANEY.

Central High School, Philadelphia.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1902.

August, which is the quietest month of the year for the bookseller from a sales standpoint, is often a comparatively busy one in preparation for the coming busy season, and in addition to the usual lines of holiday goods there has been published during the month past a rather unusual number of books, more especially in fiction, which may be expected at once to sell readily. *Castle Craneycrow*, by George Barr McCutcheon, and *A Speckled*

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Bird, by Augusta Evans Wilson, came out early in the month, and have now demonstrated their popularity by large sales. *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* by F. Hopkinson Smith, and *Temporal Power,* by Marie Corelli, were later publications, which are already in great demand. Mary J. Holmes adds *The Comptons* to her large list of novels, and a new one-volume edition of *The Valley of Decision* will, no doubt, increase the sales of this already popular book. A considerable addition to the list of juveniles was made, which, however, may be considered but forerunners of what may be expected during the next two months. The list of miscellaneous publications for the month was a light one, and does not contain any title of prominence.

Business in general compared favourably with the same period in former years, and was most noticeable in the sales of the popular fiction of the day. School-book trade opened in the latter part of the month strong, and bids fair to exceed in volume that of other seasons. Sales were confined mostly to the text-books for the lower grades and common schools. Many new series in the different subjects of study are brought out from time to time and gradually displace the older standards, thus creating many exchanges and new business.

Announcements of new books to be brought out during the coming months continue to be very numerous, and there is every indication that the output of former years will be excelled, both in numbers and in titles, which may be expected to have exceptionally large sales. Of the latter class such books as *Donovan Pasha,* by Gilbert Parker, *Captain Macklin,* by Richard Harding Davis, *The Two Van Revels,* by Booth Tarkington, and *The Blue Flower,* by Henry Van Dyke, can readily be predicted as leaders. Other attractive and illustrated books will include *Wanted: A Chaperon,* by Paul L. Ford, *Japanese Girls and Women,* by Alice M. Bacon, *Over the Black Coffee,* compiled by Arthur Gray, and *The Story of Athens,* by Howard Crosby Butler.

By reference to the following list of best selling books for the month just past, it will be seen that *The Virginian* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* have maintained their position at the head. *Hearts Courageous* and *The Story of Mary MacLane,* by showing increased popularity, have thus continued near the top, while two of the most recent publications, *A Speckled Bird* and *Castle Craneycrow,* have secured enviable places. In addition to this list there is always a large number of books, more especially of fiction, which are having more than an ordinarily good sale, and the titles to be included for the next few months will have to have exceptional popularity:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.
A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.
Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.
The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.
The Story of Mary MacLane. By MacLane. $1.50.
Castle Craneycrow. By George Barr McCutcheon. $1.50.
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. $1.50.
Ranson's Folly. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. $1.50.
The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1902.

Although August is a slow month and there is usually very little doing, business was quite lively last month for that time of the year, and not only popular fiction, but miscellaneous literature as well, was in good demand. It is now practically the eve of the fall season, and it can safely be said that never at any time have the indications for a heavy autumn business been more favourable. Wholesale trade in most of the large centres is unusually brisk, particularly in supplies needed for current and immediate use, which indicates, of course, that retail trade is in good shape nearly everywhere.

The Virginian continues to be the best-selling book of the day, and is going better every week. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* shows no falling off in the demand, and *Dorothy Vernon* and *The Mississippi Bubble* again sold largely The two important novels that were published last month, *A Speckled Bird* and *Castle Craneycrow* met with a good reception, and will no doubt play a prominent part in next month's sales. *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Spenders* were in excellent request right through the month, and appear likely to be good fall books.

The autumn announcements are unusually heavy this year in promising material, and if every book of note sells as well as it can reasonably be expected to sell, the season of 1902 will leave all previous records behind. Fiction, as usual, is represented very strongly, but due attention has been given to books in other classes, and there will be plenty of heavier reading for those who prefer it. Poetry of the salable kind is conspicuous by its absence, and very little of it is announced, anyway.

As an item of minor importance, it is interesting to note that nowadays when an author of established fame publishes a new book there is no longer the increase of demand for his earlier works that formerly obtained. Time was when the appearance of a new book made previous volumes by its author move very lively upon a bookseller's shelves. The effect now, with few exceptions, is hardly noticeable.

It appears to be the feeling everywhere that fall trade will run chiefly to popular and new books this season. It has been going this way for several seasons, for that matter, but this year the tendency will be even more strongly marked.

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The following books were the most prominent in sales last month:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Castle Craneycrow. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.

Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By MacLane. $1.50.

A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. $1.25.

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Ottilie J. Liljenkranz. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

JULY 21 TO AUGUST 20, 1902.

Notwithstanding the somewhat adverse holiday weather, the public appear to be very much out and abroad, for very little reading is being done, and although the present is usually a period of marking time in the book trade, the slackness is evidently more noticeable than is customary; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to imagine what the position of the trade would be were it not that, in spite of fluctuation, a steady demand is experienced for the 6s. novel.

Of this class the output during the month has been very small, but a number of already favourite works have continued to attract a goodly number of purchasers, and in several cases have had an increased popularity. Among the most successful have been *The Mystery of the Sea*, by Bram Stoker; *Love with Honour*, by Marriott, and *An English Girl in Paris*. *The Conquest of Charlotte*, *Papa* and *A Wilful Woman* have also sold freely.

The already popular series of "English Men of Letters" is now appearing in a new dress, and several of the volumes have been in almost constant request, notably the lives of Arnold, George Eliot and Hazlitt.

Theological works are not usually much in favour at this time of the year, but the exception in this case to the rule is Dr. Fairbairn's *Philosophy of a Christian Religion*, which has continued to attract a wide circle of the more thoughtful public, and has undoubtedly been one of the most successful items of the month.

Many of the volumes in the various pocket libraries have moved briskly, more especially those of Dickens, George Eliot and Meredith, and although the two former have been before the public in various popular editions for such a length of time, they are now considerable rivals to present-day authors. A recent account of the life and works of Dickens by F. G. Kitton has been remarkably well received.

Priests and People in Ireland, a companion volume to the well-known *Five Years in Ireland*, and by the same author, has rapidly run through a large number.

With the well-nigh universal use of the camera it may be expected that many handbooks to photography are in evidence, and the sale in these has been very good, Lund's *Photography for Novices* being especially popular.

As we close this report orders are still coming in freely for the forthcoming work by Marie Corelli.

The sale of guide books has lessened considerably during the past month, but certain of the volumes in the "Through" and "Way About" series are still in request.

A great falling off in the demand for the sixpenny reprint has been noticeable, and although we are at the height of the holiday season, when this class is usually so popular, the orders, in comparison with the previous month, have been very small.

Among the magazines little alteration is noticeable, and in consequence of the coronation events the sale in illustrated periodicals has been of considerable importance.

The following is a list of the best selling books of the month:

The Mystery of the Sea. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Conquest of Charlotte. By D. S. Meldrum. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Love with Honour. By C. Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)

An English Girl in Paris. 6s. (Lane.)

A Wilful Woman. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Long.)

Papa. By Mrs. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By A. M. Fairbairn. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Priests and People in Ireland. By. M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

Various volumes of pocket-library editions

Lund's Photography for Novices. 1s. net (Butcher.)

Jim Twelves, A.B. By W. F. Shannon. 3s 6d. (Methuen.)

Lady Beatrix. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 10, 1902.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Nathan Der Weise. Lessing.

Abbey Press:

How Tommy Was Cured of Crying. Gertrude R. M. Waites.

Ballads of Brotherhood. Alphonse A. Hopkins.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

Sir Walter of Kent. Edited by Julius A. Lewis.

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Crowell and Company:
The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by James A. Harrison.

Dickerman and Son:
The Story of Lizzie McGuire. By McGuire.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. James Robertson.
The Defendant. G. K. Chesterton.
The Founder of Mormonism. I. Woodbridge Riley.
The Blood-Tax. Dorothea Gerard.
Tom Tad. William Henry Venable.
Temporal Power. Marie Corelli.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Voice of the People. Illustrated edition. Ellen Glasgow.
The Freeman and Other Poems. Ellen Glasgow.

Eckler:
Good Without God. Robert C. Adams.

Eaton and Mains:
Remembered Days. James B. Kenyon.

Globe School Book Company:
English Literature. V. D. Scudder.
American Literature. William C. Lawton.

Grafton Press:
The Imperial Republic. Elizabeth G. Crane.
By the Stage Door. Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman.

Industrial Publication Company:
The Shakespeare Cyclopædia and New Glossary. John Phin.

Lane:
The Just and The Unjust. Richard Bagot.
Luck o' Lassendale. By the Earl of Iddesleigh.

Neely:
The Riding Master and Other Stories. James M. Douglass.
Brickbats and Bouquets. Col. John A. Joyce.

Outlook Company:
Seen by the Spectator. Being a Selection of Rambling Papers first printed in The Outlook, under the title The Spectator.
The Philippines. William H. Taft.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:
The Quest of Polly Locke. Zoe A. Norris.

Putnam's Sons:
Fame for a Woman. Cranstoun Metcalf.
As Seen from the Ranks. Charles E. Benton.
Industrial Conciliation. Report of the Conference of the National Civic Federation.
Typhoon. Joseph Conrad.
Italian Life in Town and Country. Luigi Villari.

Scribner's Sons:
The Shadow of the Rope. E. W. Hornung.
The Wings of the Dove. Henry James. (Vols. I. and II.)
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Views and Reviews. W. E. Henley.

Stokes Company:
Tom Moore. Theodore S. Sayre.
Son! Lord Gilhooley.

Taylor and Company:
In the Gates of Israel. Herman Bernstein.

Wessels Company:
The Magic Mashie and Other Golfish Stories. Edwin L. Sabin.

Whittaker:
Kinship of God and Man. Rev. J. J. Lanier. (Vol. II.)

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:
The Truth of Christianity. Compiled from various sources. Major W. H. Turton.
Urbs Beata. A Vision of the Perfect Life. Herbert Cushing Tolman.
Catholic Principles. Rev. Frank W. Westcott.

SAN FRANCISO, CAL.

Hoffman-Edwards Company:
Talks to Students on the Art of Study. Frank Cramer.

BOSTON, MASS

Clark Publishing Company:
The Climax. Charles Felton Pidgin.

Angel Guardian Press:
Elocution and Dramatic Art. M. B. Ryan.
The Lawson History of the America's Cup. Winfield M. Thompson and Thomas W. Lawson.

Ginn and Company:
Advanced First Reader. Ellen M. Ayr.
Toward the Rising Sun. Sketches of Life in Eastern Land.
The Mother Tongue. Book III. John H. Gardiner. George Lyman Kittredge and Sarah L. Arnold.
Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by Edwin Ginn.

Lothrop:
The Treasure of Shag Rock. Robert Lloyd.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Stone and Company:
Castle Craneycrow. G. B. McCutcheon.

Continental Publishing Company:
Kings of the Queensberry Realm. W. W. Naughton.

Open Court Publishing Company:
Babel and Bible. Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch.
The Creation-Story of Genesis I. Dr. Hugo Radau.

LONDON, ENG.

Newnes:
North, South and Over the Sea. M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).
The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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WASHINGTON.

Government Printing Office:
Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ferris and Leach:
In Quest of the Quaint. Eliza B. Chase.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:
Black's Graded Primer.
A Manual of Civics for New York Schools. C. W. Bardeen.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mary Neville. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Stronger Than Love. Alexander. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. While Charlie Was Away. Bigelow. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Pines of Lory. Mitchell. (Life.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone). $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wlson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. Century Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Brinton Eliot. Farmer. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Belshazzar. Davis. (Doubleday.) $1.50.
5. The Kentons. Howell. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Varieties of Religious Experience. James. (Longmans.) $3.20 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Golf. Taylor. (Appleton.) $1.60 net.
4. A Golf Lunatic. Kennard. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Stronger Than Love. Alexander. (Brentano) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.)

DALLAS, TEX.

1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.13.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan). $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Amor Victor. Kenyon. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Desert. VanDyke. (Scribner.) $1.25. net.
6. Josh Billings Old Farmer's Alminax. Shaw. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Wandering Yankee in Montreal. Garde. (Emerson Press.) 50 cents.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Abner Daniel. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Making of a Statesman. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Love Story of Abner Stone. Barnes. $1.20 net.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK VA,

1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Virgiinan. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Amor Victor. Kenyon. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50. rill Co.) $1.50.
2. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Japan. Menjes. (Macmillan.) $$.00.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Durland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Miffling & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljenkrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Greater Love. Crapsey. (Abbey Press.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wlson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. Belshazzar. Davis. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rescue. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. House of Days. Binkley. (Robertson.) $1.25 net.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
3. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Minority. Hill. (Capp, Clark & Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25
6. Sarita, the Carlist. Marchmont. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. A Lily of France. Mason. (Rowland.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mary Neville. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Tree. Ruliards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Those Delightful Americans. Coates. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

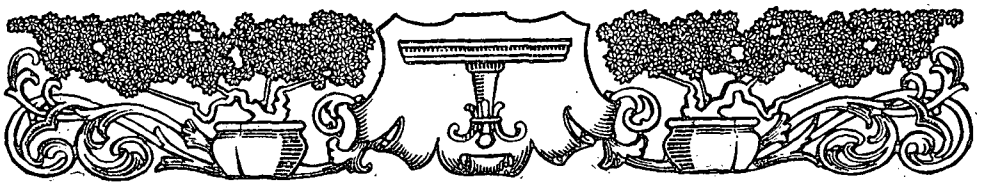
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "		8
" "	3d	" "		7
" "	4th	" "		6
" "	5th	" "		5
" "	6th	" "		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	314
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	195
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	160
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50	91
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50	78
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	71



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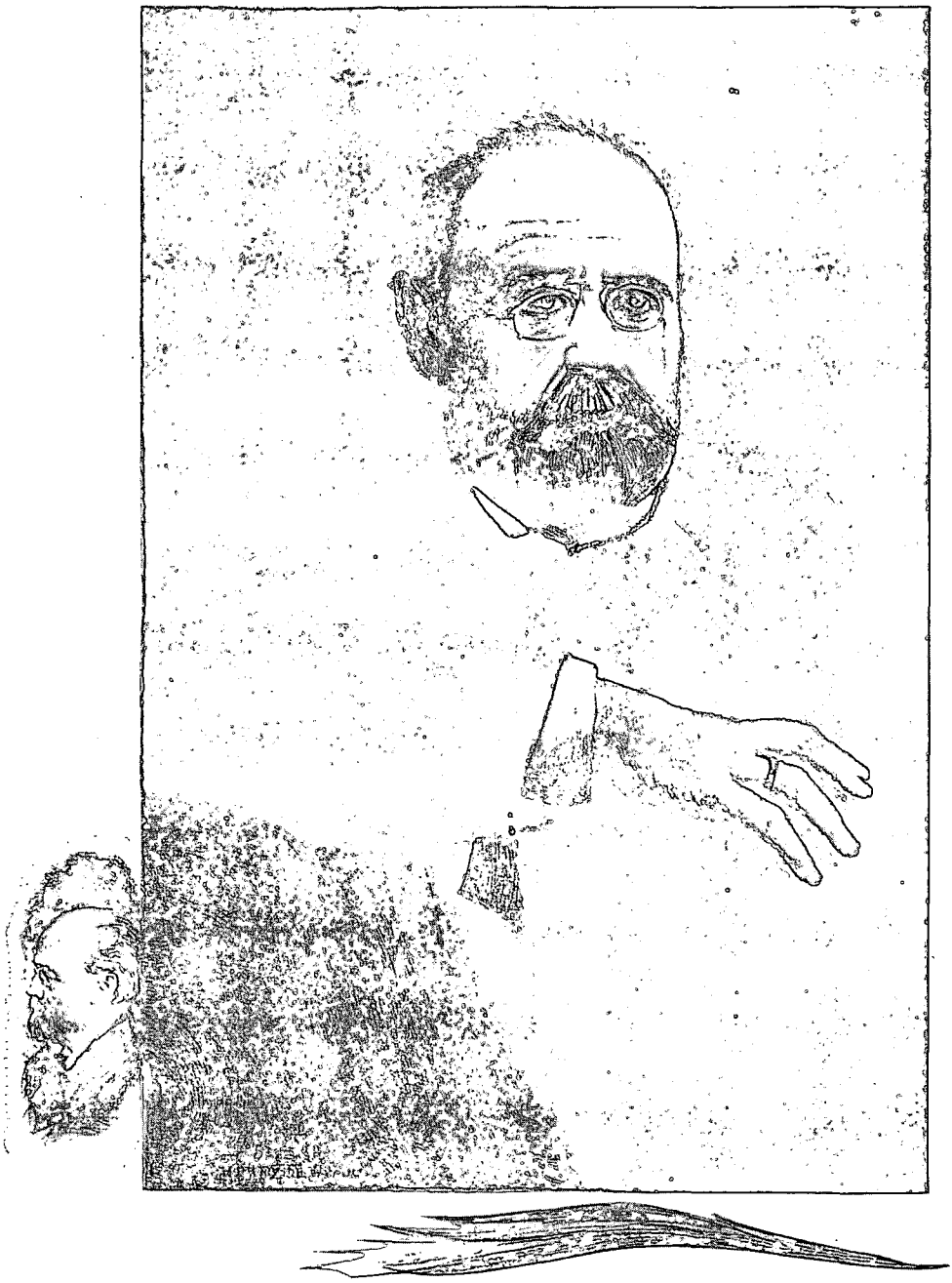

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Loaned by The Frederick Keppel Company.

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